THE NEW Liberty

MAY 1, 1943
10¢

Book: MEMO T
A FIRING SQUA
by Frederick Hazlitt
Brennan

LIBERTY

WITH RED
GUERRILLAS
BEHIND
NAZI LINES

LIBERTY

HOW ELECTION
WHEELS TURN
by Representative
Joseph W. Martin, Jr

LIBERTY

MIRACLES OF
WARTIME
SURGERY

LIBERTY

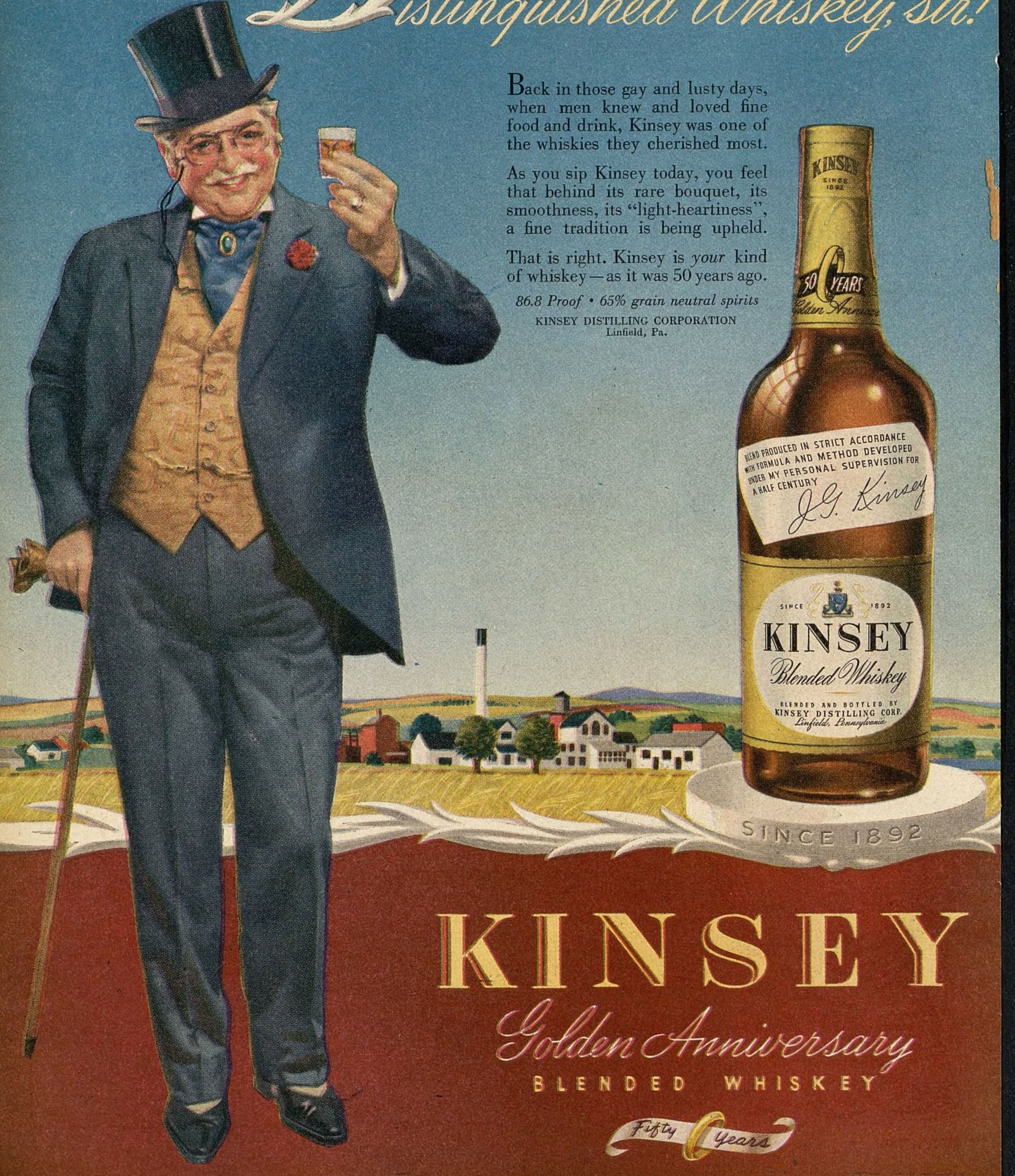
SHORT STORIES b
Laurence Schwab
Jordan Barlow
Olga L. Rosmanith

LIBERTY

AVIATION
MOVIES
OLD SARGE

LISTEN TO A VOICE FROM THE GOOD "GAY 90's"...

Enjoy this Distinguished Whiskey, sir!


KINSEY
SINCE 1892
50 YEARS
Golden Anniv
BLEND PRODUCED IN STRICT ACCORDANCE WITH FORMULA AND METHOD DEVELOPED UNDER MY PERSONAL SUPERVISION FOR A HALF CENTURY
J. G. Kinsey
SINCE 1892
KINSEY
Blended Whiskey
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
KINSEY DISTILLING CORP.
Linfield, Pennsylvania
SINCE 1892
Fifty Years

Back in those gay and lusty days, when men knew and loved fine food and drink, Kinsey was one of the whiskies they cherished most.

As you sip Kinsey today, you feel that behind its rare bouquet, its smoothness, its "light-heartiness", a fine tradition is being upheld.

That is right. Kinsey is *your* kind of whiskey—as it was 50 years ago.

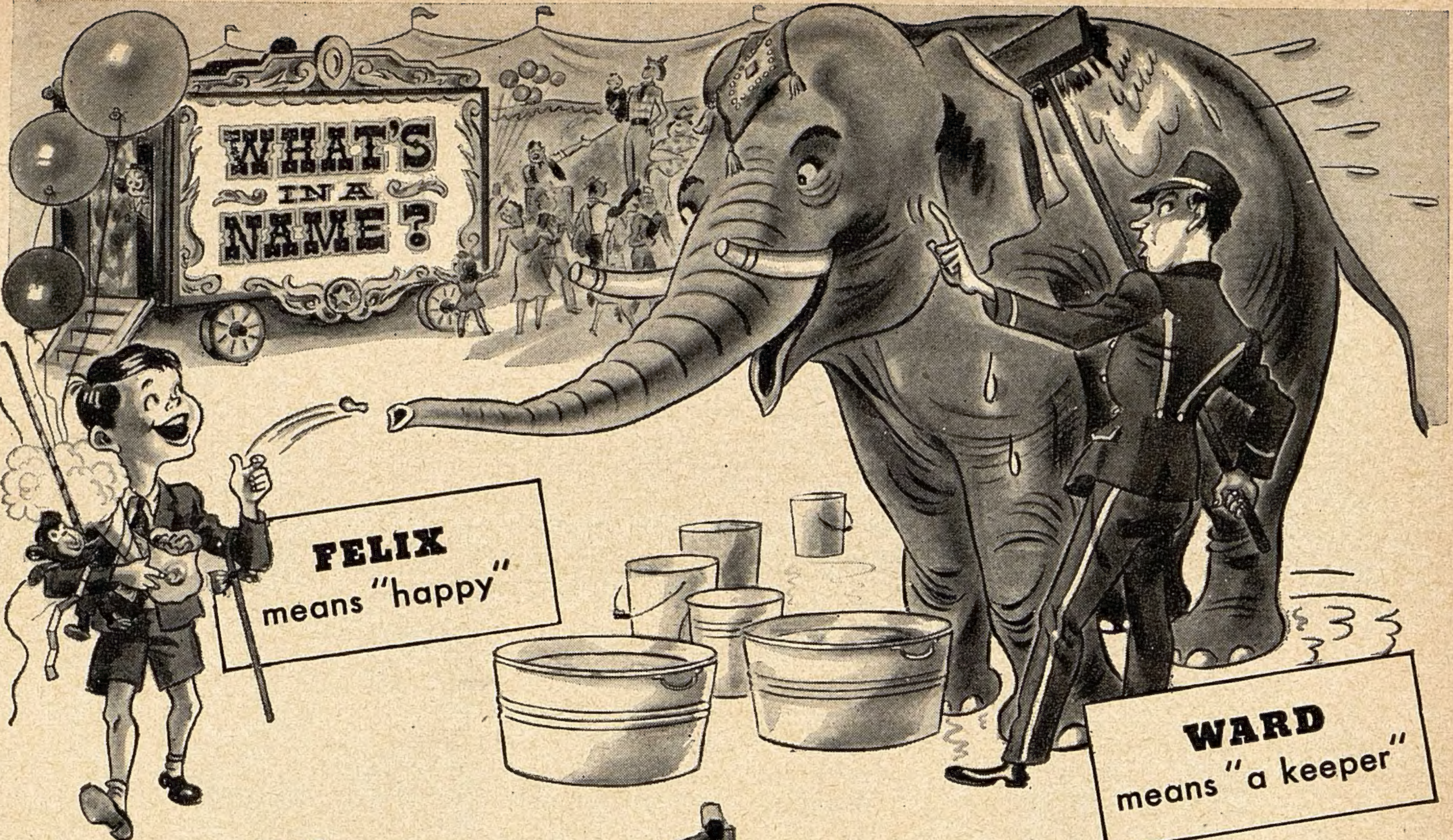
86.8 Proof • 65% grain neutral spirits

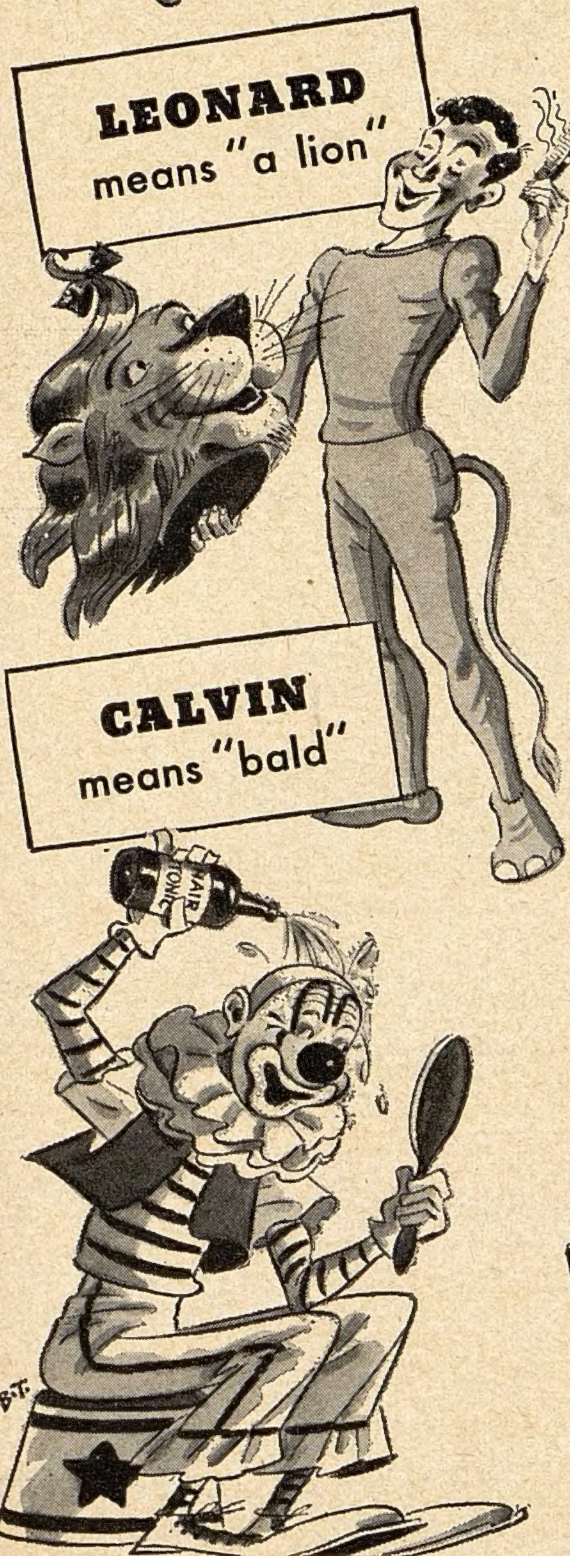
KINSEY DISTILLING CORPORATION
Linfield, Pa.

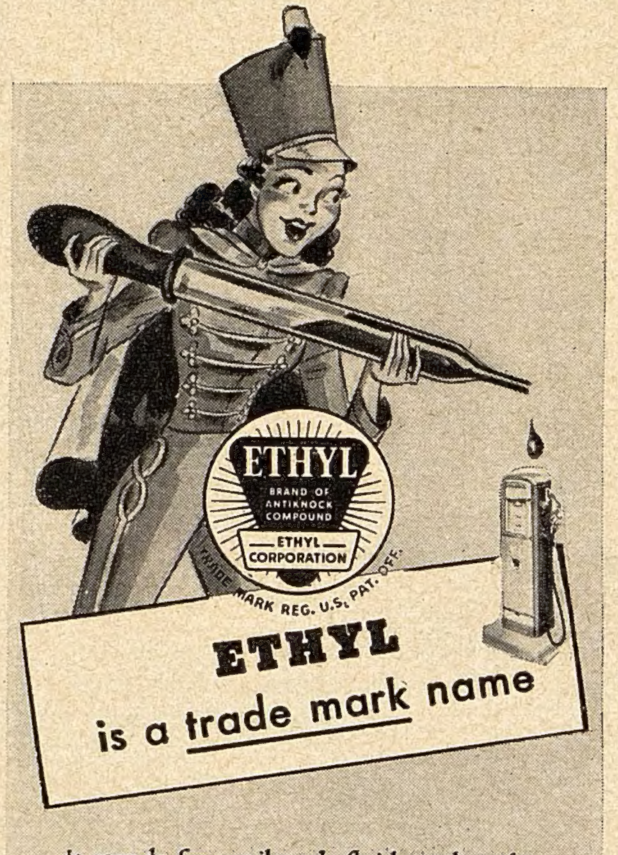
KINSEY

Golden Anniversary

BLENDED WHISKEY

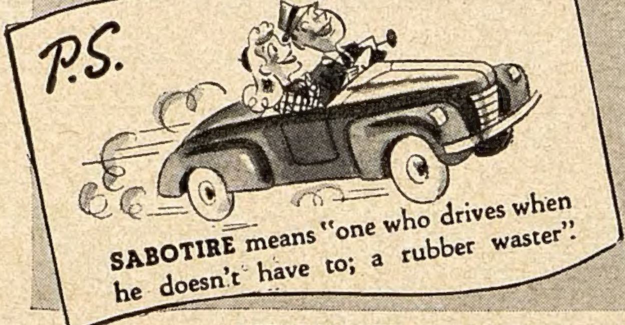

WHAT'S IN A NAME?
FELIX
means "happy"
WARD
means "a keeper"


LEONARD
means "a lion"
CALVIN
means "bald"
HAIR TONIC
B.T.


ETHYL
BRAND OF ANTIKNOCK COMPOUND
ETHYL CORPORATION
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
ETHYL
is a trade mark name

It stands for antiknock fluid made only by the Ethyl Corporation. Oil companies put Ethyl fluid into gasoline to prevent knocking.

The Ethyl trade mark emblem on a gasoline pump means that Ethyl fluid has been put into high quality gasoline and the gasoline sold from that pump can be called "Ethyl."


P.S.
SABOTIRE means "one who drives when he doesn't have to; a rubber waster".

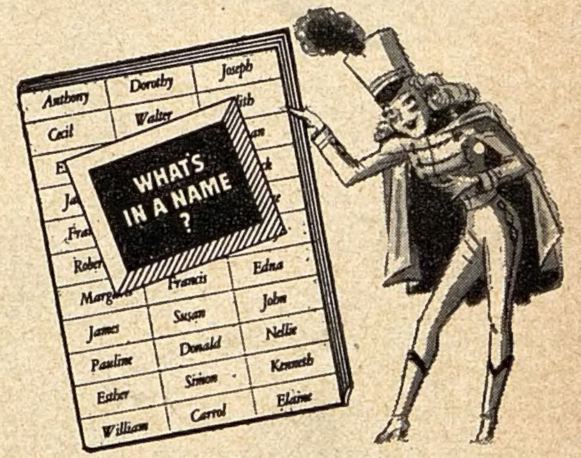
COPYRIGHT 1943, ETHYL CORPORATION

What does your name mean?

The meanings and origins of over 900 masculine and feminine names are given in the fascinating illustrated booklet, "What's in a Name?" It's free—no obligation—just mail coupon.

FREE...

ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF NAMES


WHAT'S IN A NAME ?
Anthony
Dorothy
Joseph
Cecil
Walter
Robert
Margaret
Francis
Edna
James
Susan
John
Pauline
Donald
Nellie
Esther
Simon
Kenneth
William
Carrol
Elaine

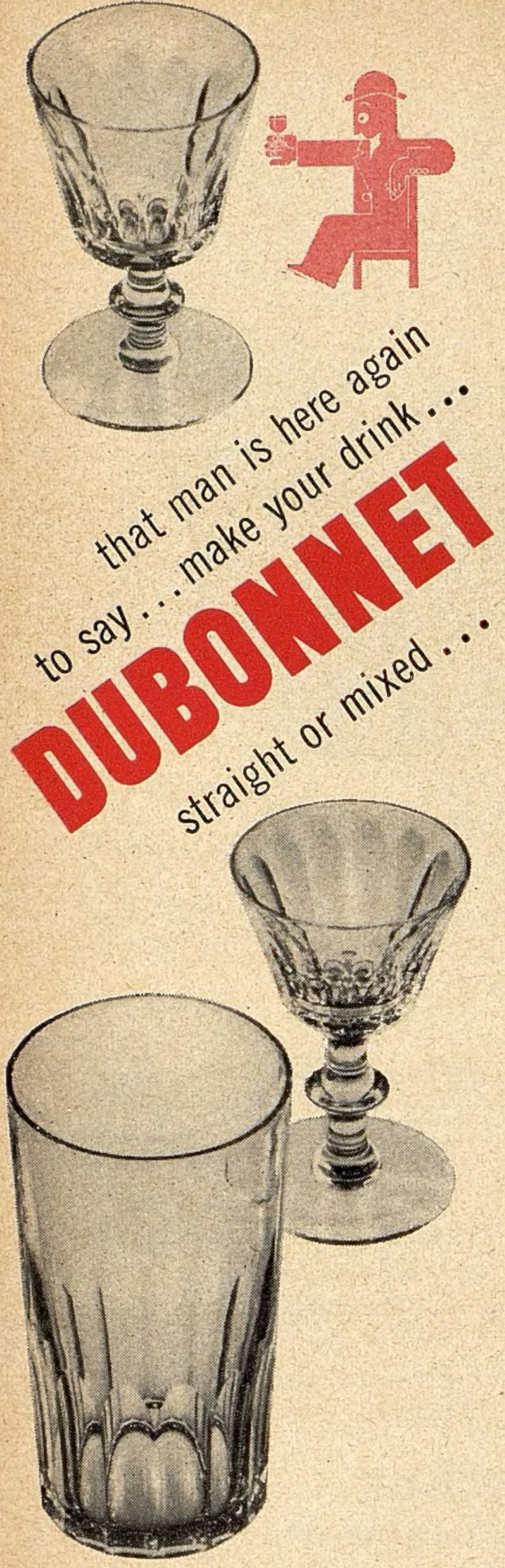
ETHYL CORPORATION
Room 3506, Chrysler Bldg., N. Y. C.

Please send me a free copy of "What's in a Name?"

Name________________________ (PLEASE PRINT)

Address________________________

City________________ State________________


that man is here again
to say ... make your drink ...
DUBONNET
straight or mixed ...

WHENEVER YOU DRINK...DRINK DUBONNET
one of these exciting ways:

Dubonnet **STRAIGHT:**
serve well chilled, no ice

Dubonnet **HIGHBALL:**
jigger of Dubonnet, juice of half a lemon, add ice cubes, fill with soda and stir

MERRY WIDOW:
one-half Dubonnet, one-half dry ★Vermouth — Dubonnet, stir with ice, strain, add twist of lemon peel

WRITE FOR FREE
Dubonnet Smart Drink Guide
Dubonnet Corporation
350 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.

★Vermouth — Dubonnet made with a know-how that's world-famous, product of the U. S. A., bottled by Dubonnet Corp., Lodi, Calif.

Tune in! "Alec Templeton Time" 10:30—10:35 p.m. (E.W.T.) Blue Network Mon., Wed., Fri.

Dubonnet aperitif wine, product of U. S. A., Dubonnet Corporation, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dubonnet
wine
An Aperitif

In This Week's Liberty

PAUL HUNTER, PUBLISHER

Associates

Edward Maher
Edward Hutchings, Jr.
Sid L. Hydeman
Kathryn Bourne
Lee Pasquin
E. A. Piller

Staff: David Brown • Elsie Christie • Harry E. Dounce • Harriet Gould • John Keavey
Otto Kurth • Margaret Mochrie • Barbara Palmer • Daniel E. Wheeler • Elizabeth K. Wylie

★ ARTICLES

How Election Wheels Turn
Representative Joseph W. Martin, Jr. 13
With Russian Guerrillas, *Mikhail Ivanov as told to Alan Hynd* 16
Friend Worm, 1943 Model, *Richard G. Hubler* 20
Airplanes to Africa, *Fred Tupper, Jr.* 22
Wartime Medical Miracles, *Dr. Albert Hemming* 33

★ FICTION

I'll Marry the General's Daughter, *Jordan Barlow* 14
It's Time to Say Good-by—Part III, *Isabel Moore* 18
No Ham and Eggs in Hell, *Laurence Schwab* 36
Last Word—Liberty's Short Short, *Olga Rosmanith* 40

★ BOOK

Memo to a Firing Squad—*The exciting novel by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan abridged to a reading time of one evening* 25

★ FEATURES

Vox Pop 6
Woman-Talk 8
On the Beam, *Wayne Parrish* 10
General George Catlett Marshall, *a painting by McClelland Barclay* 43
This Man's War, *Old Sarge* 53
Colonel Stoopnagle's Fictionary (*Unabashed*) 54
Liberty Goes to the Movies, *Harriet Gould* 68
Just Between Ourselves, *The Editors* 73

★ EDITORIAL

"Total War" Excludes Controversy as Usual, *Paul Hunter* .. 74

COVER: FRANK BENSING

PUBLISHED BY LIBERTY MAGAZINE, INC.

PAUL HUNTER, PRESIDENT; EDWARD MAHER, VICE-PRESIDENT; GEORGE BOYD, JR., SECRETARY AND TREASURER.

THE NAMES AND THE DESCRIPTIONS OF ALL CHARACTERS IN THE FICTION STORIES APPEARING IN LIBERTY ARE WHOLLY FICTITIOUS. IF THERE IS ANY RESEMBLANCE, IN NAME OR IN DESCRIPTION, TO ANY PERSON, LIVING OR DEAD, IT IS PURELY A COINCIDENCE.

Contributors are advised to retain copies of their material, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and name and address, but we will not be responsible for any loss of such material.

Liberty, May 1, 1943. Vol. 20, No. 18. Published weekly by Liberty Magazine, Inc., 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Ten cents a copy. Subscription price $3.50 a year in the United States and possessions, $4.50 a year in Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana. All other countries $5.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription or change of address, please allow thirty (30) days for Liberty to reach you. Copyright, 1943, by Liberty Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. Registered at Stationers' Hall, Great Britain, Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual. All rights reserved.

3¢ A DAY HOSPITALIZATION PLAN

Your HOSPITAL and DOCTOR BILLS PAID!

LIBERAL CASH BENEFITS INCLUDE

Hospital Expenses for Sickness up to	$540.00
Hospital Expenses for Accident up to	$540.00
Doctor or Surgeon Expenses up to . .	$135.00
Loss of Time from Work up to . . .	$300.00
Loss of Life . .	$1000.00

EXTRA: You get WAR RISK coverage

. . . And many other valuable benefits, including AMBULANCE SERVICE EXPENSE . . . cash payments for PHYSICAL DISMEMBERMENT, etc.

SICKNESS or ACCIDENT

Don't allow Hospitalization expense to ruin your life savings. Insure NOW at low cost . . . *before it's too late!* The famous North American Plan provides that in case of unexpected sickness or accident, you may go to any Hospital in the U. S. or Canada under any Doctor's care. Your expenses will be paid for you in strict accordance with Policy provisions.

NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION

One individual or entire family (birth to age 70) is eligible. There is no red tape involved . . . either in enrollment or payment of benefits. Unusual features of the North American Hospitalization Plan are its provisions for Doctor fees and a liberal $1,000.00 Death Benefit . . . seldom if ever available in ordinary Hospitalization Insurance Policies. Also, as a civilian, you get WAR RISK coverage at no extra charge. For solid, dependable, economical protection North American has won the approval of leading Hospitals and physicians throughout the United States.

NO AGENT WILL CALL

North American Hospitalization protection is sold direct . . . at a saving to you. The Company is under the supervision of the Insurance Department. Sickness and accident strike suddenly . . . BE PREPARED! Over 6,000,000 thrift-minded persons in this country are already enrolled under the popular "3c A Day Plan."

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE DETAILS

North American Mutual Insurance Company
Dept. L3-5, Wilmington, Del.

Please send me, without obligation, details about your 3c A Day Hospitalization Insurance Plan."

Name ....

Address ....

City.. State..................

(Fill in and clip this coupon. Mail in envelope or paste on penny postcard.)

SAVE MONEY
SAVE TIME
SAVE EFFORT

. . . and make sure you get your copy of the NEW LIBERTY every week! Have it delivered to you by U. S. Mail.

A big, new feature has been added to Liberty . . . it contains, each week, an abridged version of an important and popular book as well as a full menu of serial and short stories, articles, departments and cartoons.

During the coming year 52 of the books you want to, and should, read will appear in Liberty's quick, easy-to-read version. Bought at bookstores, these books would cost you from $2.50 to $5.00 each. In Liberty, they are *free* as part of a big magazine.

Since Liberty began to carry these books, the demand for copies on the newsstands has been growing fast. Many readers report they find their newsdealers sold out. Distribution is being increased but wartime shipping is uncertain. However, the U. S. Mail always gets through on time.

Week by week on the newsstands, Liberty costs 10¢ per copy or $5.20 a year. Delivered by mail, it costs only $3.50—a saving of $1.70.

Send the copy below NOW and save.

LIBERTY
Dept. 5-1
205 E. 42 Street, N. Y. C.

Send me Liberty for Check which

1 year $3.50 ☐
2 years 6.00 ☐

I enclose ....$——— ☐

Send me a Bill .... ☐

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

CITY ....STATE ....

VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

TRUE TO MANY

Boston, Mass.—The letter written and signed by some few dozen soldiers regarding the boys in the South returning there after the war to marry the "Southern belles" (January 16 Vox Pop) stated that the main reason the boys "go" for the Southern girls is that they are faithful to one soldier—they don't write to a half dozen soldiers, as we New England girls are accused of doing.

Well, soldiers, how about turning the tables? How many girls do each of the boys in your group write to? I know of one fellow who writes to four girls faithfully each day. And, brother, he's no exception.—*Anne of Boston.*

WHAT'S *YOUR* NAME FOR HIM?

Army Air Base, New Cumberland, Pa.—Sorry to have to tell you that the "grounded gremlin" in April 3 Liberty has already been named by the mechanics of the Air Forces.

"MacKiwi," as we call the prankster, has a habit of kicking the wrench from a mechanic's hand, causing knuckles to be skinned over cotter pins and sharp edges.

"Mac" of the Air Forces is equipped with pliers, screw driver, and wrench, with which he is constantly busy snipping wires, loosening screws and nuts, and leading the mechanic a merry life in general.—*Cpl. Erlon E. Newell.*

WE CALL HER MISS LIBERTY

Ellington Field, Tex.—I have admired cover girls on many magazines, but none of them had the appeal of your March 6 offering. This girl has a genuine look of friendliness which is so sought for by soldiers. It is the kind of picture every one of the boys would like of his sweetheart back home.—*Avn/C Arnold L. Ender.*

LET'S GET GOING

Pittsburgh, Pa.—"Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition" for Eddie Rickenbacker's wonderful idea of all blue- and gold-star mothers and wives forming a national organization with chapters in every city, town, and village, whose purpose it would be to combat black markets, strikes, sit-downs, and absenteeism by ostracizing any one practicing the above acts of sabotage and treason.—*E. L. Messler.*

ARE UNIONS RACKETS?

Ocean Springs, Miss.—You ask for the union men's side of this union racket (March 13 Vox Pop). In such a case there could only be one side of this story, and that would be from workers who are not capable of holding a job unless hiding behind a union.

You would never hear (I hardly believe) from any one of the thousands compelled to help support this racket against their wills and better judgment, for they know just what can happen to them when dealing with such a bunch of highjackers.—*V. H. D.*

AN OPPOSITE OPINION

Yakima, Wash.—I would like to correct Mrs. Alvin Bortles' (March 13 Vox Pop) statement. Unions shouldn't remind her of bloodsuckers—instead, organized blood *donors*—and bond buyers. Every local union the nation over is just that.—*B. B. R.*

NO SPINNING WHEELS IN DIXIE

Keystone, W. Va.—In Keep 'Em Shooting (February 20 Liberty) Mr. Irwin seems to have caught the spirit of the Appalachian mountaineers—of a century past. Visit this plant's locale yourself and see if you can find "cotton patches." I haven't seen any, nor were there any there prior to the building of this plant.

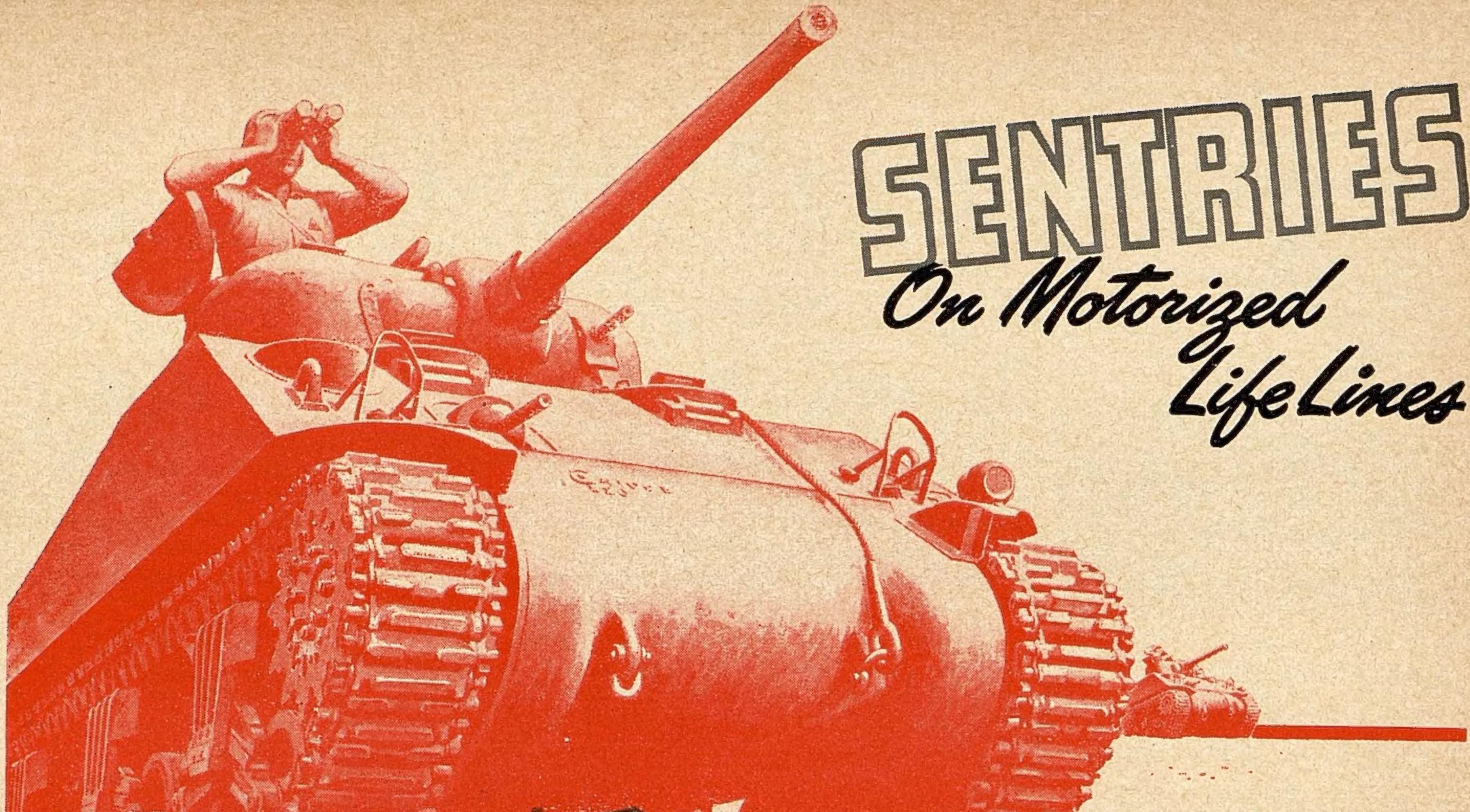
As for the women who "still spin and weave," I'd sure like to see some of them. A few old spinning wheels *might* be found, but definitely not in action, and there are not many of these folks who would know a hand loom if they saw one.—*Betty Lou Angove.*

WAR MARRIAGE

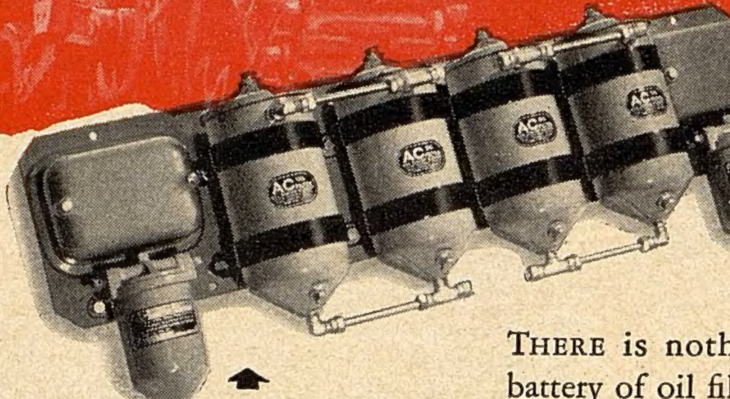
Corydon, Ky.—I have just finished Last Leave, by Mark Elodee (March 13 Liberty), and am I burned up!

By what right did the private and his officer agree that the young girl in the story had no choice about carrying the burden of rearing a child whose father died for his country?

If Private Cullen's mother and father had been that kind of coward he, Cullen, would not be in the picture. It is up to American manhood to see that the girl of his choice has her choice too.—*Mrs. F. D.*



SENTRIES
On Motorized Life Lines



TANK OIL FILTER PANEL—built by AC since Pearl Harbor.

AUTOMOTIVE OIL FILTER—built by AC since 1926.

THERE is nothing heroic about that battery of oil filters clamped against the engines of General Sherman tanks. But, without them—standing constant guard against dirt in lubricating and fuel oil—those engines would shortly be wrecked.

Except for size and certain details, these Army AC Oil Filters are identical with those which have kept engine and fuel oil clean, for years, for millions of American motorists. Both are scientifically engineered. Both are precision built.

Army mechanics and tank crews know filters *must* be kept functioning. So, elements are changed in strict accordance with Army procedure.

Your engines, too, need oil filter protection; the element should be replaced regularly.

Conservation is the order of today. And it is easy to get through the service which America's mechanics are now rendering. This is being augmented by contacts from AC, carrying to all service organizations the latest and most practical methods of diagnosis and repair for AC products. Details of this Service are given in the panel below.

When replacement is needed, select AC—and be sure of complete satisfaction.

Awarded to the men and women of AC on September 2, 1942, for outstanding achievement in producing for Victory.

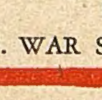
AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION
GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

AC
SPARK PLUGS

OIL FILTERS—Slow driving accelerates the formation of soot and carbon in engine oil. If not constantly filtered from the oil, this dirt will clog piston rings, which causes increased consumption of oil and gas. So, replace your oil filter element whenever your dealer's AC Oil Test Pad shows that your oil is dirty.

SPARK PLUGS—Dirty or worn plugs waste as much gas as one coupon in ten. They also cause hard starting which weakens your battery. Under present slow driving conditions, have your plugs cleaned and adjusted every few months.

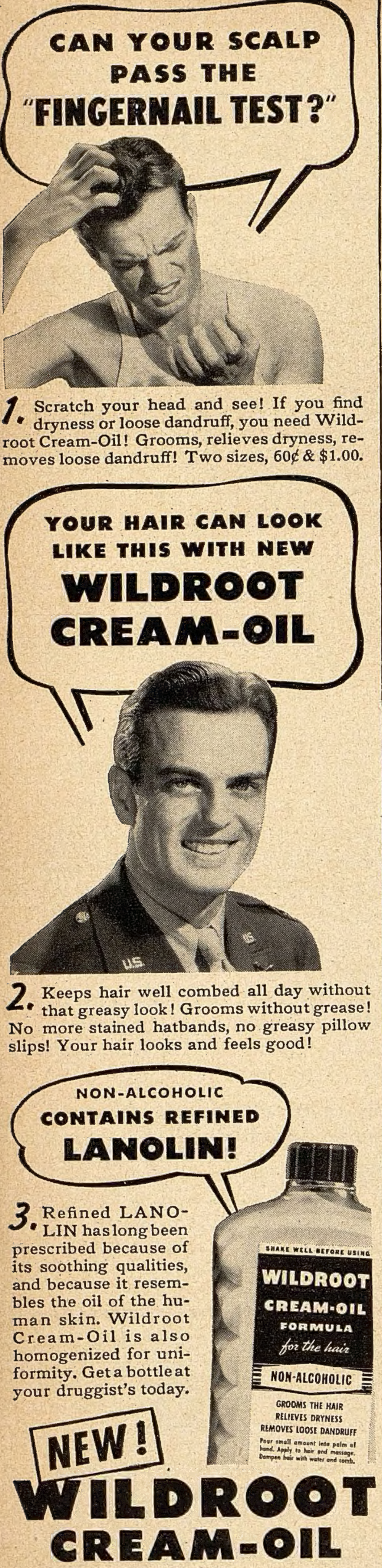
AIR CLEANERS—A dirty air cleaner increases gasoline consumption because it chokes down the flow of air into the carburetor. Your air cleaner should be rinsed whenever your car is lubricated.



FUEL PUMPS—Practically trouble free. But, if yours has been in use thirty or forty thousand miles, it may be worn to the point where a check-up is due.

DRIVING INSTRUMENTS—Speedometer, gasoline gauge, oil pressure gauge, ammeter, and temperature gauge seldom need service. But, if they give trouble, have them cared for *at once.*

BRING VICTORY QUICKER—BUY U. S. WAR SAVINGS STAMPS AND BONDS



CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE "FINGERNAIL TEST?"

1. Scratch your head and see! If you find dryness or loose dandruff, you need Wildroot Cream-Oil! Grooms, relieves dryness, removes loose dandruff! Two sizes, 60¢ & $1.00.

YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS WITH NEW WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

2. Keeps hair well combed all day without that greasy look! Grooms without grease! No more stained hatbands, no greasy pillow slips! Your hair looks and feels good!

NON-ALCOHOLIC CONTAINS REFINED LANOLIN!

3. Refined LANOLIN has long been prescribed because of its soothing qualities, and because it resembles the oil of the human skin. Wildroot Cream-Oil is also homogenized for uniformity. Get a bottle at your druggist's today.

NEW! WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

NON-ALCOHOLIC FORMULA

WOMAN-TALK

THE TEARFUL BRIDE: Over tea the other afternoon at the Commodore, Mrs. Robert S. Pirie of Chicago, who, with Mrs. Maurice T. Moore, sister of Time's Henry Luce, has been traveling for the USO, gave us some idea of the things that come up to test the resourcefulness and adaptability of USO directors and volunteers. Our favorite story concerns a husky six-footer who walked into a USO club with his small and tearful bride in tow. His mother (Europe-born and set in her ideas) had written him a letter which had upset his young wife very much. It was customary, she wrote, for "nice" girls to have pictures taken in their wedding regalia. Not having received one of her new daughter-in-law, she was afraid he hadn't married the right sort of girl. The bride, who had been married in her Sunday printed silk, and hadn't any wedding picture, was now afraid her husband's people wouldn't accept her. The woman at the club decided that action would be more convincing than words. She called up a number of volunteers. By afternoon they had borrowed a complete bridal outfit and had persuaded a photographer to take the picture, free. The bride, in a veil, and clasping a huge bouquet, posed with her beaming groom, and a photograph was dispatched to her mother-in-law, who is now ready to welcome her son's wife with open arms.

CALORIES TO BURN: If you're figure-conscious, these statistics will make you feel guilty or virtuous, according to whether you indulge or resist. To work off the calories contained in two pieces of candy, it's necessary to trot one mile. Three tablespoonfuls of rich cream equal five miles on your bicycle; one piece of cake equals one hour of garden digging. (P. S. to Victory gardeners: Take the cake as a reward for every *two* hours of digging and you'll still be ahead, figuratively speaking.)

A MAN'S-EYE VIEW: "Look, isn't it sweet!" she said, and held up a small handful of lilies of the valley and tiny roses with a wisp of green tulle floating from it. Her husband looked—and his face fell. "What did you go and buy a bunch of fake flowers for?" he asked plaintively. "You know I always get you a corsage to wear on Easter Sunday." This little domestic dialogue gives you an idea of how our Easter hats appear to a mere male.

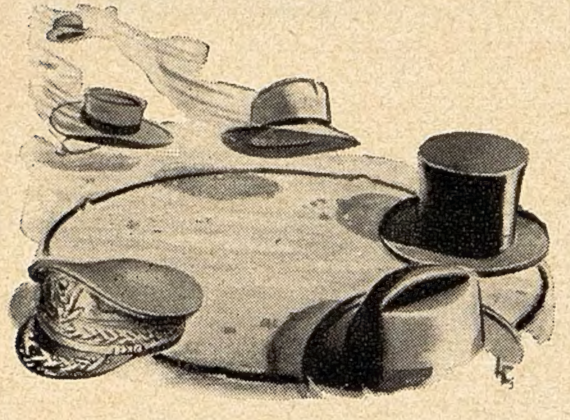
CUPID BARRED: On a mimeographed sheet of rules for the behavior of air-raid wardens we found one which read: "There shall be no shooting of craps, drinking of liquor, or carrying on of romances at post headquarters." Watchfulness and discipline may well succeed in banishing dice and John Barleycorn, but we don't see how they can cope with the lad with the bow and arrow.

SELL FOR VICTORY: Jeanette MacDonald, who recently turned over $94,000 she had earned for the Army Emergency Relief Fund, has a neat way of raising smaller sums for her favorite war charities. She "sells" her autographs and encores. There's an idea there for any of you who have talents that might be useful to your friends. A knack for arranging flowers, a deft hand at rolling party sandwiches can be turned into contributions for the Red Cross, China Relief, or your home town's service men's canteen. Chives from your kitchen window-box garden or a flair for that tricky business of draping a veil on a hat can help you do your share in buying War Savings Stamps.

NEXT WEEK

WHO WILL SCORE IN '44?

The great American sweepstakes—naming Presidential candidates—is upon us again with all the sound and fury of an aroused populace. Who will it be? Roosevelt? Willkie? Dewey? MacArthur? Stassen? Taft? Byrnes? Farley? McNutt? Have you a little dark horse in the back of your mind? It's anybody's guess right now, although there are a few men in America who can speak with proper authority even when they speculate. Liberty's choice to give us the proper odds on each candidate's chances is Raymond Clapper, an ace news commentator who is right more often than wrong. Next week he will discuss Presidential Possibilities of '44. We can't even give you a hint of his observations except to say his words will give you something to think about for a long while.



WUXTRY! WUXTRY! WHAT D'YA READ?

If it's Yank, you're in the army and you grab a copy every week. The only way you can read it is to join the army or read the article next week about this lusty, two-fisted newspaper for fighting men.

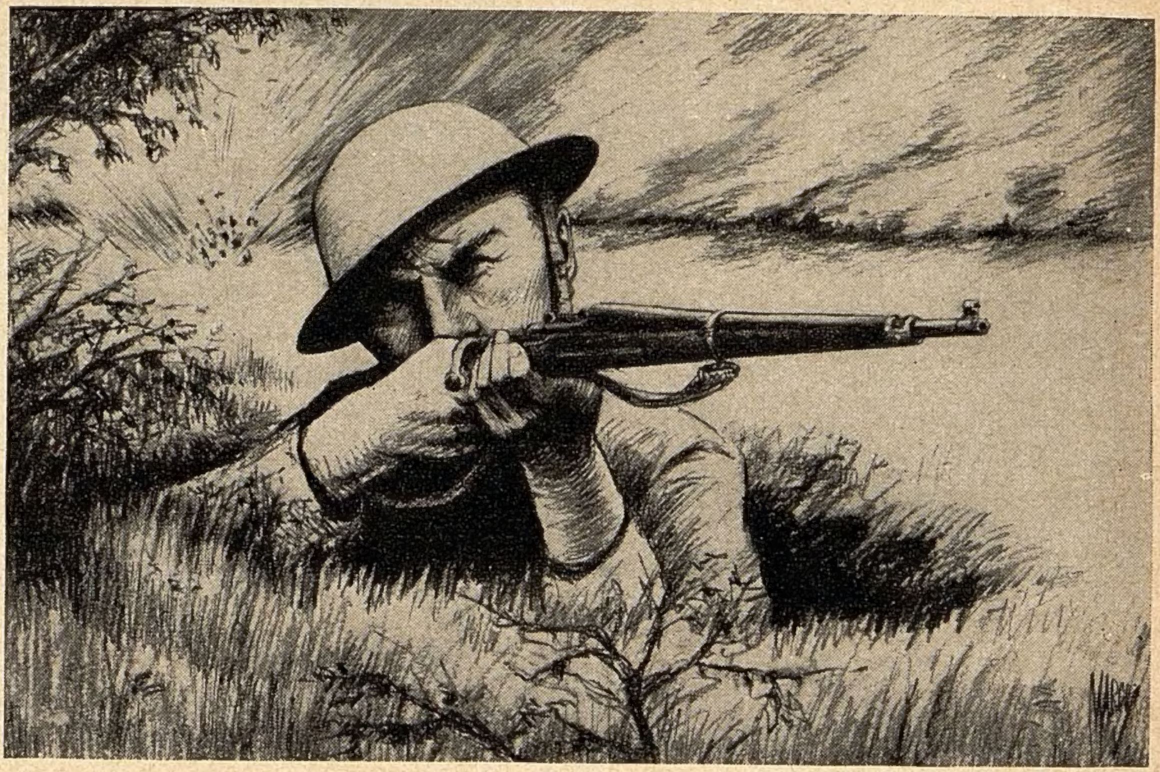
YOUR HAPPINESS IN POSTWAR LIVING

All science is now laboring for victory. But after the armistice remarkable innovations that were used at sea and on battlefields will be reverted to civilian use. There are things to come, things evolved from war needs, that will be used in your home and office. Liberty's series on this postwar wonderland begins next week. Don't miss this preview of your future.

AND GET A LOAD OF
Boom Town with a Sombrero, an authoritative examination of what makes Las Vegas, the biggest little city in the world, so prosperous; Dinah Mite, an exclusive blow-by-blow description of a B-17's actions while destroying seven Nazi planes; and . . . The bonus book condensation, Night Shift, by Maritta Wolff, a sparkling novel of war-working Americans.

Plus the fiction, departments, and cartoons you enjoy.

$18.75 buys JUST SO MANY bullets



BUT SUPPOSE HE NEEDS *MORE?*

What's he going to do : : : *Give up?* NEVER . . . *Die?* MAYBE.

Because YOU held back about buying another War Savings Bond?

The tough, fresh, brave young men in our Army, from boyhood practice with BB's and 22's, are the best marksmen in the world.

But it's no good any soldier being brave, if he hasn't got *bullets.*

It costs *money* to get material to our boys . . . get it fast enough and far enough . . . to keep them fed, clothed, and SHOOTING!

It takes money for bullets, guns and medicines, for tanks, planes and ships. To win, we've not only got to put our men and plants to work for this war. We've got to put our *money* to work, too.

How to buy a share in Victory

Where's the money coming from?

YOU'RE going to chip it in, out of the money you are getting TODAY. Instead of spending it all, why not lend at least 10% to Uncle Sam? He'll put it to work for America. He will give you a written promise to pay it back in 10 years, with interest (2.9% a year). If that promise isn't good, *nothing's* good. But because this is America, it IS good.

How can you chip in?

By buying War Savings Bonds. You can buy one today for $18.75. It is worth $25.00 when Uncle Sam pays you back in 10 years.

INSTALLMENT payments?

Yes! If you can't spare $18.75 today, buy War Savings Stamps for 10¢ or 25¢ or 50¢. Ask for a Stamp book, save a bookful of Stamps, then exchange them for a War Savings Bond.

What IS a BOND?

A piece of legal paper, official promise from Uncle Sam that he'll pay you back your money plus interest. The Bond will be registered in your name. Keep it safely put away.

Can you CASH a Bond?

Yes, any time 60 days after you buy it, if you get in a jam and need money, you can cash a Bond (at Post Office or bank).

WHERE can you buy War Savings Bonds and Stamps?

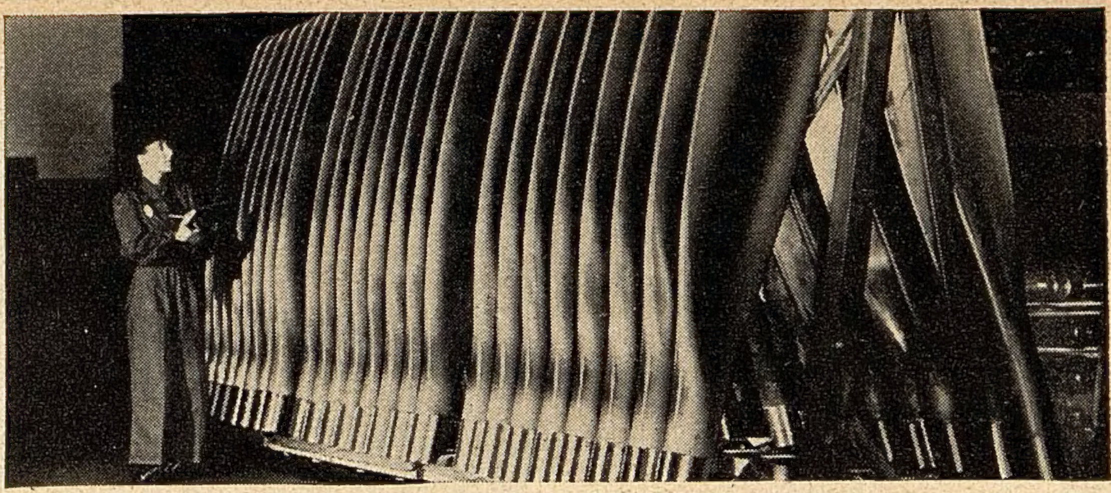
At your nearest Post Office. At a bank. At many stores all over the country.

WHEN?

Our enemies have been getting ready for the past 7 or 8 years. Are you going to wait till they get *nearer* our kids?

★ *Buy War Savings Stamps and Bonds NOW!*

This advertisement has been prepared entirely as a patriotic gift to the Government. The art work, copy, composition and plating, as well as the space in this magazine, have been donated by all concerned as part of their effort toward helping win the War.



Steel propeller blades for combat airplanes, including multi-engine bombers, being checked at the Toledo, Ohio, plant of the American Propeller Corporation. The hollow steel blades are light and have great resistance to corrosion and abrasion.

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Bombs for the East Coast? (Long-range Planes)

The Germans have one large long-range airplane capable of making nonstop round-trip air raids on America's east coast, but little is known about the production figures of this type and whether it has lived up to expectations.

It's the Heinkel 177 which has four engines but only two propellers, thus giving it the appearance of a large twin-engined craft. The idea of using two engines to drive a single prop is not new and probably has some aerodynamic advantages. The He-177 is supposed to have a cruising range of 7,040 miles with 1,000 pounds of bombs and speed of 180 mph. Its gross weight is 82,000 pounds, or 41 tons. Thus the He-177 *could* fly from France to New York and return, provided it has helping winds both ways, and drop a half ton of explosives on New York.

A half ton per plane doesn't mean any great damage to a huge metropolitan area. A flight of ten He-177s, each with a half ton, would be more for nuisance purposes than otherwise.

As far as is known, this is the only Nazi plane with long-range possibilities. The Italians have a Savoia-Marchetti 82, called the Canguru, with a claimed range of 7,350 miles but with a slow speed of 150 mph. It is unlikely that this antiquated type could be used effectively for a military mission. Germany may have new types under way, but, considering her other military problems, it is not reasonable that she would divert any great effort merely for costly raids across the Atlantic.

(Next week: Alternative bombing methods.)

Atlantic Commuter

It took a decade of planning before Pan American Airways launched its first transatlantic Clipper flights, but in the three and a half years since the start of scheduled service in 1939, 1,219 transatlantic crossings have been completed—carrying 44,000 passengers and some 115,000,000 letters.

Captain R. O. D. Sullivan, who has completed his one hundredth Atlantic crossing—a record—is the pride of the P. A. A. Clipper fleet. Flying for Pan American since 1929, he's been on the West Indies, Central American, Pacific, and Atlantic runs, and chalked up one healthy record by crossing the Atlantic four times in three days.

Up to 1939 there had been 88 individual attempts to "cross the pond" by adventurous pilots, but of these only 11 ever reached the destination for which they set out, and only 28 managed to land at some point from which they could be rescued. Some 39 are listed as "lost at sea." Balbo's "mass flights" of Italian planes are included in the total of 88 attempts. P. A. A.'s Captain Sullivan in less than four years has flown more miles over the Atlantic than *all* flyers in the twenty-four years from Alcock and Brown up to the start of regular service.

High-Altitude Problems

The key to economical long-range air transportation is high-altitude flying. But the oxygen problem must be solved, for obviously it is not satisfactory to provide passengers with individual oxygen kits. The alternative is to seal the cabins of stratosphere planes, thus maintaining an even air pressure equal to that of a lower altitude, and most engineers believe that 8,000 feet is about the most practical level.

Almost everything in aviation is proven or disproven in test laboratories on the ground, such as wind tunnels. But R. L. Ellinger, an engineer for Transcontinental and Western Air, Inc., says that test chambers are wholly inadequate for solving the problems of supercharged airplanes. He also warns that the best engineering brains of the nation will be needed to solve the complex problems of high-altitude operations for passenger planes.

The problem involves, say, the taking off of a plane at sea level in 100-degree heat, climbing to 25,000 feet in brilliant sunshine with subzero temperature, maintaining an air pressure inside the cabin equivalent to 8,000 feet outside, keeping a fresh supply of air moving into the cabin, and maintaining an even temperature for comfort. The engineers have found that plumbing fixtures, washbasin flow, electrical lines, cables, and food are all affected.

Jap Air Power Sapped

Every new report from the South Pacific emphasizes with increasing vigor the growing superiority of American air equipment and the dissolution of the early fears about Jap air power. One recently returned army airman, Major Edward Rector, who is credited with twelve combat victories, said the Jap pilot is a mixture of sagacity and childlike gullibility, of cleverness and almost incredible carelessness.

The biggest mystery to American pilots is why the Japs never use their parachutes. One Jap pilot put his blazing plane into a steep dive, apparently intending to crash it. The fire became too hot, however, and he bailed out at 400 feet, but made no effort to open his chute. Very few Jap pilots have been taken alive. All of which must mean a steady and highly significant drain on pilot reserves, for American pilots have destroyed as many as ten in a Jap squadron of twelve.

Now that more and better planes are reaching American crews, the Japs are easy marks. All U. S. sources agree the Jap guns and ammunition are definitely inferior to ours, both in fire power and quality. Their guns are low-velocity types lacking in range and penetration. The use of inferior materials is becoming apparent in the newer Japanese aircraft, official reports say, indicating that the flying time between overhauls has been reduced more than half. American pilots sing only one refrain—Send us more equipment and crews, and Jap air power is no more.

Wartime Construction

Something new in aircraft plants is rapidly taking shape near Chicago. A huge new factory, built almost entirely of wood and metal substitutes, for construction of Douglas four-engined C-54 Skymaster transports, will save some 30,000 tons of steel, copper, and aluminum. It is the first "temporary" aircraft plant being built in the present program.

About 20,000 tons of steel was saved in the structural framework alone, but the most interesting feature is the substitutes for other parts of the plant. Downspouts are of fiber instead of copper. Pipe is of plastic and asbestos. Ventilating ducts and heater and radiator housings are of nonmetallic materials. Pressed-wood reflectors with a synthetic white enamel surface replaced 132 tons of porcelain-enameled steel. Copper wiring was reduced almost one third by the use of a modern distribution system. Even laminated-wood columns were used in place of large-dimension timbers.

Sub Chasers

A new military air arm is on the hunt for enemy submarines. Ever since October 15, 1942, when the Anti-Submarine Command of the Army Air Forces was activated, this new unit has been training and equipping itself. Within the past month or two it has begun operations over the entire Atlantic—in fact in any theater of the war where submarines can be located.

One of the many missions of this command, which is headed by Brigadier General Westside T. Larson of Vernalis, California, is conducting aerial convoying operations at sea and providing air coverage for coastal shipping. Perhaps most important is seeking and destroying submarines in their hiding or resting places. It's a monotonous job, for it means patrolling the trackless water for hours at a time. Alertness is essential, for opportunities to strike at enemy raiders come without warning. Unless the crew acts within seconds while the sub is crash-diving, the opportunity to strike is lost.

Laughter...Romance...Adventure
to put Spring in your heart

OSCAR SERLIN PRODUCTIONS

Comedy, romance, adventure and eccentricity are the sharp ingredients in this engaging story of a refugee Russian family living in Tientsin, China, with a strange conglomeration of lodgers.

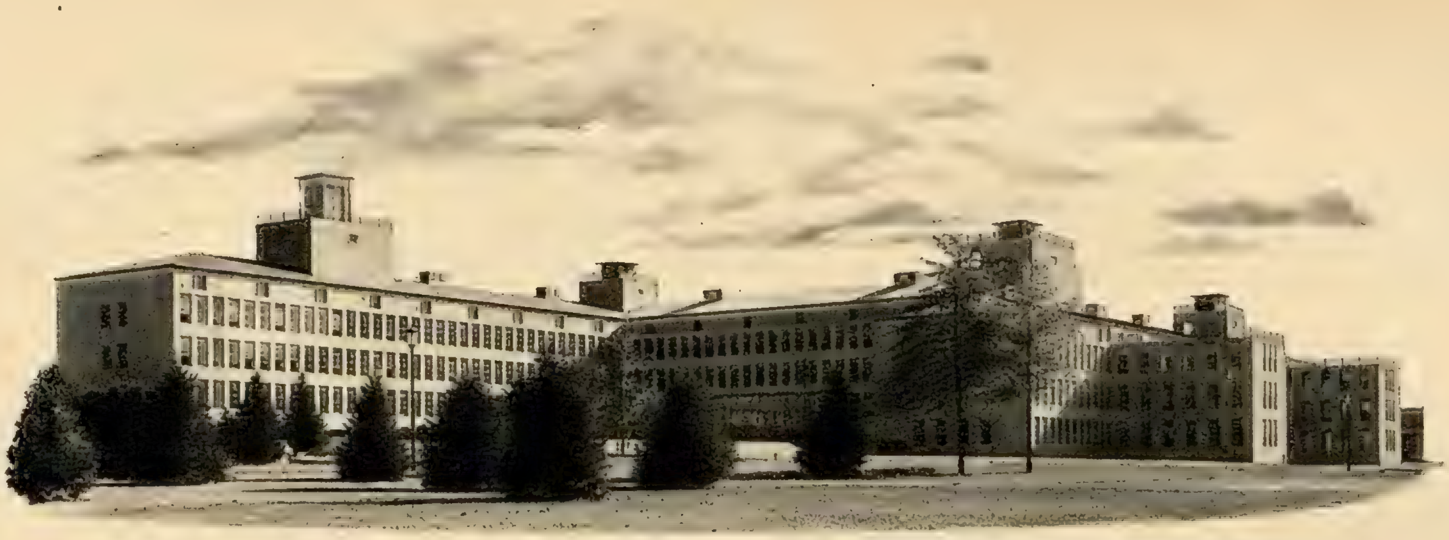
the Family
by
VICTOR WOLFSON
based on the prize novel by
NINA FEDOROVA
with
Lucile WATSON Carol GOODNER Evelyn VARDEN
Nicholas CONTE Elisabeth FRASER Arnold KORFF
Staged by BRETAIGNE WINDUST
Production Designed by BORIS ARONSON
Costumes by Carolyn Hancock
Lighting by Moe Hack
WINDSOR THEATRE, N. Y.

4th YEAR!
"Still one of the best comedies ever written for the American stage, and played as freshly as in the first week of its run."
—Burton Rascoe,
N.Y. World-Telegram.

CLARENCE DAY'S
LIFE WITH FATHER
Made into a play by
HOWARD LINDSAY and RUSSEL CROUSE
with
DOROTHY STICKNEY • HOWARD LINDSAY
Directed by Bretaigne Windust
Setting and Costumes by Stewart Chaney
EMPIRE THEATRE, New York

Now on 2nd transcontinental tour
LIFE WITH FATHER
with
PERCY WARAM JUNE WALKER

Presenting—ONE OF AMERICA'S GREATEST RADIO SHOWS!
"FAMOUS FATHERS"
Inspired by the Broadway Hit "LIFE WITH FATHER"
HOWARD LINDSAY
AS MASTER OF CEREMONIES
Plus A Huge Array Of The Country's Most Famous Fathers!
WKBZ, Muskegon, Mich.—WMFR High Point, N. C.—KVFB, Fort Dodge, Iowa
WFNC, Fayetteville, N. C.—KGEZ, Kalispell, Montana
WLOL, St. Paul, Minn.—KWOC, Poplar Bluff, Mo.—KSRO Santa Rosa, Calif.
See your Local Newspaper for Time and Station in Your City



A new building of the Bell Telephone Laboratories

Reason for Confidence

More than ninety per cent of American scientists are engaged in beating the Germans and Japanese.

More than ninety per cent of American scientific laboratory facilities are devoted to the same task.

American scientists are working at this job six or seven days a week, long hours, with few interruptions.

They are getting somewhere, too.

Every now and then the Germans and the Japanese have an unpleasant surprise.

They find that American science has caught up with them and passed them.

It is reassuring to us and discouraging to our enemies, for American scientific facilities are the greatest in the world. And they are functioning.

Little by little, some of the things that have been developed become public, but most of them you won't hear about until after the war.

But now, without the details, you can have faith that American research — industrial and academic combined — is rapidly giving our fighting forces an advantage.

Along with other American industry, the Bell Telephone System has its own Bell Laboratories — the largest in the world — working overtime for victory.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

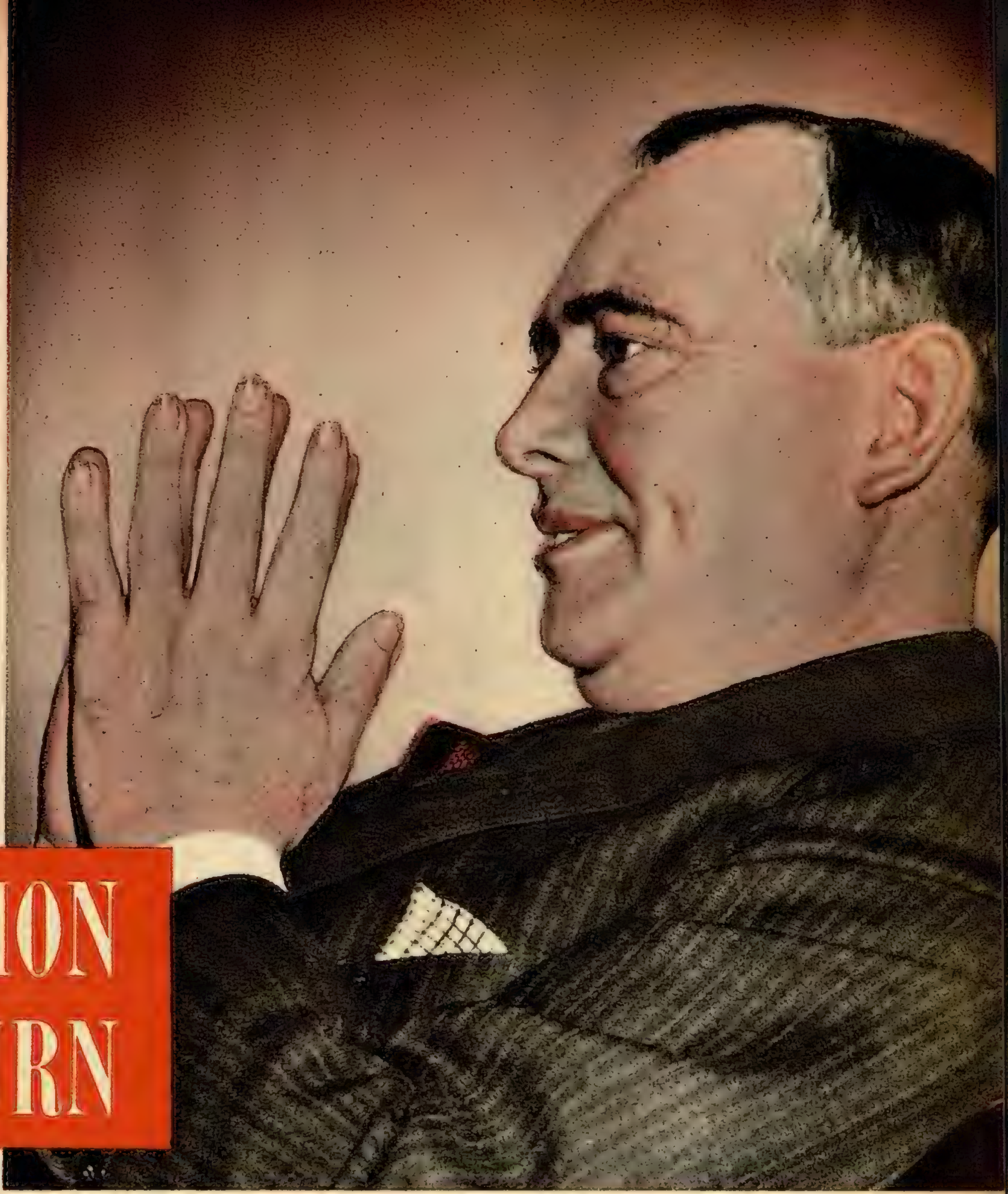
Your continued help in making only vital calls to war-busy centers is a real contribution to the drive for victory

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE
OF A
FREE PEOPLE

The world's future will be determined by how you vote next year—a good reason to familiarize yourself *now* with the election machinery

BY REPRESENTATIVE JOSEPH W. MARTIN, Jr.

HOW ELECTION WHEELS TURN



Mr. Martin won't presume, he says genially, to advise the voter how to vote.

Editor's Note: The Hon. Joseph W. Martin, Jr., representative of the 14th Congressional District of Massachusetts, is the floor leader of his party delegation in the House and a former chairman of the Republican National Committee. Now serving his tenth consecutive term as a member of Congress, he has had a lifetime's experience in party organization and practical politics.

THE most fateful election in our history lies ahead. Next year the American people—in accordance with Constitutional government—will choose their next President. The returns will be scanned as eagerly in Chungking and Sydney as in Times Square and Albuquerque. The reason is plain. Our next President will do more than administer the affairs of this country. He will be called upon to lead the whole world through the difficult period of adjustment from war to peace.

The adjustment period will require the strongest and soundest leadership. Faced with the perils of war, people subordinate individual views. With the advent of peace they again discriminate. It will require a master hand to keep a united nation and to weave a new and better world from what might well be a debacle.

All of which places a fearful responsibility on the American voter. It is too early to know either who the candidate will be, or the issues which will prevail a year from now. But it is not too early for the voter to familiarize himself with the machinery of elections.

There are two types of election machinery. One is the official machinery established by the states for the actual conduct of elections—the primaries, registration, balloting, and counting of the votes. The other is the organizations established by the political parties to campaign for their candidates.

Party machinery may likewise be divided in two classes: temporary and permanent. In the temporary class are the conventions, caucuses, and primaries. The national convention is the sovereign functioning organism of a political party. It is held during every year in which there is a Presidential election. It adopts the party platform, decides other questions of party policy, nominates candidates, and chooses party committees.

Know Your
GOVERNMENT
IX

The permanent party machinery is made up of regular party workers, ranging from national committeemen to precinct workers. Each of the major parties has a permanent organization of approximately 220,000 men and women. It is the humble precinct workers who keep up party morale between campaigns. They get out the vote. Without them the national party organization could not function.

Since we are primarily concerned with national elections, let us see how the national party organization is set up and functions. Take the Republican Party organization, for example. First, there is the Republican National Committee—composed of

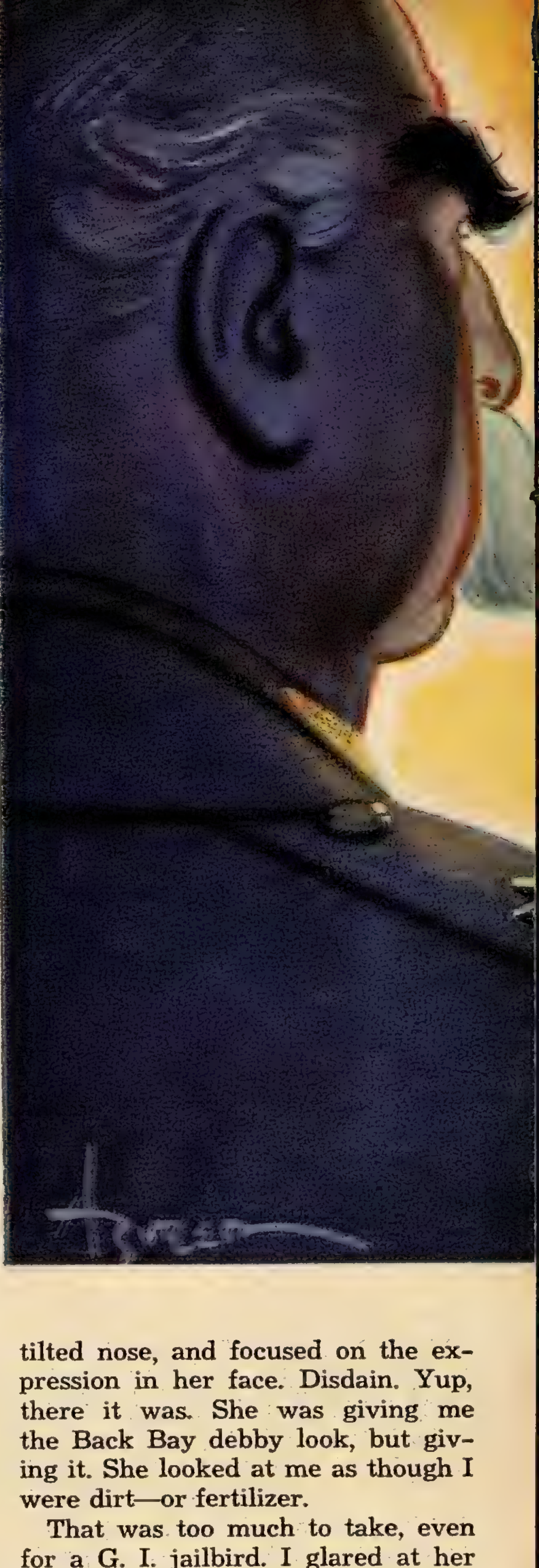
(*Continued on page 44*)

I'LL MARRY THE GENERAL'S DAUGHTER

His rival was a tank-sized lieutenant—but privates named Kelley are never outranked in love or war

BY JORDAN BARLOW

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD BUTLER



I KNOW. Your father told you the same thing. He said, "Son, if you want to get ahead in this world, marry the boss's daughter." Yup, mine told me that too.

Well, I'm in the army, so I can't very well marry the boss's daughter. But I can marry the general's daughter, which is the next best thing.

The first time I saw her I wasn't exactly at my best. You see, one day I happened to tell a sergeant I thought he was so dumb he wouldn't even understand Aesop's Fables. I also happened to take a swing at him—but I missed. For that I was put in the guardhouse. Maybe that was why I was put in the guardhouse: because I missed.

Anyway, this day they had all the prisoners outside on the road by the officers' barracks, myself included. The army likes to call it "beautifying the area," but all we were doing was raking fertilizer into what the army hopes will be grass by the time the war's over.

We were dolled up in our dress blues; Army Regulation No. 58,626 refers to them as "fatigue clothes" or "blue denims." They're very chic, consisting of medium blue trousers and a blue top to match, with a hat the same shade. They are very popular this season.

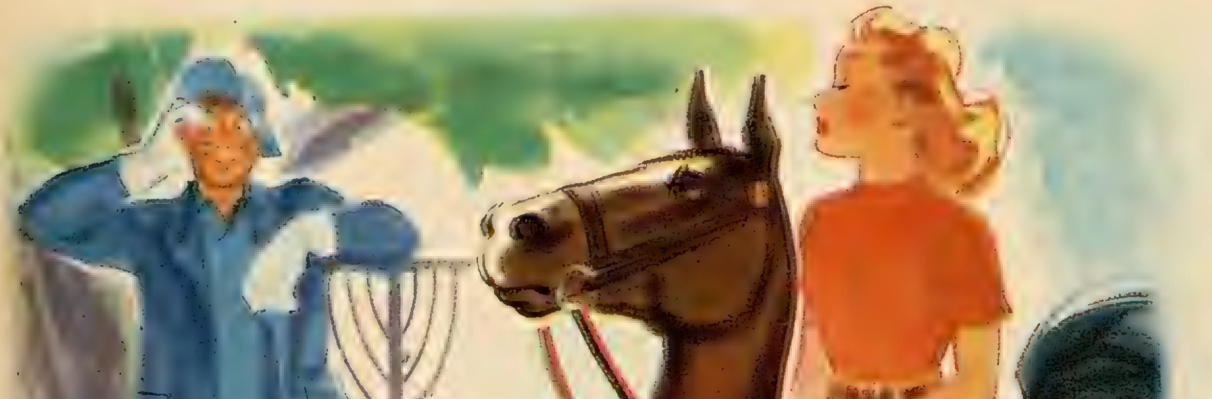
The hat especially is attractive. Invariably it is two sizes too large, fitting snugly over your ears or cheekbones, with an off-the-face brim that coquettishly flops.

So there I was, Jerry Kelley, onetime president of the Downtown Boys' Social Club, raking sweet essence of fertilizer on this beautiful morning, with the sun bright on the green grass and on my natty blue denims and cover-the-face hat. I was thinking hard about nothing, happy at my work, satisfied with the world in general—then I looked up.

There, looking like Lady Godiva—but with clothes on—was a terrific blonde on a big bay horse.

I looked at her and heard music. I heard Crosby singing I Surrender, Dear; I heard chapel bells and sleigh bells; I heard Maxine Sullivan doing Easy to Love. My mouth was hanging open.

As I looked up, she looked down, and my eyes finally got past the blonde hair, the deep blue eyes, the tilted nose, and focused on the expression in her face. Disdain. Yup, there it was. She was giving me the Back Bay debby look, but giving it. She looked at me as though I were dirt—or fertilizer.



Disdain. Yup, there it was. She looked at me as though I were dirt—or fertilizer.

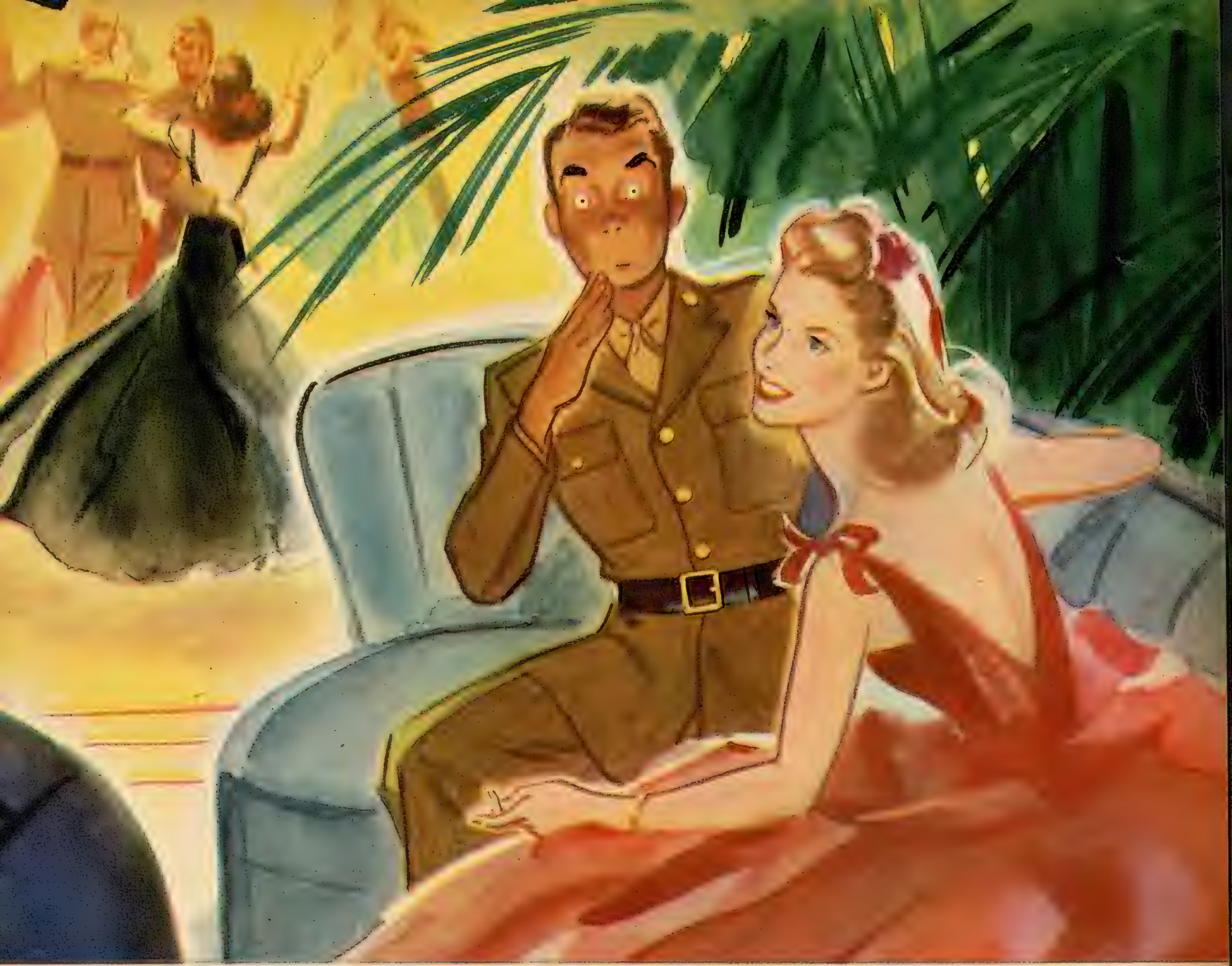
That was too much to take, even for a G. I. jailbird. I glared at her and wrinkled my nose. You know, kid stuff. Then she was gone, her back and the horse's rear end moving proudly down the road.

From that moment on my life was changed.

The rest of the morning my ears burned, and it wasn't the sun that was burning them. The last time a girl looked at me like that was on the Kiwanis picnic, and she ended up with a broken heart.

I wasn't any mug for some snippy dame to look down on. Back home I had plenty of girls. In fact, not to brag, but in the high-school yearbook I was voted the Most Desirable Companion on a Desert Island.

That afternoon I talked with one of the older prisoners, a guy who



The first person I saw was the general. Ann saw him too. She grabbed my arm.

had been in the guardhouse so long he received his mail there. I slid alongside him and asked who the girl was, the one on the horse.

He looked at me kind of foggy. "You don't know who that is?"

"No, I don't," I said. "That's why I'm asking you."

"Well," he said, "you can forget about her right now. That, my boy, was the general's daughter."

But I didn't forget about her—

You know the way it is: every once in a while, maybe once in a lifetime, you run across a girl who gets under your skin. Gets in your hair and won't comb out.

And it didn't make any difference to me if she *was* the general's daughter. A general breathes the same air I do, hates to get up in the morning the same as I do, and is a sucker for women the same as I am.

I didn't sleep much that night. I lay on my bed with my eyes open and gave my brain a workout. I had a problem: If the enemy doesn't come to you, what do you do? Now, I wasn't any MacArthur, but I knew the answer to that. Simple: you go to meet the enemy. And when the enemy's a blonde bundle of loveliness you don't want to fire until you see the blue of her eyes.

I said to myself, Kelley, if you're going to do something about this general's daughter, you had better get yourself out of the guardhouse.

The next day I didn't know myself. I didn't go on Sick Call in the morning, I didn't hide my rake, and I didn't even tell the sergeant what I thought of him. At the end of the day I walked up to him and proudly showed him the new blisters on my hands. He looked at me as though I had a fever.

No more crap games for me. No more short-sheeting sergeants' beds. No more putting ground glass and manure in them. No more tying knots in their clothes. I had stolen my last set of the first sergeant's false teeth. I had had my fling. I was a new man. I said to Kelley, *Kelley, about-face.*

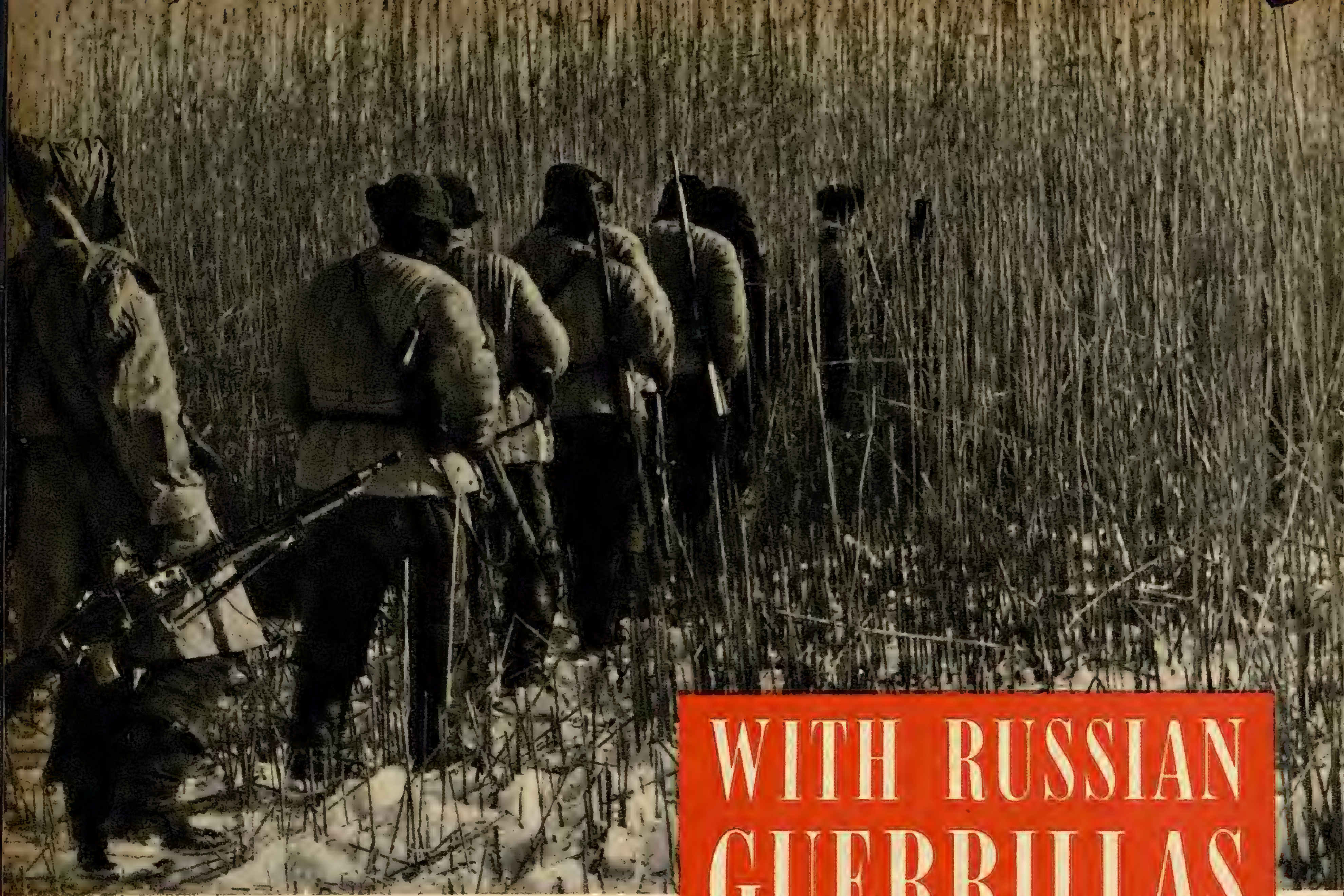
I had a one-track mind, and the car barn and the other end of the line were the general's daughter, Miss—I didn't even know her name.

IN two more days they opened the gates for me. I took a long look at that guardhouse. I thought, Kelley, say good-by to the guardhouse. Wave good-by, Kelley. That's one place you don't want a return engagement for. From now on it's the straight and narrow for you.

I cultivated a new friend, the battery clerk, sometimes referred to as the battery jerk. He worked up at the C. P.—the command post—with the bigwigs. He was Brains. He was Intellect. He was Einstein, Bernard Shaw, Dean Landis, and Mrs. Roosevelt creased into one.

His name was Booker, and Booker thought I was screwy. But I didn't mind. He told me what I wanted to know.

(*Continued on page 57*)



A guerrilla detachment on its way to execute an assignment may have to trek for days through rough country.

WITH RUSSIAN GUERRILLAS

The Author

Part of the Red Army never retreats—the guerrilla bands who, silent as the falling snow, come out of the night to kill. A guerrilla tells a story you never find in communiqués

BY MIKHAIL IVANOV as told to ALAN HYND

THROUGHOUT Leningrad the citizens were preparing for the worst. They were going to defend their city, street by street if need be. Some of them, impatient to get at the enemy, were being organized into guerrilla bands whose job it was to get behind the German lines, obtain information about enemy troop concentrations, and to disrupt his supply system.

When Yasha and I heard about the formation of guerrilla outfits, there was, to use an American expression, no stopping us. We were tired of being merchant seamen, important as that job is. We wanted to be at close grips with the enemy.

There were about fifty members in the band into which Yasha and I were inducted. Two were girls—Luba, aged twenty-one, and Zena, nineteen—nurses from a Leningrad hospital. When there was no nursing to do they would fight alongside us. I am not exaggerating when I say that each was an exceptionally pretty and feminine girl.

There was no time for physical training. Luckily we were all in excellent physical condition. No uniforms were issued. They would be dangerous property if we desired to pose as natives of an occupied village. We were carefully taught the best way to blow up a bridge, railroad train, or supply depot, and how to kill a sentry instantly by plunging a hunting knife between his shoulder blades.

Our first objective was the village of Vasino, about 150 kilometers southwest of Leningrad. On the fourth day of our cautious journey through enemy-occupied territory, Yasha and I became separated from the rest of our company. Our situation was serious because the food supply was with the main body and we were deep in scorched-earth territory where there just wasn't any food to be had. By a sparing use of what rations we had, we managed to keep going for three days.

On that third day we arrived on the outskirts of the village of Vasino and found the rest of our detachment encamped in a woods near by. Some of the guerrillas who had arrived ahead of us had sneaked into the village at night and learned from the natives that only a handful of German soldiers had as yet arrived there, but that a larger force was expected. There were thirty-seven houses in the village, and most of them were fairly well supplied with hidden food stores. In addition there were quite a few cattle.

Yasha and I were assigned to one of the village homes. The idea was that we were to wait in this home until the German punitive force arrived in the village, and then, from a hiding place in the house, make observations as to the appearance, behavior, and remarks of the invaders.

The house to which Yasha and I were assigned belonged to a middle-aged woman named Maria. Her husband was off to war, and she was living with her four children, the oldest of whom was a boy of ten. There were two girls of about four and six, and a little boy of two.

On the second day of our vigil Yasha and I heard marching feet. We ran up to a hiding place in the attic which afforded us a view of the grounds around the house. Thirty-two German soldiers, led by two officers, marched into the house. Yasha and I heard the sound of talk below us, and then we saw the soldiers marching out to the rear of the house where there was a cow.

Maria, carrying her two-year-old son in her arms, followed the soldiers. One of the officers had obviously instructed his soldiers to lead the cow away.

Maria began to plead with him, saying that the cow was all she had left in order to feed her children. The officer, who spoke Russian, shouted, "Russian children are worthless; only German soldiers count."

Maria continued to plead as the cow was led away. Apparently her pleas irritated the officer, for he issued an order in German to two of the soldiers. One of them took the child from the arms of the mother and then, holding the baby by the feet, swung it around and flung it through the air in such a way that its head struck the side of a small barn, killing it instantly. A second soldier standing near the mother waited until she witnessed the murder of her child, then began to rain blows on the woman's head with the butt end of a rifle. He continued to beat her about the head even after she had fallen to the ground, unconscious. In a little while the enemy departed.

I turned to look at Yasha. He was crying. "I was just thinking," he said, "how the man who is the husband of that woman and the father of that baby is going to feel when he hears about this."

Yasha and I went downstairs. The three other children were there, huddled in terror. We waited until the soldiers were out of sight, then took the children with us and left them at the home of a neighbor.

We found the route the Germans would take when they left Vasino, and laid our plans accordingly. We took up vantage points at the edge of a strip of woods along the line of the proposed march. Some of us were on the ground, others in trees; some had rifles, some grenades.

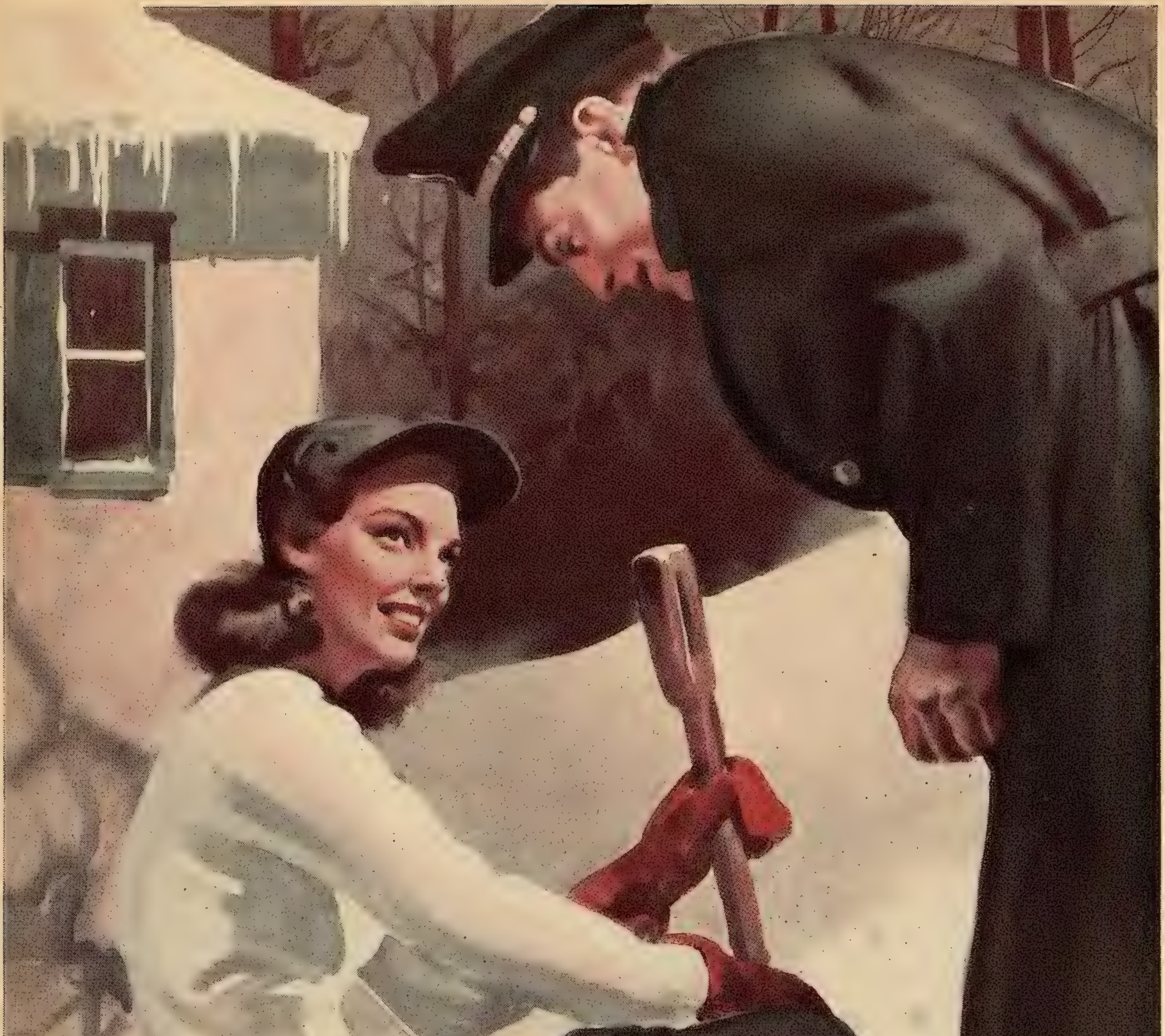
The sun was just going down when one of our spotters, high in a tree, passed the word to the rest of us that some Germans were coming around a bend in the road. As the Germans drew closer, marching two abreast, we could hear them singing.

(Continued on page 70)

Guerrilla T. Balavenskaya has been decorated with the Order of the Red Star.

SOVFOTO PHOTOS

The raids are carefully planned and each guerrilla must know what he is to do. A few men can blow up a train loaded with troops and supplies.



"Maybe I do look like a darn fool," she admitted, "but I'm tired and I'm cold and my back aches and I'm hungry!"

IT'S TIME TO SAY GOOD-BY

For Johnny the war meant a new freedom, but Tessa, left at home to wait, finds life closing in on her

BY ISABEL MOORE

ILLUSTRATED BY O. F. SCHMIDT

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

WHEN Tessa Barnes discovered that her husband, Johnny, really wanted to accept the commission that was offered him in the army—that he had refused to let his boss intercede on the grounds that his war-poster designs were helping build public morale—she thought of something her friend, Jill Marshall, had said: "An awful lot of men are going to this war because they're fed up to the teeth with their wives and their jobs and their lives."

Was that why Johnny was going? Tessa wondered. Wasn't he as satisfied as she was with their home and children, their life in Linton Heights?

Johnny wasn't. Life had gone stale for him. He loved Tessa, but he found himself thinking more and more of Catherine Lockhart, Tessa's friend, who was married to an older man whom she didn't love. On his last night at home, dancing with Catherine at the Country Club, he told her: "You're exciting and dangerous, Catherine. The water is deep. Very deep."

Tessa spent a good deal of that evening with George Worth, an old beau of hers who was now in the Navy Air Force. George was to be in town for awhile and was eager to console Tessa while Johnny was away. But she told him, "This is a small town. That sort of thing doesn't go over so well."

Johnny went to Washington, and Tessa missed him even more than she had imagined she would. Added to her loneliness were worries about money. How could she keep up the house on a captain's pay? Yet she was determined not to do what Johnny had wanted her to—take the children and go to live with his mother and his sister.

One day when she and Beth Sanders and Jill Marshall—all temporarily "widowed" by the war—were having cocktails at the Lockharts', Carlson, Catherine's husband, remarked that he and Catherine had seen Johnny while they were in Washington. Catherine hadn't told Tessa. Why? Tessa wondered, and for the first time suspected that Catherine might be in love with Johnny and Johnny with Catherine.

AFTERWARD, Tessa was always to think that if it had not snowed so heavily all that day, her whole life would not have been altered as it was. If it hadn't snowed, George Worth would not have come by, and if George hadn't come by, Mrs. Barnes would not have issued her ultimatum, and if Mrs. Barnes had not issued her ultimatum, Tessa would not have had to call Johnny. But as it was, she did call him and nothing was ever the same afterward.

Tessa came home at six o'clock that evening to bedlam. She stood for a minute in the doorway of her pretty little house, her eyes going from one small tragedy to another, her ears taking in the children's recounting of what had happened, and for a startled instant she understood what Johnny had felt like, coming home to the clutter of her bridge club or her complaints about the way the day had let her down. You come home, she thought, standing there, cold and tired, and you want peace and order and cheerfulness, and when you walk into something like this, you want to turn and run. Except that she couldn't turn and run, she added with a touch of bitterness.

"And the oil burner went out and we're freezing and dying," Jackie said, "and Joanna's quitting as soon as you get home—"

"And Danny called and said for us to tell you that he couldn't shovel snow tonight or tomorrow," Patty recited, glad to be a part of all the excitement.

"And the laundry lady didn't do the laundry," Jackie finished up, "because something happened and the washing machine wouldn't go and she said she don't do nobody's laundry without a machine."

"'Doesn't do,' Jackie," Tessa corrected him automatically and stood there dismayed, torn between wanting to cry and wanting to throw something. Joanna was the first problem. She called to her sternly, but Joanna was not to be faced down. She creaked down the stairs, her battered suitcase in one hand, her black face set and stubborn, her hat firmly on her head.

"I ain't workin' in no house what ain't got no heat, Miz Barnes, not for *nobody*. Not Joanna. If Ah gets the misery in mah old bones an' Ah cain't work, ain't no white folks takin' care Joanna, no ma'am, they ain't."

"But, Joanna, how *could* the oil burner go out? We had enough oil if we kept the thermostat set at sixty-fi—" She broke off, went into the dining room, looked at the thermostat, came back to face Joanna furiously. "Joanna, you kept that thermostat at seventy-two the minute my back was turned, didn't you? No wonder we're out of heat! Now we'll have to just about freeze here to make up for the oil we've wasted. Joanna, I could wring your neck!"

"Good-by, Miz Barnes," Joanna said, and waddled off down the hall toward the door. Tessa watched her go, helpless, furious, bitter, thinking, Every one can walk out but me, and I'm supposed to stay here, being the Brave Little Woman, no matter what kind of mess is cooked up for me.

The house was like an icebox, and more snow came down steadily, to thicken against the windows. There was nothing to do but build a fire. To build a fire, she had to go out into the garage for logs. And that reminded her of Danny, who had promised to shovel the snow when Tessa had called him early in the day. It began to look as though Tessa would have to shovel the snow. If she didn't, she couldn't get her car up the driveway, and if she left it out, it might freeze and the radiator would break and probably there was no such thing in the world as a new radiator!

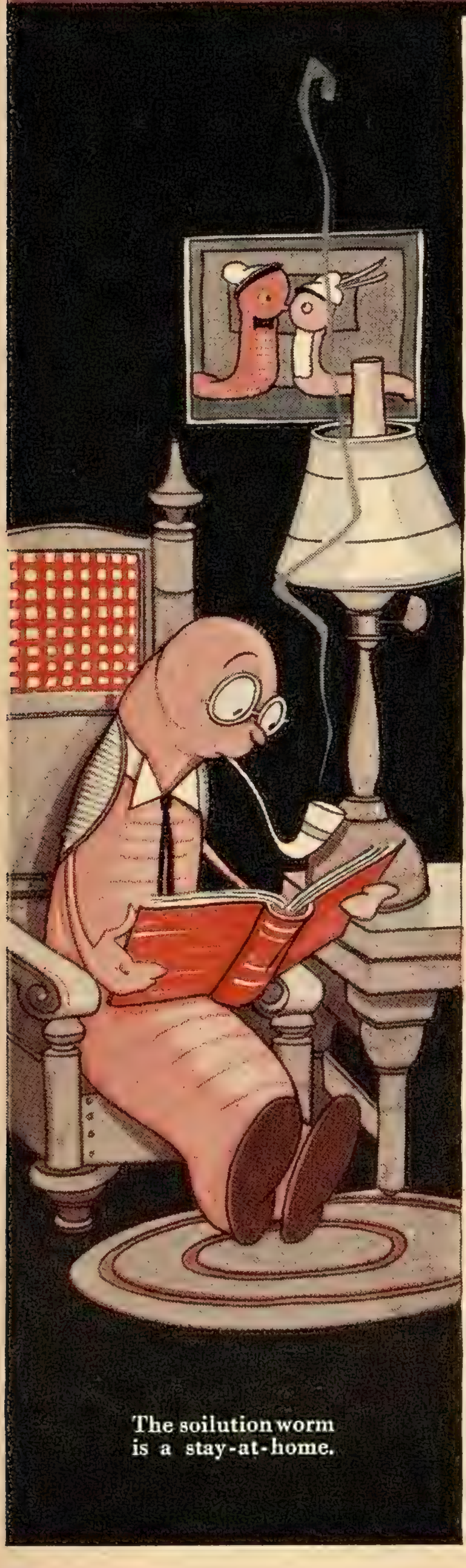
She longed to sit down and put her head in her hands and cry. Instead, she pressed her lips together and blinked her eyes fast so the tears wouldn't get a toe hold in them, pulled her coat around her, and got kindling from the garage. She broke up a box, laid the kindling neatly on papers, set a big fat log on it and lit a match to it.

"Now, Jackie, you and Patty sit here in front of the fire and play with your toys while mommy puts the car away."

Damn! she thought, out in the cold, picking up the shovel and starting in. Damn the war, and damn Johnny for wanting to get into it, and damn Danny and Joanna

(*Continued on page 61*)

Ordinary worms are fond of migrating.



The soilution worm is a stay-at-home.

FRIEND WORM: 1943 MODEL

But for the lowly earthworm, man and his works would never have been. Comes now a bigger, better, and more efficient worm who is working for victory

BY RICHARD G. HUBLER

ILLUSTRATED BY VERNON GRANT

IN his Devil's Dictionary, Ambrose Bierce defined "edible" as meaning "good to eat, as a worm to a toad, a toad to a snake, a snake to a pig, a pig to a man, and a man to a worm." To the Terrible Ambrose, the worm was the be-all and end-all of the cycle of sustenance.

Ancient and modern scientific opinion are on Bierce's side. Aristotle wrote, "The worm is the guts of the earth." Darwin credited the worm with having intelligence, adding: "It may be doubted if there are any other animals which have played so important a part in the history of the world."

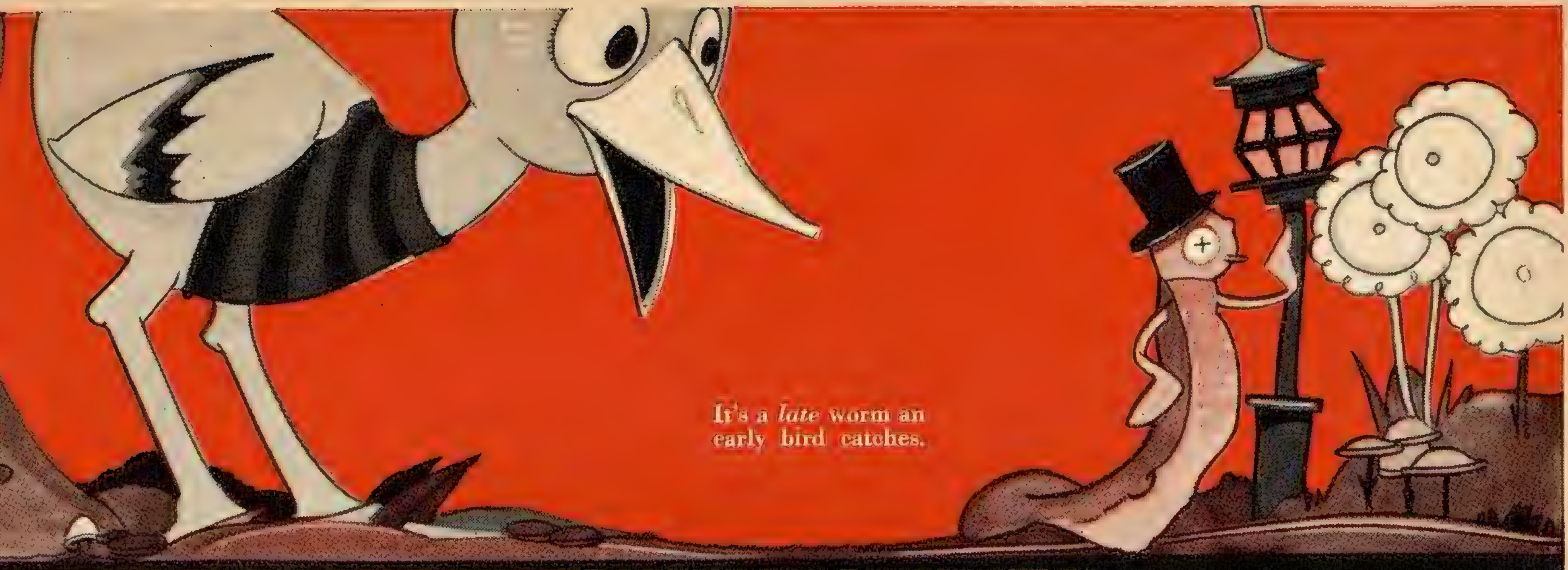
Dr. George Sheffield Oliver and Mary B. Leasure apparently agree with all this. Miss Leasure is the owner of a unique enterprise in Los Angeles known as California Earthworm Farms, the inheritor of the work of Dr. Oliver, an osteopath who believed the worm to be the salvation of the world.

A few years ago, Dr. Oliver and Miss Leasure managed to produce, by selective breeding, the aristocrat of worms. Their reddish two-inch wriggler—dubbed the soilution worm—will, if it lives up to its sponsors' notices, revolutionize agriculture and help solve our global food problems.

In this worm the age-old virtues of the common earthworm are intensified and refined, while the bad features are toned down. Working in the soil, it acts as a miniature plow and cultivator. According to its creators, tests indicate that it will about double the size and vitality of many earth-growing things—from string beans to gardenias.

In a world struggling to increase the productivity of every square foot of free soil, this is an important development. Victory gardens impregnated with soilution worms have already reported amazing results.

The common earthworm, of course, has long been in the service of agriculture. There is a case on record of a California orange grove which was scientifically "planted" with ordinary earthworms seventeen years ago. Since that time no plow,



It's a *late* worm an early bird catches.

harrow, or cultivator has touched the ground. Weeds have been pulled up by hand. No fertilizer, except a single sprinkling of artificial nitrate, has been used.

Today the forty-year-old grove uses less than half the water that neighboring tracts do and produces crops which outshine the best intensively cultivated products.

Comes now the new Leasure-Oliver specimen, which does everything the bourgeois worm does, and does it better. Ordinary worms may travel hundreds of yards in a single night. The soilution worm is a stay-at-home. As a rule, it merely goes up and down in the soil from a depth of one inch to eight feet. Rarely does it wander more than a half dozen feet, except to find food.

Some worms are reluctant to reproduce their kind. The soilution worm is oversexed. Within a month 50,000 such worms become 200,000.

Golf enthusiasts are often annoyed when worms carelessly deposit their castings on the green. The soilution worm ejects only pulverized castings or else lets them remain in its burrow.

Fishing addicts often become irritated when their bait goes limp on the hook after a few minutes. The soilution worm not only has an attractive iridescent-red complexion, but has been known to remain alive, impaled under water, for ten hours.

Dr. Oliver turned to worm culture in 1930—after the depression had driven him from his profession of osteopathy. By avocation a landscape gardener, he suddenly became interested in breeding earthworms that would help produce the best crops.

He fixed upon a hybrid—a cross between the common white orchard worm of California and the brandling. The latter is a slave to its environment, requiring decayed animal matter for food. It is small, does not burrow deeply, and releases its waste matter underground. The orchard worm is large, digs its way from ten to twelve feet underground, releases its castings haphazardly above the surface, and propagates on virtually any diet.

Over a period of five years Dr. Oliver dumped both types of worms on a special soil mixture—one third soil, one third vegetable humus, one third decayed animal matter. During the first six months he got 1,000 puny crossbreeds. Weeding out the worst of them, he continued the experiment. The final result was the soilution earthworm.

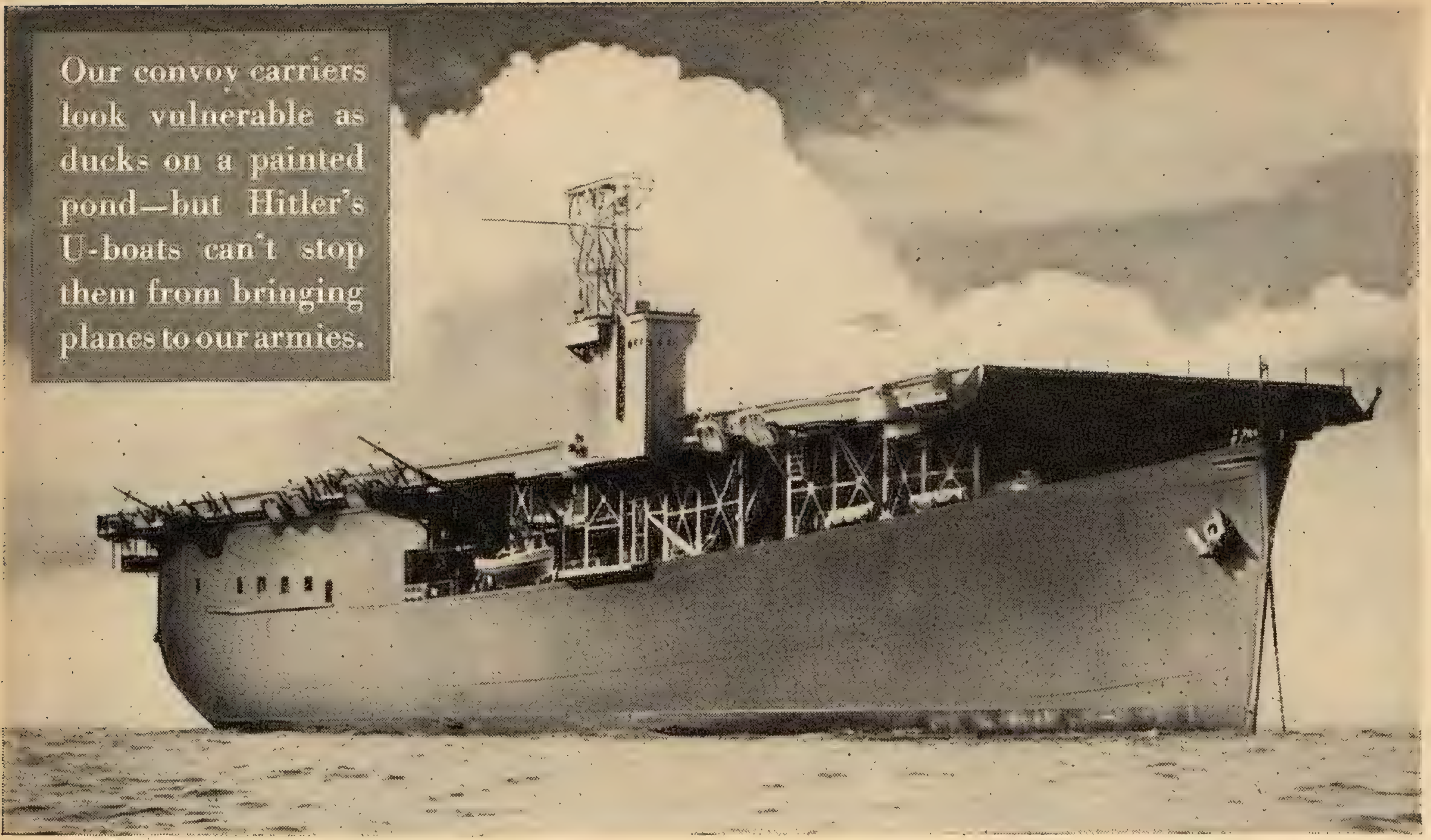
Many earthworm authorities belittled the experiment and declared that such crossbreeding was impossible. Dr. Oliver never had the time to convince them. He died last year. Miss Leasure, who had become associated with him in 1937, took over after his death. The earthworm farms were in a bad way financially. There were thousands of dollars in debts and the farms were run down. Miss Leasure invested $3,000 and began building. Today she has a plant and a basic stock of earthworms valued at $15,000.

The biggest handicap Miss Leasure has had to struggle against is the farmers' misconception that worms injure delicate roots. "Actually," she says, "they are the only cultivators that do *not* injure them. Such plants as avocados, with fine roots near the surface, need the worm burrows to survive. Mechanical harrows break them off, while the worms let in air and water, and drag in leaf humus."

She also points out that any saying about the early bird catching the *early* worm is a fake. "Worms only come out after the darkness and dew have set in," she says. "What the

(*Continued on page 42*)

Soilution worms are oversexed, prolific.



Our convoy carriers look vulnerable as ducks on a painted pond—but Hitler's U-boats can't stop them from bringing planes to our armies.

Big and slow and unarmored, a convoy carrier may seem vulnerable. But she is extremely well guarded.

AIRPLANES TO AFRICA

BY FRED TUPPER, Jr.

THE carrier is booming along at top speed, her bow planing over the green water off the North African coast. She is launching precious cargo—five million dollars' worth of army pursuit planes desperately needed on the fighting front. Suddenly, off the port bow, a submarine fins into firing position.

"Stand by for torpedo!" roar the huge speakers.

The carrier wheels, her bulkheads groaning with the strain. A destroyer screen darts in. From the gun mounts comes the crash of the five-inchers, the staccato thumping of the .20- and .40-millimeter cannon. Overhead, torpedo planes dive and level out, their depth charges ready.

The chaplain, Father O'Shaughnessy, is on the bridge calmly giving a play-by-play description of the engagement over the ship's general announcing system, his words reaching five and six decks below where men brace themselves, waiting, unseeing.

The sub is up windward. She has picked her spot. Seeing a split-second opening, she fires. "Here it comes," says the padre. "Port stern. Close. No. No. No ! ! ! Missed."

There is an explosion off the stern, a few hundred yards to starboard. The black hull of a sub heaves up, turns, and bursts, debris flying on huge plumes of water. The destroyers scored direct hits.

"We got him!" yells the chaplain. "We got a sub. Got him! *Got him!*"

A path of oil, glistening, stretches out across the water. The destroyers are now far off, dropping depth charges in widening patterns where the wolf pack may be lurking.

Just as the carrier proved herself the slugger of the fleet in America's Pacific offensive, her converted convoy sister is providing the punch for offensives in other areas by ferrying fighters and dive bombers across a submarine-infested ocean. Navy carriers will continue to bring army planes in increasing numbers, until the decision is won in Africa and on whatever other fronts Allied strategy dictates.

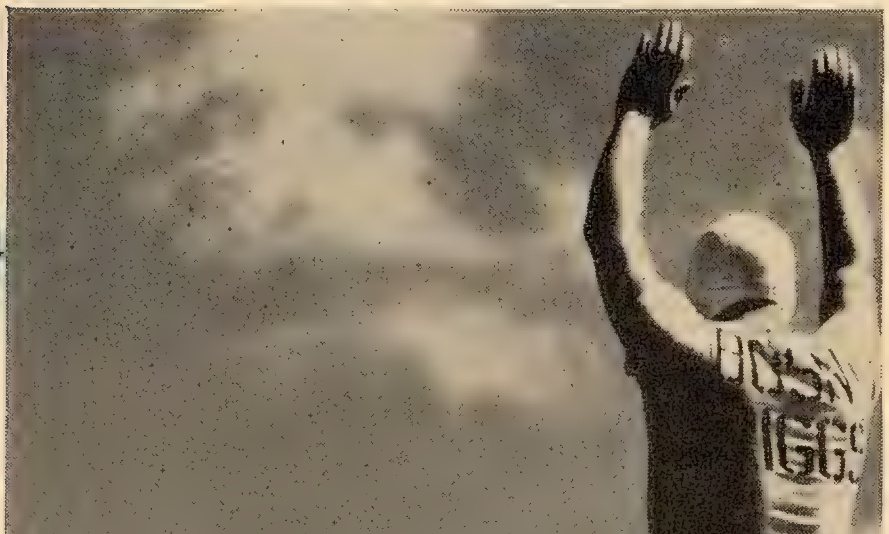
At an East Coast port, lines of pursuit planes taxi down cobblestoned lanes to the pier and are craned aboard the huge carrier and secured to the flight and hangar decks. Several squadrons are loaded —which may be the margin between victory and defeat in the battle theater for which they are destined.

To Hitler this is a prize of considerable value. Reports indicate that the Axis has more than 200 submarines preying in the Atlantic for such cargoes. Their orders from the Berlin Admiralty are precise: "Get the carriers at all costs."

The convoy carrier by herself seems vulnerable. A monstrous, lumbering target, she has no armor. Her low speed is limited even further by her fueling tanker, which is slower than submarines cruising on the surface. There can be few subtleties about her route. She is carrying airplanes to Africa. Sooner or later, no matter how she changes course or zigzags, she must show up off the African coast—where enemy subs are on the lookout.

But the convoy carrier is extremely well guarded. Ahead and abeam of her are the "cans"— destroyers forming a protective screen. Often a cruiser rides near by. And the carrier herself is stripped for action. Blunt-nosed five-inchers,

"Launch aircraft!" At the order, these P-40 Fs are taking off from a navy carrier's flight deck.



At the signal, a dive bomber prepares to take off.

A carrier's "talker" keeps watch and is heard from.

sandwiched among 40- and 20-millimeter cannon, blanket her catwalks. Deadly fat-bellied torpedo planes are poised on the flight deck, gassed for dawn-to-dusk patrol. Modern listening detectors warn her of approaching danger.

So, manned and ready, the carrier convoy slides down the mined channel to sea. The pilot is dropped, land fades away, and another cargo is off—headed for Hitler or hell. The carrier's course resembles the lurchings of a drunk homeward bound on Saturday night. Other precautions are taken. She is darkened promptly at sunset, and watches are posted through the long winter nights to keep in instant touch with the destroyers alert on the flanks.

DREAD hour is just before dawn. That is the best time for submarines to attack. If the convoy has been spotted the previous day, they can surface at night, use their superior speed to outflank the carrier and then wait in the early-morning shadows, periscopes peeping from protective waves, to get accurate range with their tin fish.

On a recent trip the radio operator of the carrier intercepted an uncoded message from a pursuing Axis submarine to its Admiralty. The report listed the number of ships in the convoy, their position and approximate course. That report, naturally, was immediately flashed to all other submarines near by.

Morning after morning, carrier personnel man battle stations against surprise attacks. Men are warned against throwing cigarette butts or paper overboard. A fifty-dollar reward is offered to the first man who spots a periscope, twenty dollars to the first gunner who gets a hit.

Off the African coast, the carrier twists and turns as she approaches the plane-launching point. This is the hornets' nest. The odds shift to the submarines. To launch her cargo, the carrier must turn into the wind. The submarines, secure in that knowledge, wait up windward, carefully calculating the propitious moment to attack.

To launch five million dollars' worth of landplanes is a prodigious feat. The runway is short. The carrier is rolling and pitching. And every minute she is launching, her life is in jeopardy.

Pilots go to the ready room, gulp down hot coffee, get last-minute instructions. The details have been worked out on the voyage across. Planes will go off in squadrons, rendezvous over the carrier, circle to get final position and course data, and then head for a remote airfield.

Flight crews have been working feverishly since long before dawn. The pursuit planes are spotted tightly well back on the flight deck, to allow the greatest possible take-off run. Others will be elevated from the hangar deck after the first groups are launched. Gas crews check fuel. Plane handlers roll the squadron leader's plane onto the line and chockmen block it for launching position.

The huge "bull horn" roars out its message: "Pilots, man your planes." In the air-control tower a red flag waves. Soon it will be replaced with a white one, the signal to launch. A young lieutenant colonel, veteran of the Bataan and East Indian campaigns, climbs into the cockpit of the first plane. Now the air horn warns stridently: "Launch aircraft."

A plane director crouches in front of the plane like an umpire calling a close play at the plate. Up go his thumbs, a signal to the chockmen to pull the blocks away from the wheels. The flight-deck officer raises his left hand, telling the colonel to "rev" his motors. Then he peers down the flight deck, quickly estimates the roll of it so that it will be as nearly stationary as possible during the exact seconds of the take-off, and gives the launching signal, a wave of his checkered pennant.

The colonel smiles, roars down the deck and takes off smoothly, climbing easily into a gentle right turn.

Rapidly now the handlers wheel the planes into line. They take off in rapid succession. Flying in an easy ellipse formation, the first dozen circle over the ship, cut down to get blackboard instructions, then zoom off into the horizon—to Africa.

Meanwhile the arresting-gear crew has thrown up wires and barriers to bring the navy's patrolling torpedo bombers back aboard for refueling. These planes are the knockout drops of naval aviation. In a score of attacks in the Solomons, a torpedo squadron sank or crippled fourteen Jap ships. More than any other striking factor, torpedo planes were responsible for the success of the North African invasion.

"These TBFs were out on patrol during launching one day," said a lieutenant, "when some fishing boats appeared. We sent over a boarding party to investigate. Everything looked on the up-and-up—until an Axis torpedo, fired from behind th boat screen, nearly sank our carrie The bombers got the sub with depth charges in less than a minute."

For years, during maneuvers in the Pacific, Japanese fishing boats "just happened" to find good fishing near by. Nothing was ever done about it. But that was yesterday.

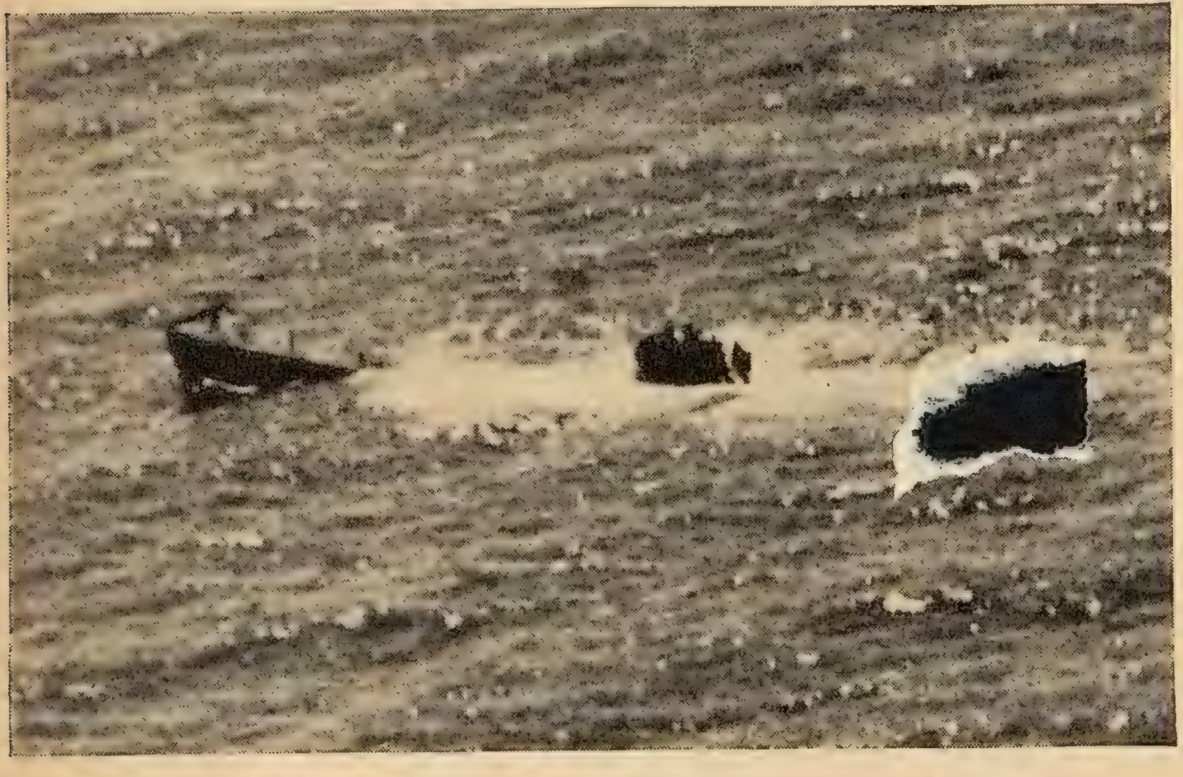
GRADUALLY, as the traffic lightens on the flight deck, squadron after squadron takes off, arriving over the African coast and then checking in at camouflaged airports. This time there is a 100-per-cent delivery from factory to fighting front.

But occasionally other things happen. One pilot, shot down during the invasion, bailed out, floated safely to earth, and found himself in the bastille. The jail was about a block from Casablanca harbor, and every battleship and cruiser volley rocked his cell.

The pilot, used to such business, had other problems. "I demand my international rights!" he shouted during the midst of the bombardment. "I want a tube of tooth paste."

And he got it. Apparently in Africa you don't need an empty tube

THE END



"Got him! We got a sub!" They did, indeed. Here's the sub, sinking.

Memo to a FIRING SQUAD

A Novel By

FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN

"A thriller that shocks a critic," its publishers call this book. Its action does come with machine-gun swiftness.

It is the story of the Underground as it operates in Lisbon; of Steve McGibbs, American newspaperman; of Karen, the Polish girl who schemes to use her beauty to trap her country's enemies; of Jules and his beautiful wife, Reba, who live only to save France and outwit the Gestapo.

The New York Times reviewer reports that he "stayed with Steve McGibbs to the bitter end and stood breathless at his elbow."

A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION

READING TIME ONE EVENING

THEY wanted me to look at a girl.

Spig said: "I think she perhaps ought to have her throat cut."

Dutch said: "She has told Reba and Jules something. They will take her in unless you stop it."

"Who is she?"

"She gives the name Karen Laurencos. She's a P[illegible]."

I said: "Kindly do not cut any more throats until I leave. The guardas know you're a friend of mine."

We stood on a street corner, they face to face and talking sidewise at me, so each could guard the other from any one who might come out of the crowd from behind.

"Go find Dick Richardson," I said. "He'll tell you whether the gal is O. K."

"We respect only your judgment. Besides, it is now your duty as an American."

It was tough to be an American anywhere in Europe before we went in. Now they all knew who was going to win the war. They knew it in Lisbon, in Antwerp, in Amsterdam, in Oslo. They knew it in Rome and Berlin, too. But it was particularly wonderful being an American in Lisbon. Spig and Dutch acted as if I had taken over personal supervision of the war.

Spig, whose real name was Justo Minierra, had had all the sweet reasonableness shot out of him in the Spanish war. Jon Tietje came from some place in Holland; just where and what Hitler did to it I never could get Dutch to say. When you shook hands with him for the first time, you felt a tremor in his fingers and let go the hand quickly. Part of his emotional apparatus had disappeared. Spig was like that, too.

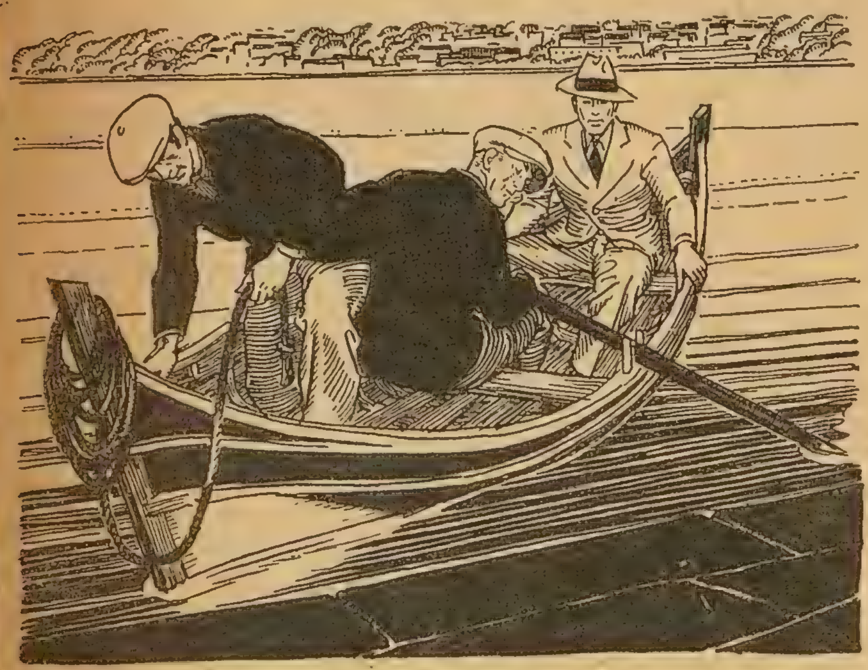
I have no apologies for involvement in that weird melodramatic business known as "the Movement." It had been a lifesaver to me. McGibbs just didn't happen to be one of the famous foreign correspondents who go back to the States and write best sellers. Two days after the French surrendered I had found myself flat on my can in the middle of Mr. Hitler's Europe. Were it not for the Movement, I would have disappeared into a jail

Copyright, 1943, by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan. Published by Alfred A. Knopf, N.Y. Price, $2.50.

in occupied France and ignominiously starved to death while our embassy at Vichy was investigating the case. This Movement was one of the instruments of hidden resistance existing in various guises throughout Europe.

Our headquarters were located in the wine cellars and kitchen of General Rual Vilas Guitterro, who had a big estate on the Tagus River. General Guitterro did not know that his chef Jules and his housekeeper Reba were the local ringleaders. Such knowledge would have distressed General Guitterro exceedingly, since he was, himself, the chief pro-Axis and Fascist intrigant in the Portuguese government.

These facts were as charmingly Portuguese as the pansy-blue scow with oversize beak in which Spig now rowed Dutch and me across the Tagus. At a long wet flight of stone steps we landed and went through a tunnel to a heavy door opening into the kitchen. Jules was there. He was a little, sunken-chested man. Most of his teeth were missing, his frizzled graying brown hair was scanty, he had lost a kidney and part of his behind in World War I. But Jules was all there inside. He loved France and his wife Reba, but France first.



In a few moments Reba came in with the girl, who had a small bandage at the left corner of her mouth, held in place with crisscrosses of adhesive tape. Reba saw me looking at it.

"You will permit me to tell Mac about the scar?" she said. "It is a disfigurement—but temporary. It's really a trick, made with nitric acid and retouched every few days to keep an ugly sore."

While the girl stammered some protest, Reba snatched a handbag off her lap and took out a red card. I glanced at it. A passport photo of the girl was pasted in a corner. The text, lettered in German, read: "Karen Laurencos, the bearer of this card, is venereally diseased and is not to be placed in a brothel of any class. Germans are forbidden to associate with her."

"Every sou she had, that cost her!" said Reba. "Is there anything the Boches will not do?"

"If it's all right," I said, "I'd like to talk to Miss Laurencos about Poland."

"Come, my beautiful," Jules said to Reba. "It is impossible for a man to conduct a serious conversation with you in the room."

It was pretty close to the truth, too. Although Reba was at least thirty-five years old, she still had everything it takes. The Portuguese language has one great word in it: *saudade*. It means a wistful yearning for happiness and a realization that life is essentially tragic and must be faced with a dignified courage. When a woman has this sorrow in her, she is lovely. Men's eyes will turn to her from all the smiling faces.

When Reba left, Miss Laurencos started a conversation about Polish men and women I might be expected to know. She knew more details of Beck's sell-out to the Nazis than I.

"You've been a long time reaching Lisbon," I said.

"Yes. I escaped to Russian Poland that October. Then I went into Germany. I tried to kill Hitler."

I turned to Jules: "Tell Miss Laurencos it is not Hitler. It is the Germans, the whole damn sixty millions of them."

"It is important not to make that mistake," Jules said.

"Hitler—first!" Miss Laurencos jumped to her feet. "He is the devil! I know you now, Mr. McGibbs. You—you are a liberal! A stinking liberal traitor! You do not pray night and day for his death. I was willing to be tortured, to die—if only I might kill him! I—I—you must excuse me, M. Jules!"

She ran over to the swinging door into the pantry and on through.

"She is a disappointment, Mac," Jules said. "A liar, perhaps?"

"No. An hysterical Pole. I wouldn't keep her."

THERE was a heavy insistent knocking on the big oak door of the tunnel. Jules opened it.

"Ah, Captain Richardson—it is a pleasure!" he said.

Dick walked into the kitchen. He was another Lisbon cripple. He had started out from Cambridge two years before as a pink-cheeked, fair-haired boy. They shoved him into a Spitfire and he got the hell shot out of him five times straight. The surgeons saved all of him but part of his left leg, below the knee. He walked very well on the artificial one. On his insistence the British government put him in the Intelligence and sent him to Lisbon.

We all turned as Reba, pulling Miss Laurencos by the hand, marched into the kitchen.

"Look at their faces!" the girl cried. "They are going to send me away."

It was a big moment, and you can depend on a Pole not to muff climaxes. Her brown eyes were a tiger yellow from excitement and anger. She had taken off her beret. Her close-cropped curls looked like an astrakhan cap on fire.

"They are going to sell out the peace!" she blurted. "They are coming here to do it. Right here in this house. It will be worse than Versailles, worse than Munich! They are getting ready for the Third World War!"

Dick Richardson gave a nervous little cough. "I don't know this young lady, but her information checks with the report our people sent from Istanbul."

Jules took immediate command of the situation. He led us all down into a room in the cellar furnished with an old refectory table and some chairs. Spig and Dutch remained outside the closed door.

"Mlle. Laurencos, my apologies for not introducing Captain Richardson," Reba said.

The girl held out her hand to Dick. "We have a mutual friend in Vichy—Mr. E. W."

Dick nodded, blushing. Miss Laurencos' eyes were warm.

"Perhaps, mademoiselle," Jules said, "you would give us more details of this thing?"

The girl had only one detail of importance: the preliminary negotiations had cleared through General Guitterro and he was named as the host of the conference. Just when the negotiators would meet and exactly where, she did not know. Dick's information was just as nebulous. The British Intelligence had passed a report of the same rumor along to him for a routine check-up.

"You must believe it, M. Jules." Miss Laurencos got tense again. "The Germans know they are going to lose the war. But they can still win the peace. They won it last time. They are scheming to win it again."

"How droll—they should come here," Jules said. "This gray goose, the general, whom we stuff with food and surround with such luxuries."

The peculiar relations that had long existed between Jules and his employer betrayed his sense of realism. General Guitterro, a gourmand, drunkard, and wencher, fell in love with Jules' cookery while Jules was chef of the Hotel Ruhl at Nice. He also fell in love, as the careless phrase goes, with Jules' wife. Jules, with a perfect faith in Reba, accepted a handsome five-year contract. General Guitterro quickly discovered that he had bought a good cook but not a mistress.

"Inspector Gomez of the guardas can be expected to patrol the grounds during a meeting of such magnitude," Jules said. "He is a man without principle. He must be paid."

"I can get the funds," Dick said.

"This is a dream-up," I grinned, and Miss Laurencos could bear no more.

"Mr. McGibbs does not belong here!" she said.

"That's right," I said. "I've got to get back to town. You folks go right ahead—don't let me break up the meeting."

Miss Laurencos backed up against the door. "Let's have this out right here and now! You think this is all imaginary."

I changed my mind. Miss Laurencos had the makings of quite a pretty thing. Getting her sore brought her right out into clear print. Put about fifteen pounds on her and some decent clothes and she would be O. K.

"That's right, honey," I said.

There was a sharp rapping on the door. When Reba opened it an excited little Portuguese burst in.

"Constant says to tell you many new Gestapo men have just now arrived at the Republica! Also that a Senhor Edgar Phinnerty is here."

Dick and I looked at each other.

"Can you identify him?" he asked.

"No—worse luck."

"I know him," Miss Laurencos said. "He was in Warsaw the summer of that year."

The sound of his name tightened my scalp. He was this world's supreme heel. Book-writing foreign correspondents used to call Zaharoff the "man of mystery" and the "war maker." Zaharoff was a dime-store piker compared to Phinnerty.

Jules knew what I was thinking.

"The accusation has been made that M. McGibbs is not of us," he said. "If the thing we suspect is true—this conference—then M. McGibbs will be of us heart and soul."

"Thanks, Jules," I said.

"Mademoiselle!" He turned to Miss Laurencos. "You will please go to Lisbon with Mac and the boys to identify Phinnerty. Come back by boat—after dark."

"I'm in love with Captain Richardson," Karen said as we were piling into a car.

"They all are," I said.

We drove the rest of the way into Lisbon in silence.

I WON'T go into all the corny rigmarole by which we traced Mr. Edgar Phinnerty to his hideaway. He had registered as Thomas P. Albright of Buenos Aires at a small family hotel. The clerk was one of us.

Karen and I sat in the lobby and got a good look at Phinnerty as he hurried from the front door to the elevator. She gave a little gasp, compressed her lips, and nodded. He was a big man, over six feet tall, and with quite a belly. He had a florid mick face radiating phony joviality.

I grabbed Karen by the arm and we went outside. Dutch and Spig were waiting on the corner. It was almost dark. We all went to Moreno's for steaks, but Spig and Dutch took a table by themselves, which was all right with me.

The sight of Phinnerty in Lisbon had been a sockdolager. It all began to add up. Phinnerty had arrived by train from the Spanish frontier and gone straight to the War Ministry to see General Guitterro.

"You are not laughing, Mr. McGibbs! Seeing Phinnerty has convinced you?"

"Yes. Something may be cooking."

The girl was buttering a roll, her thin fingers quick and eager, but when she saw that I noticed it, she put the roll down.

"Go ahead and eat," I said. "You need steak."

"Do you think, when I am fatter and this acid burn is entirely gone, that I could interest a man?" she asked.

"I would not worry about it. I'd just go on eating."

"It is important to be able to interest a man."

"Captain Richardson is definitely interested. He wants a wife and children and a home in Devonshire."

"It is not for me. I am here to help Jules."

"Jules has plenty of gals who can get secrets out of men. When your grandchildren ask what you did in the Second Great War, you can say: 'I identified Phinnerty in Lisbon.'"

"You and I seem fated to hate each other." She glared.

"I don't hate you," I said. "I think you're a cute kid—but Polish—which means you're a screwball."

Before I had seen Phinnerty, one Pole more or less didn't matter. But Phinnerty wasn't in Lisbon for fun, and I never did play cops and robbers with girls in the game.

"Uncle Mac knows what's best for you," I said. "Eat your steak."

This cat-eyed redhead was a smart hellion. "I'll eat my steak," she said savagely, "and I'll have a figure like Reba's, and I'll borrow money for clothes. You won't want to be my Uncle Mac!"

"Well, maybe not," I laughed.

"I will spit in your face." But she devoured the steak as if it were a patriotic duty.

We started back to General Guitterro's castle in an old motorboat. When we arrived, Reba let us in, her eyes showing excitement. "It was Phinnerty?"

"Yes," Karen said.

Reba turned with a dramatic whirl of skirts to Jules. I saw Dick Richardson rise from a table in the shadows.

"This thing is big, Mac," Jules said. "My general has a guest. My general entertains Field Marshal von Luebrecht."

"The Gestapo have taken Jaime!" Reba burst out.

Jaime was one of the gardeners who often chauffeured Jules on Underground business.

"They are trying to check up on us all. If they make Jaime talk—"

"Stop fretting yourself, my sweet," Jules said quietly. "We will fetch Jaime home. Ah, Mac, do you begin to see it? First, Phinnerty—and then von Luebrecht. Tomorrow more will come. We shall have the conference of the peace."

"They couldn't wait for the last battles this time," I said. "It must be a sweet thing."

Just at that moment Inspector Carlo Cristoforo Gomez of the Portuguese guardas walked into the kitchen. He proved a devious and subtle fellow. For a price, he would do all he could to help us. But we must be discreet. Should anything happen that might compromise Gomez with General Guitterro, Gomez would have to crack down on us. Gomez could be bought, but he would not guarantee to stay bought. In the clutch, Gomez intended to save Gomez.

I liked him for his honesty. Few coppers agreeing to take a bribe will warn you that they may later be forced to pull the old double-cross.

"Will you allow us to wire the castle?" Dick said.

"That is too risky, captain," Jules said. "If they found one microphone, it would ruin us. They'd meet some other place."

"One other detail," Dick said. "The Gestapo have kidnaped Jaime, one of Jules' boys. He is held in a room on the third floor of the Republica."

"It is complicated." Gomez winced. "We are neutral. The Gestapo pays well. They have leased that hotel for a fabulous sum."

"THEY must return Jaime by tomorrow," Jules said quietly. "Otherwise we must go for him."

Inspector Gomez nodded. "Everything possible will be done. If Captain Richardson is agreeable, we shall take a little stroll." He turned to me. "I beg of you to exercise a moderating influence, M. McGibbs."

What he really meant was, if any one had to be killed, we must cover our tracks damned carefully.

"You will be of us, Mac?" Jules asked, after Gomez and Dick left.

"Hell, yes!" I said.

"By heaven, I am glad of this. Richardson is not altogether dependable. He is religious."

I wanted to argue the point, but Reba interrupted us. She came into the sitting room and said: "There are some reports, my dear. I thought you had better hear them before they forget." She turned to me. "You will see that a rat does not move in this castle without our knowledge."

The first to enter was Agostinho, the butler. In quick succession the other servants made their reports to Jules. None but George, the chauffeur, had anything important to contribute. "As our general descended from the car after the German, I heard him speak the name of a Senhor Antoine Delmain," said George. "But I could not catch the rest of the conversation."

The only printable description of Delmain that I recall is: "the piece of decayed intestine hanging from the Butcher's pocket." It was also said that Delmain did not do Laval's dirty work for him, since Laval so enjoyed doing it himself, but that Delmain mopped up the blood.

Jules' eyes snapped. But before he could speak, Reba came in, dragging a youngster about sixteen years old.

"He has done it! Manuelo—this scamp! I hid him behind the panel in the library. He heard Senhor Joao interpreting the conversation of the German for our general—after dinner—just now. Question him quickly —before he forgets!"

"What did they say?" Jules asked the boy.

"The German spoke first in a language I did not understand," the boy said. "Then Senhor Joao said: His Excellency says Hitler made a great mistake. He should not have attacked the Russians. Then our general said: Ask him to explain it. We have all been puzzled to know this. Then the German one did all the talking for a while."

"He was explaining why Hitler attacked Russia?"

"I think he was, Senhor Jules. The next one who spoke was Senhor Joao. He said Hitler went to war with Russia so all good Catholics would think it was a holy war and refuse to fight Hitler, and our general said: Tell His Excellency it is an idea that will work much better in the new plan. Then the German one said: It will be easy to begin again in South America after the peace."

"Sounds like a scheme to get us all quarreling about the Russians—" I began.

"Shhh, I beg of you," Jules said, "this little pitcher is leaking fast. Manuelo, do you recall if anything was said about a peace conference?"

"No—just the peace, the German one said."

"You are a good boy, Manuelo," Jules said. "Remind me of my words the next time I start to throw a cleaver at you." He jumped to his feet as the boy swaggered out.

I GOT up and reached for my hat. It was far past midnight when I got to my quarters at the Hotel of the Americans and the English. I found Dick there.

"I am a bit worried," he said. "Uh . . . Miss K. asked to borrow a hundred pounds—officially, of course. It was awkward—I mean, the way she put it. It isn't that I don't trust Karen," he added. "Afraid . . . er . . . I'm a little in love with her."

"Do you know what she plans to do with the money?"

"No. That's why I'm worried."

"She's got a notion that she ought to use her charms to get information for Jules," I said.

"Is it Delmain?"

"I hope not. Is he in Lisbon?"

"He arrives tomorrow."

I looked at Dick. It isn't nice to see a kid in his twenties who might be mistaken for a man of forty. They do not know how old they are or what they have lost. They are merely uncertain and bewildered in moments of stress, because they feel older and think younger than they feel. War ages the emotions faster than it does the intellect.

"What . . . uh . . . would you suggest?" he asked.

"Try to talk her out of it. Marry her and ship her back to England. Shoot Delmain."

"Will you help me talk her out of it? How about going with us on a picnic to Setúbal tomorrow—I mean—today —about noon? It has the finest church in Portugal."

"Didn't know you went in for that sort of thing, Dick," I fished, remembering Jules' objection to Dick.

It is hell, the luck I have. There came a soft tapping at my chamber door. I opened up and in walked Jules, Spig, and Dutch. It was then about 2:30 A. M.

"I have news of a certain gravity," Jules said. He turned to Dick. "Will you excuse us? What I have to say would compromise you."

As Dick left, Jules placed his umbrella and a package on my reading table. He set down a small satchel.

"The Boches refuse to let Jaime go," he said. "It is our duty to bring him home. I must implore you to assist, Mac. I fear that we shall have to kill some Boches."

"O. K., Jules," I said. "Count me in."

It was soon apparent why Jules needed me. I spoke German very well and I could get by in a pinch as a dark-complexioned Heinie. Members of the Movement had recently killed a big-shot Gestapo agent named Kurt Brauchswitz in Marseille and had sent his identification tag, some letters, and reports to Jules.

"You are Kurt Brauchswitz," Jules said. "It is not a flattering idea, but extremely necessary." He handed me an old snapshot of Jaime. The photo bore the notation in German: "Jaime Delgado, alias Serge Menshovik."

"You, Brauchswitz, have been on Jaime's trail. He is a Communist killer and worked with the Russians in Paris. Herr Abetz has placed a big price on him. If you make a positive identification, the reward will go to the Lisbon operatives."

"That should get me in," I agreed.

"Hans Funk is in charge for Lisbon. You must see him, explain matters, and hope that he will accompany you to the room where Jaime is kept."

"So I am in the room with Jaime, Funk, and assorted guards," I said. "I have already accused Jaime of being a bad boy. It seems to me that both Jaime and I are in a hell of a spot."

Jules opened the satchel and produced a stubby-barreled revolver and a hand grenade.

"You will find, when you have arrived in the room, the door by which you entered from the hall and also a door to your right leading into an adjoining bedroom. Your task is to back against the hall door immediately you have entered the room, and to lock it."

"What about the other door?"

"It is logical to suppose that whatever Boches are in the next room will either be asleep or, awakening, will come in to see what all the talk is about. As soon as you are reasonably certain you have attracted all the Boches there, you will produce the grenade, announce yourself as a Czech patriot, and say you are going to blow them to bits."

"Could I?"

"No. The grenade is not loaded. You must talk fast, like a madman. Boches are, as a rule, slow thinkers. Those immediately in front of you will be given pause. Those who are nearest the door into the other bedroom will doubtless make a bolt for it. If you have created the proper diversion, our men will be in the other room by this time.

"I permit you the revolver to ease my own conscience," he went on. "I do not think you will have to use it. We must avoid creating a scandal at the Hotel Republica. That is why I implore you not to shoot any one, except in defense of your life."

He produced a package containing a tan trench coat and a German-made felt hat. He criticized the suit I was wearing and asked me to put on my one really good outfit of clothes and shoes.

"They have stolen every good thing in Europe," he said. "Brauchswitz would be handsomely dressed."

SO about four thirty o'clock in the morning I hopped out of the cab and hurried to the plate-glass front doors of the hotel. I rang the bell and pounded. Presently a blond kid in a porter's uniform came to the door and blinked at me. He turned and said something to some one in the darkened lobby. A sissified-looking Heinie opened the door about six inches.

"I must see Hans Funk," I said. "At once. I am Dr. Kurt Brauchswitz."

"Does Leader Funk know you?" he asked.

"He will know my credentials," I said. "Take me to him. You have already wasted precious time."

I pulled the Gestapo dog tag out of my shirt and he looked at it. But he still seemed uncertain. My arrogant bearing had impressed him though. I put it on a little thicker. "My patience is at an end!" I bellowed. I shoved the kid toward the elevator. "Show me to Leader Funk's quarters."

The bluff worked. The Heinie took me up. He escorted me to a suite at the end of the hall and I banged my knuckles against the door. A light switch clicked and the door opened.

"Leader Funk, I am sorry to get you up at this unour," I said. "I am Dr. Kurt Brauchswitz. I have a matter in hand that cannot wait."

"If Dr. Brauchswitz says it is that important, it is. Please come in."

As I walked into a spacious living room, Funk put on his glasses and peered at me sharply.

"I will get your photo—and ask for an autograph," he said.

He picked up an album from a table, but I had not played poker in vain.

"Ah, you have one?" I said. "It will be a pleasure."

"No, it is not here. I am really a noodle."

"On the contrary, you are both courteous and alert," I said. "Here is my identification. I have seldom been asked for it with such subtlety."

This pleased him. He barely glanced at my dog tag. I took out the snapshot of Jaime Delgado.

"We must know if this man is in Lisbon," I said. "Abetz will shortly place a big price on his head. A hundred thousand reichsmarks, I think."

HE glanced at the picture. "What is the case against this man, if I may ask?"

"A Communist killer. He led the group who did the Elysée Cinema bombing. You can imagine the political consequences if we don't catch him. He is known to have been employed by a General Guitterro. I will try to check with the guardas—"

"Perhaps that will not be necessary. We have a man. It may be the one."

"No! What a feather in your cap, Funk. I shall tell Abetz all about it in a letter which will redden your ears with pleasure."

His frozen puss almost thawed. He went to a table, opened a drawer, and took out a small automatic pistol. This he dropped in the right-hand pocket of his dressing gown.

"One never knows, eh?" he said.

"You are methodical," I said. "My respect for you continues to grow."

We walked to the stairs, and went down to the third floor, stopping before a door in almost the exact center of the inside line of bedrooms. He rattled the knob. A young Heinie opened the door. He was tall and so blond as to be almost albino. He wore a flowered silk kimono over a pair of flannel slacks. Two other young Heinies, a chunky one and a mere punk, stood at attention.

Jaime was not in the room. I remembered what Jules had said about locking the door behind me and taking the key. But this was not the room so carefully plotted on Jules' diagrams.

"Which room, Ernst?" Funk asked.

Herr Silk Kimono hastened past me to open a door, and a stupid-looking, swarthy youth jumped up as we entered.

Jaime was bound hand and foot, and gagged. When he saw us he roused from a stupor of misery and tears rolled out of his eyes.

"Take off the gag, Koerner. We wish to make an identification."

The swarthy kraut undid the gag and Leader Funk compared Jaime with the snapshot.

"It is much the same in general, Herr Doktor," Funk said, "making allowances for his condition."

Jaime's hands lay bound together on his lap. His fingernails had been torn off, all of them but the nail on one thumb. This had been partially peeled back. Leader Funk glanced at them.

"He is a hard one, eh? Not a word after all this?"

"No, pain only seems to make him stupider. Look—" Ernst leaned over and, with a delicate feminine gesture, caught the hanging thumbnail. He wiggled it.

I grabbed Ernst with my left hand. I hit him a straight punch with my right. He went limp. I dropped him on the bed, and caught Koerner as he tried to duck by me into the other room. I threw him against a window. The pane broke but he did not fall out. I heard voices and looked around. The Boches who were supposed to rush into the room stood in the doorway gibbering like frightened girls.

The next thing that happened was not in the scenario. Funk drew that small black automatic.

"I think I had better investigate you a bit more carefully," he said. "It is not logical for a Gestapo leader to be so tenderhearted about a Communist's fingernails."

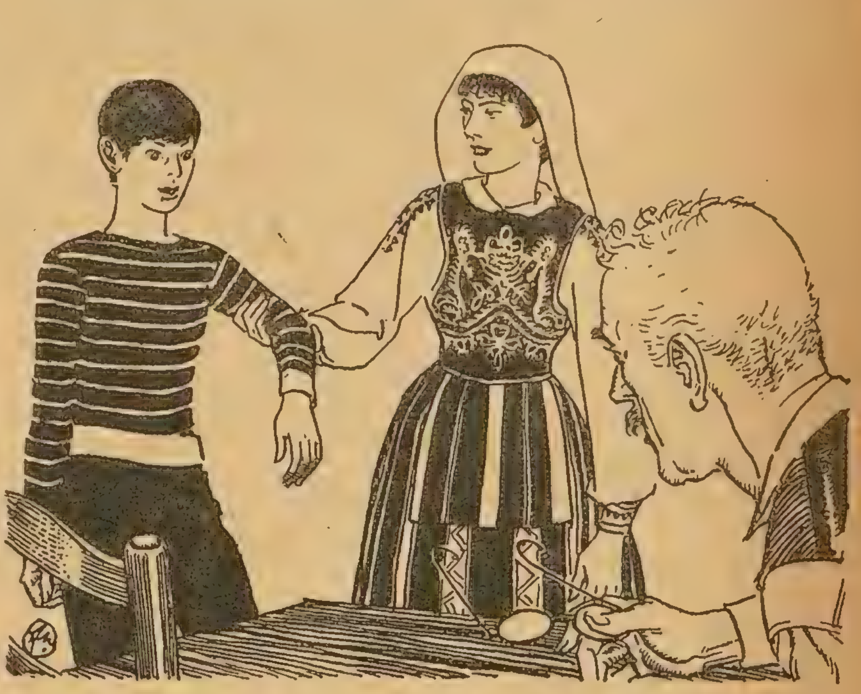
"Leader Funk—look out—"

Funk turned his head toward the door where the krauts had been standing. So did I. The doorway was empty. They had disappeared. There was a faint scuffling sound in the next room.

Then Jules came. He entered very carefully through a window that had been broken. As Funk neared the doorway, gun in hand, Jules sprang at him from behind. He put a knee in the small of Funk's back. Then he gave a quick twisting motion of his hands. Funk fell on his stomach. His face was turned upward toward the ceiling. He still breathed but not for long.

"I knew you'd come for me, Jules," Jaime said.

Spig and Dutch came through the doorway from the other bedroom, carrying the chunky kraut. They passed him through the window to some one on the balcony outside. I did not look to see what Jules was doing to the swarthy kraut I had hit. I already knew how Jules did it. I was busy untying Jaime. The knots were hard.



"Take this knife, Mac," Jules said.

He walked over to the bed where Ernst was lying in the flowered kimono.

"This one is dead. Come, we will go."

I followed him and Jaime through the window. Three men were on the balcony. I glanced down the air shaft. Other men were standing in the basement below. They held a large round firemen's jump net. Herr Silk Kimono went fluttering down to the net as I stood there.

Jules motioned me to follow him up a ladder let down from the roof between the windows. We crossed the roof of the Hotel Republica and walked over a ten-foot platform to a penthouse on the roof of the adjoining building. A door opened as if by magic.

"I wait here for Justo and Jon," Jules said. "Rodriguez will show you the way out." He held out his hand. "It was well done, Mac."

It was daylight by the time I got back to my hotel. Signor Lucci, my landlord, produced a memorandum pad with a flourish.

"A telephone message came last night. Mr. Thomas P. Albright of Buenos Aires will call upon you at nine thirty this morning."

So Mr. Edgar P. Phinnerty was going to call on me!

"McGibbs," I said to myself, "this really is a nice thing. You are becoming important."

A bit after nine o'clock my phone rang. It was Dick.

"Mac, have you heard from Miss K.?" he said. "I've just talked with Reba. She says Miss K. left for town an hour ago."

The strange doings of Miss Karen Laurencos were not very important at the moment. I was too busy to cope with a redheaded Polish screwball.

"Look, pal," I said, "the British ought to be able to find Miss K. in Lisbon. Scurry about."

I heard a heavy tread of big flat feet in the corridor outside my door. Hastily hanging up the phone, I braced myself with a slug of whisky before opening the door.

"Mr. McGibbs? Stephen McGibbs, formerly of the Trans-America papers? I guess you got my mesage?"

"Yes—if you're Mr. Albright?"

"You know better than that, my boy." He chuckled. "Maybe I'm being conceited, but I'll bet you've heard of Edgar Phinnerty!"

"Yes," I said. "Come in, Mr. Phinnerty."

After Phinnerty had buttered me up a little, he sprang his surprise. "I want you for Federated News, my boy. We're just getting organized. But small oaks from little acorns grow. Cast your eagle eye on some of these letters."

It would be libelous to list the names signed to the letters Phinnerty produced. The signatures were those of world-prominent personages: statesmen, politicians, clergymen, scientists, educators, and editors. They all saluted a Dr. Grant Lincoln for his noble efforts to "promote the cause of a just and lasting peace, after the present conflict" and declared that Federated News Service would be "a great opportunity for world dissemination of unbiased news, tending to promote brotherly understanding among all peoples through a United States of the World plan."

"Sounds lovely," I said.

"The big idea is all summed up in this little volume." He handed me a small book.

"How's about coming in with us, Stephen?"

I got sore. McGibbs is not one of the powerful men of the world, but he is not altogether a jerk, either.

"You're crossing us up, aren't you? We spend years denouncing you as a Fascist, and now you pop up with red wings. I mean—this plan is poetic, humanitarian stuff."

"Fascist, liberal, Communist, democrat," he said, "they're just words. You and Van Paassen and Gunther and the rest had me all wrong from the start. And, say, my boy—if you decide to come in—how's about four hundred a week? Let me know tomorrow. Contact me at the Diario Building. But use that Albright-name gag."

A rough handshake, a postscript chuckle, and Phinnerty was gone.

WHY had he come to me? Did he know I was of "the Movement"? Was he trying to buy me off, or did he really believe I would come in, all starry-eyed about this United States of the World plan? I was trying to add it up when the telephone rang.

"Mac? I found Miss. K. She's coming to my place. Can you be here at one o'clock sharp?"

"Yes, Dick," I said; "but I won't be sharp."

I arrived in none too good condition. Dick was pacing the side terrace, where a luncheon table had been set.

"Good Lord!" he said, when he saw me. "Drunk all night—and in a brawl?"

"Quite some brawl," I said.

I pulled the copy of Dr. Grant Lincoln's book from my pocket. "Ever seen anything like this?"

Glancing at the title, Dick nodded. "I've read it. Great book. I met the author at Geneva. Brilliant man. Been connected with the League since it started."

"I am drunk," I said.

Then I thought that maybe I really was, because there was a quick click of feminine heels and I turned and saw a gorgeous redheaded gal in a green suit and a big floppy straw hat.

It was Miss Karen Laurencos, minus spinsterish black dress, cotton stockings, and flat heels. Even the scar at the side of her mouth was gone, or skillfully covered with make-up. She must have spent every shilling she had borrowed from Dick. She was a dish.

"I've been a fool, Mr. McGibbs!" she said. She turned to Dick. "I've accused him of being a liberal. Last night he led a fight with the Gestapo. He killed a German with one blow of his fist. I will love you," she added, "as I love all brave men!"

"I'd like that," I said, "except that you'll have to love Dick about fifty times more than me."

"Do you think I could make a conquest of McGibbs, Dick?" Karen grinned. "He said I couldn't. He thinks I'm too thin."

"I withdraw my statement of the other night," I said. "I now formally acknowledge, categorically and without equivocation, that you could."

Karen sighed and gave me a veiled kitty-cat glance.

"But the clothes are of other importance," she announced. "I think that I can now be useful."

"You are making Dick very sad," I said. "He doesn't want you luring Delmain."

"Delmain?"

"He's either in town or coming," I said, "and you know it. Don't cat-eye me, kid. You're not a good liar. Delmain is a crocodile. You'd get no information out of him. You'd merely get yourself mussed up. Besides, Jules doesn't want any amateurs messing around. Have you ever had any real experience with men?"

I reached over and grabbed Karen's arm, swinging her around. "If I catch you anywhere near Delmain I'll knock his head off and beat your pants good and hard."

She was glaring at me as a servant came and whispered something to Dick.

"Gomez wants to see us at the castle, Mac," he said as the man left. "A guarda officer is waiting outside."

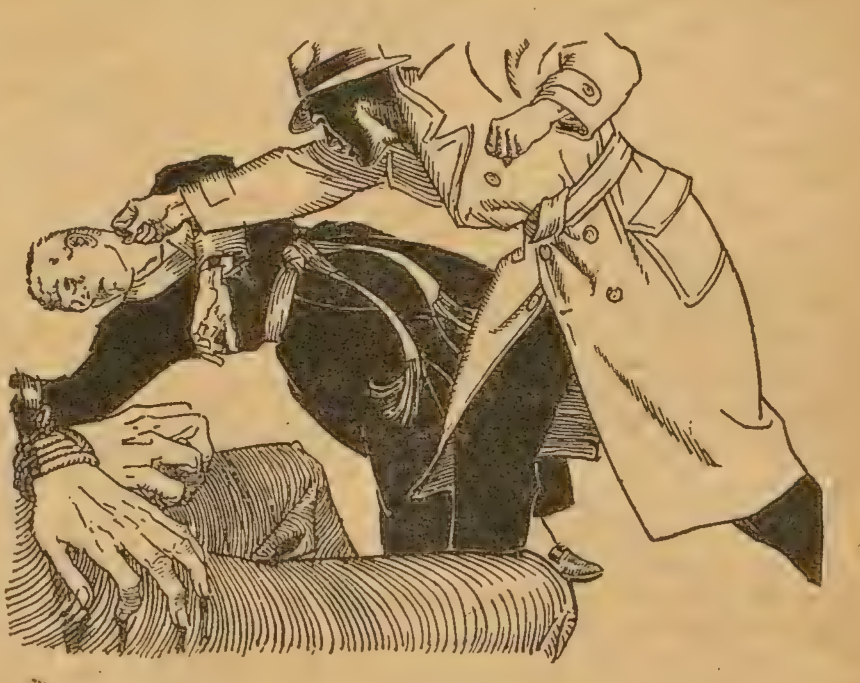
"I'm not hungry, anyway," I said.

"Stay here and have lunch, Karen," Dick said. "Wait for me, will you?"

In the police car, he began at once on the Phinnerty angle. "Perhaps you'd better take that job, Mac."

"We'll see what Jules has to say."

"He's a hater, you know. Not that I'm a good enough Christian to talk," he said. "But I wish I were. You must read Dr. Lincoln's book."



That upset me. We needed Dick. He could get money. He was in touch with the British espionage system. He had a good mind and plenty of guts. I was heartily sorry I'd mentioned the Phinnerty angle.

When we got to the castle we found Jules and Inspector Gomez in a bitter argument about that affair at the Hotel Republica.

"I thank our dear Lord that you have come!" Gomez said. "We have here a man of unreasonableness." Jules glared at him belligerently and Gomez cut loose with a torrent of Portuguese. "Six men of the Gestapo are gone!" he cried. "Senhor Funk, their leader, Dr. Kurt Brauchswitz, and four others! And there he sits, the Senhor Jules Charmont—as silent as . . . as an octopus!"

"You were paid, inspector?" Jules said.

"Paid, yes! But not for such a thing as this. They have phoned the Ministry—from Paris, from Berlin. I must demand that these Gestapos be surrendered or I go to General Guitterro!" He put on his cape with a climactic flourish and started for the door.

"Hold on," I said. "We killed them."

Jules stood up and banged his hand angrily on the table. "I did not authorize you to make such a statement, Mac!" he growled.

long as they think we have prisoners they'll keep the heat on Inspector Gomez. Once they know those krauts are dead, our friend will be in the clear. You should tell Inspector Gomez where the stiffs are."

"I salute a brilliant man!" Gomez embraced me. "Had M. Jules told me they were dead, we should not have had these angry words. I must deliver the corpses to the Gestapo and thus close this incident."

"The Boches are in an icehouse near the Empire Petrol docks," Jules said grumpily. "Brauchswitz is not among them. He was killed ten days ago near Marseille."

"One of your men impersonated him?"

"Must I tell the Boches everything?"

"I asked only as a serious student. Your pardon."

He turned and spoke to me in a friendly stage whisper: "I suggest that you give the Hotel Republica a large detour, Senhor McGibbs. My heartfelt gratitude for your good words!"

"I'm sorry I popped off," I said as the door closed. "But you *were* a little unreasonable."

"I also am an actor." Jules patted his mustache. "It is well to let a man of no principles sweat a little. I learned a good deal from Gomez. The Gestapo are in panic. It will be a week, at least, before those swine at the Republica step outside. It should be enough for our purposes."

"The conference is on?" Dick said.

Quickly Jules told us the latest developments upstairs. Field Marshal von Luebrecht had been joined that morning by General d'Alessandri, aide-de-camp to the Crown Prince of Italy; Count Takuma Mitsui, a Japanese admiral; and General Carlos Pruhador, leader of the Argentine pro-Nazi party.

I described Phinnerty's visit to Jules.

"Good, good!" He sounded excited. "It is taking shape. I begin to see things. You will, of course, call on M. Phinnerty tomorrow!"

The door opened and Reba walked in. Her lovely face was a tight mask. She spoke to me: "Jules has sent Karen to make love to Delmain!"

"Why?" I blurted.

Jules answered: "A decoy. I must have Delmain to ask him certain questions, and one does not kidnap such a man coarsely. Gomez is ready to rat on us. And what is involved—a girl? No, it is France. Mlle. Laurencos will come to no harm; Justo and Jon will tail them."

I went away uneasy, sure that Jules was wrong.

WHEN I reached my hotel I sat down and opened Dr. Grant Lincoln's book, A Plan for Permanent Peace. It did not take me very long to understand why Phinnerty had seized upon this so-called Lincoln Plan as the basis of his propaganda drive.

It called for the immediate creation, after this war, of a world union to include all peoples, a United States of the World; total disarmament; complete free trade regulated by an international cartel; and heaven on earth. Right now in this hate-filled world it was enough to start a million arguments and bitter quarrels. It was a good visionary idea, perhaps, but it would only confuse and divide the victors. It was what the Axis needed if this peace conference could be put through. It was their chance to get another crack at a divided world later.

Suddenly I was aware of a scratching on the shutters. It was Dutch, outside on the fire escape.

"That girl—Miss Laurencos—she is with a Frenchman." He drew a ragged sleeve across his nose. He looked as if he had skulked through all the alleys in Europe. "Justo and I like this girl. She is our comrade. If we were not afraid to disobey Jules, we would take her away."

"I'll take her away," I said. "Let's go."

We took a taxi and rode to the side entrance of the St. Isabel bar. Spig was waiting. Leaving them outside, I pushed my way through the jam in the bar. There was Karen, talking with M. Delmain. The sight of me so paralyzed her that she merely blinked as I went over to them.

"It is rude of me to interrupt, monsieur," I said, "but my dear little sister was to make a phone call for me at noon. It might mean a job for me."

"I quite understand," Delmain said.

Karen walked toward a phone booth near the sidewalk door. I grabbed her by the arm and hustled her out the door. Spig and Dutch were waiting in a taxi.

"Jules will punish you for this," Karen said. "Do you realize he assigned me to an important work for the Movement?"

"Nuts to Jules," I said.

"You don't *understand*. Delmain likes me. I have made a conquest. General Guitterro has invited Delmain to the castle tomorrow. Don't you *see*? If I disappear this way, he will know something is wrong. He may be afraid to go."

I said nothing. When we got to my hotel I grabbed Karen by the arm and kept a grip on it as we went up to my quarters. Once inside, I locked the door and pocketed the key.

She grabbed a porcelain plaque off the wall and hurled it at me. Shoes, glasses, decanters, pillows followed. Her red curls bounced. In fierce, panting, silent anger she kicked at my shins until her shoes fell off. She seized a rusty Moorish sword and rushed at me. I caught her wrist. The sword fell to the floor. She promptly sank her teeth into my hand. It was a real bite.

SUDDENLY she pulled my head down with both hands and kissed me on the lips. I put my arms around her and kissed her face all over.

"I never hated you, Mac. I loved you from the first."

"I'm getting blood on your dress—"

"Why did you come for me? Did you want me yourself?"

"Yes—that's about it."

"I prayed that you would come for me."

"All Poles are nuts."

"It was my duty to obey Jules—but I wanted you."

"Let's get this fixed," I said.

We went into the bathroom. I held my hand under the washstand faucet. When she began to bandage it I smelled her hair as she bent close.

"That is good perfume. What is it called?"

"Saudade. It means—"

"I know what it means."

I walked into the bedroom and sat down. Where do you go from here, Mac? I said to myself. She came and slid into my lap. She put her cheek against mine and gave me a nuzzling kiss that finished in a long one.

"Have you lady friends, Mac?" she asked.

"Not just at present. I'm almost broke."

"I will lend you my ring to pawn." It was on a chain between her breasts. "It's a real emerald—"

"No."

"What else should I know about you? Everything . . . every minute of your life—"

"I was born. I grew up. Here I am. Now you sit over there."

She tightened her arms around my neck. "You do want me, Mac?"

I struggled to my feet with her and set her down.

"You're too skinny," I said. "I'm going to fatten you first."

"I am generally thin—but I am plump in several places."

"I won't argue," I said.

I went to the phone and ordered sandwiches and wine. Then I called Dick Richardson's number. He wasn't there. I said: "Tell him Mac called. Ask him to come to my hotel the moment he gets in."

Karen was at my elbow.

"Why did you say that? You are afraid of me?"

"Damn it," I said. "Go sit in that chair."

"I do not understand you. Why did you take me away from Delmain?"

"Kindness to animals."

"Why did you ask Dick to come here?"

"To keep us from making a mistake."

"Mistake? How could it be? I am not to marry—ever."

"If you behave and stop acting like a Pole, I might marry you myself."

"Oh, Mac—that—that is very sweet of you—even to say 'might'—"

"There'd be a condition attached. You'll have to get out of this war—and stay out."

She looked at me soberly—then backed off and shook her head. "I am thinking of the day we buried my father . . . in a ditch . . . in the rain," she said. "It can't be—for me—peace, a husband, children. I am not free—until Poland is free."

"You get out of it, Karen," I said. "This is too much for one little girl."

Our food came and she ate a little. Then she stood up. "I'm leaving. I'm going to confess to Jules how miserably I've failed. What good am I to the Movement? I couldn't have got anywhere with Delmain. I can't tempt you. The Boches should have put me in a brothel. Or is it that I'm just too skinny?"

I went over to her. "Quit acting," I said. "I was trying to play for keeps. You got me to say what I've never said to any gal. What is it you want?"

"You. I can't marry you. I must work for Jules in this war." She buried her face against my shoulder. "If it is not Delmain, it will be some one else. I wanted you. We haven't much time . . . let me stay tonight—"

I do not know what I would have said if that knock had not come at the door. I put Karen aside and went into the vestibule.

"So you got my message?" I said to Dick.

"No. I haven't been home. Jules has gone and done it again. He's kidnaped Delmain. Taken him to the castle, I think. I'm afraid Karen will be involved. A dozen people saw Delmain with a girl in a green dress at the St. Isabel. We've got to find her and get her away—"

"She's right here," I said, bringing him in.

There was a great howdy-do between Karen and Dick. He wanted her to leave before Gomez started piecing together the details of the kidnaping. He said he would send her to England.

"I'm not leaving Lisbon," Karen said. "I will show Jules that I am worth something to the Movement, yet!"

"Look, pal," I said to Dick. "I haven't had any sleep since the night before last. Why don't you take Karen home?"

"Mac wants to get rid of me," Karen said.

"Until tomorrow, honey," I said.

She turned her eyes on me in a quick, intimate glance that hurt. What had happened between us could not be dismissed or put aside. But she wanted some reassurance from me.

I said: "Give me just two minutes alone with this gal, Dick. We've been fighting long enough. Maybe I can explain one or two things that'll help to stop the feud."

"I'll wait for you in the hall, Karen," he said. "See you tomorrow, Mac."

As soon as he had gone, I put my arms around Karen and kissed her. "We'll both be glad Dick came."

"I'm a woman scorned."

"No. I will state categorically and without equivocation that you have made a conquest."

She laughed and rumpled my hair with clenched fists. "I do love you, Mac, I do!"

"Get out of here," I said. "No . . . wait. . . . I like that Saudade perfume . . . give me your handkerchief—"

"Why, Mac—like a schoolboy!"

I got the handkerchief and another kiss.

"Dream of me. I shall dream of you," she said.

"I'll try—but I'll probably have a nightmare about Phinnerty."

She laughed and hurried out the door.

I DIDN'T dream of anything. I fell into a dull, drugged sleep that lasted until nine the next morning.

On the way over to see Phinnerty I bought a copy of El Sol. A headline on page one made me blink. NEW PEACE PLAN WINS FAVOR IN U. S. A. it read. The story described a mass meeting at Cooper Union. Editors of various liberal magazines had sponsored it. A host of big-shot liberals had tooted their trumpets for "the Dr. Grant Lincoln Plan."

I had to hand it to Phinnerty. He never stalled around. He had started the tom-toms to beating.

"You're on your way," I said when I was ushered into his office. I tossed the copy of El Sol on his desk. "Didn't even wait for me."

"It ain't peanuts, is it?" he chuckled. "We made the AP wire first crack out of the box. Doc's got all the answers, believe you me."

"Except," I said, "how to make it work in real life."

"You don't need to get so upset about that," Phinnerty said. "It ain't that important. It's a pretty picture book for the high-brows to play with. Get the idea?"

"I got it long ago."

"You're a man after my own heart, Stephen!" Phinnerty's chuckle sounded almost genuine. "Stephen, I got a real job for you! If you'll really throw in with me, I can make you a couple of little millions for yourself."

"I'm just a poor newspaperman, Mr. Phinnerty." I put on my hat. "I don't like to hear such sums mentioned in my presence. It's obscene."

"You're the slickest spy in Lisbon! I don't know who you work with, but you've got a line on Guitterro. A damn good line."

"I've never met the gentleman."

"And I guess you don't know a thing about a peace conference at the general's castle? Tell it to Sweeney. I thought you wanted it straight. Now you go all coy and innocent on me—"

"Why would you be interested?"

"Aw, now, Stephen—be reasonable. I'm just as patriotic as you are—"

McGibbs wasn't cut out for diplomatic finagling. "Don't treat me like a jerk, Mr. Phinnerty," I said. "I know what's cooking. It stinks. I don't like you. I don't like anything you do. Is that straight enough?"

Phinnerty kept control of himself. He chuckled and shook his head. "You newspaper guys kill me," he said.

"Some day one of them will!" I said. I walked out and slammed the door.

THE guarda officer who had come for Dick and me yesterday was waiting outside. "Inspector Gomez must see you at once. I have the honor to escort you."

Inspector Gomez's office looked more like the lair of a sybarite theatrical producer than a cop's hangout. Most of the pictures were nudes, but extremely so.

"This is delightful, my dear Gomez," I said. "Our own police stations set one's teeth on edge—in fact men have lost teeth in them."

Inspector Gomez smiled but his eyes were grave.

"Senhor Delmain of the Vichy government has disappeared," he said. "A man close to Laval. It is disaster. You and I need not bandy words. That Jules Charmont has kidnaped him. Though, naturally, he denied it."

"I've never known Jules to lie about anything. Did he lie about the Republica business?"

"This is different. This is a crime of passion, Senhor McGibbs. It is one Frenchman against another. There is hate in it that makes me shudder. One can understand hatred of the Germans. It is a legitimate emotion. I myself personally can view a German corpse without nervous reactions. But the corpse of Delmain I cannot bear to see. It means the end of our arrangement. I will have to clear you people out of General Guitterro's castle."

He meant it. Jules had gone too far.

"Have you any evidence that Jules did it?" I said.

"Yes. I could arrest two boys and a girl."

"If Jules releases Delmain?"

"Alive and unharmed? Well . . . it would depend on the—shall we say—repercussions?"

"I'll talk to Jules," I said.

Inspector Gomez really was a very decent fellow. As we shook hands, he said: "They are about to sign an agreement at the castle."

Twenty minutes later I walked into Jules' living room. He and Reba were there, looking at a sheaf of papers.

"Everything is here but the signed agreement," Jules was saying.

"I am married to a wicked man," Reba said to me. "He has a disease called France in his bones. He is so full of hate that he will pull this house down about our ears—"

She walked out of the room and Jules banged his hand against the edge of a table.

"We must kill a Delmain," he said. "Then the world will know the Delmains were not France—"

Reba was right. Jules was about to bring disaster on

(Continued on page 45)

This transfusion at Buna, within 500 yards of the front line, saved a life. The wounded man could not have stood a trip to the main dressing station.

WARTIME MEDICAL MIRACLES

The chances of today's wounded returning home alive and whole are excellent—thanks to amazing new drugs and surgical methods

BY DR. ALBERT HEMMING

JAP bombs were still screaming down on Pearl Harbor when a New York surgeon who had come to Hawaii to give lectures made medical history. Rendering emergency service in the operating room of a large military hospital, Dr. John J. Moorhead toiled with other surgeons over a stream of torn bodies.

One case seemed baffling. Deep in a back wound, dangerously close to the spinal cord and difficult to locate even by X-raying, a machine-gun bullet was lodged, threatening the victim with lifelong paralysis if he survived. More than one incision in that area would almost certainly prove fatal. The surgeon would have to cut a true path to the bullet the first time. There was a tense silence as Dr. Moorhead reached not for his knife but for a wand-shaped probe. It was the probe of a "locator," his own application of a much discussed but little tested principle—the principle of a new and better foreign-body finder.

As he probed the wound, a needle flickered across the dial of the box to which the probe was connected. The needle indicated the precise position of the buried bullet. He was able to work rapidly, to cut straight to it and remove it successfully. The apparatus he used, devised for him by Samuel Berman, a technician in the engineering department of the New York City transit system, established itself at the very outbreak of hostilities as the most valuable diagnostic instrument for such purposes since the X-ray.

But it is only one of the surgical miracles which give a wounded soldier in this war a far greater chance of surviving than he would have had in World War I. Such progress has been made in the conquest of infection that many will recover completely from wounds that would have meant amputations and horrible suffering twenty-five years ago.

(*Continued on page 67*)

U.S.A.
CANADA
ALASKA

CONSOLIDATED VULTEE AIRCRAFT

A Map of the U. S. You Never Saw in Your Geography Book

PERHAPS, like many other Americans, you'd call this an upside-down map of the United States.

But a Jap wouldn't. That's the way the U.S. really lies, viewed from Tokio.

To be sure, North America never looked like this in the geography books we used to study in school. But those maps didn't show us the U.S. in its true relation to the other nations on the globe. That's why they were dangerous maps — for us.

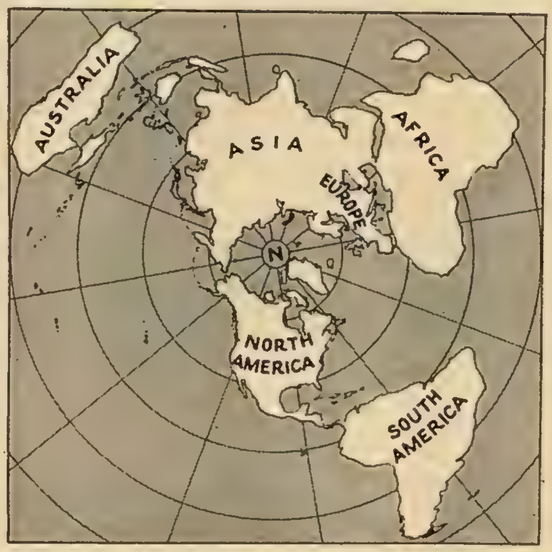
We didn't realize how dangerous they really were until a global war was thrust upon us. Then, within a few tragic weeks, we discovered that our idea of geography had misled us into thinking that Pearl Harbor was our first line of defense — that Guam was an island not worth fortifying — that Kiska and Attu were remote Aleutian outposts.

The Axis knew better. So do we — today. We know that to win a global war — and to live safely on the earth in today's Air Age — we must add to our knowledge of *rowboat* geography a clear understanding of global *aviation* geography, as well.

For the plane has suddenly changed the map of the world. It has knocked into a cocked hat all our old concepts of distance and world relationships.

Today, for example, *no spot on earth is more than 60 hours' flying time from your local airport!*

In a world which the plane has made so small, no nation can ever again hope to lead a hermit's life. Because of the plane, natural barriers have been flattened out, protective oceans have become mere mill ponds, and thousand-mile distances must now be reckoned in terms of a few hours and minutes.



POLAR AZIMUTHAL EQUIDISTANT PROJECTION

Because a global map, *centered at the North Pole, best shows true relationships in today's Air Age world, such maps have now been introduced into almost all U.S. schools.*

In such a world, to win the war and survive as a nation, America *must* become supreme in the air. To win the peace and make it a lasting peace, air supremacy, again, is a "must."

An awakened, air-minded America is showing that it knows how to *use* air power. The tens of thousands of men and women who make up the U. S. aircraft industry will continue to see that America *gets* it.

Imagine this globe *as representing the size of the earth just a few years ago.*

Today, because of *the plane, the earth has shrunk to half that size or even smaller.*

CONSOLIDATED VULTEE AIRCRAFT CORPORATION

San Diego, Cal. • Vultee Field, Cal.
Fort Worth, Texas • New Orleans, La.
Nashville, Tenn. • Wayne, Mich. • Allentown, Pa.
• Tucson, Ariz. • Elizabeth City, N. C.
• Louisville, Ky. • Miami, Fla.
Member, Aircraft War Production Council

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

QUICK FACTS FOR AIR-MINDED READERS

All the bombs dropped on London during the 4 years of World War I could be carried over Germany in a single trip by one squadron of today's big Consolidated Vultee Liberator bombers.

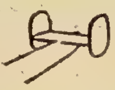
• • •

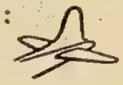
Consolidated Vultee builds the 4-engine, long-range Liberator bomber, the huge Coronado, (33-ton, 4-engine Navy patrol bomber), the Catalina, (famous twin-motored Navy patrol bomber), and the Liberator Express, (4-engine transport version of the Liberator bomber).

• • •

In addition to big bombers and transport planes, Consolidated Vultee also builds the VALIANT, (basic military training plane), the VENGEANCE, (dive bomber), the SENTINEL, (liaison observation plane known as the "Flying Jeep"), and the RELIANT, (navigational trainer).

• • •

How to tell the big ones: The Liberator 4-engine, long-range bomber has twin rudders like this: 

The Flying Fortress, which is also a 4-engine, long-range bomber, has a single rudder like this: 

• • •

More people are employed today at the San Diego Consolidated Vultee plant than were employed in all San Diego before the war.

• • •

The U. S. Navy has just placed a $30,000,000 order for additional Catalina amphibian long-range patrol bombers which, when completed, will release for combat and convoy duty many U. S. Navy destroyers and other surface craft now engaged in patrol work.

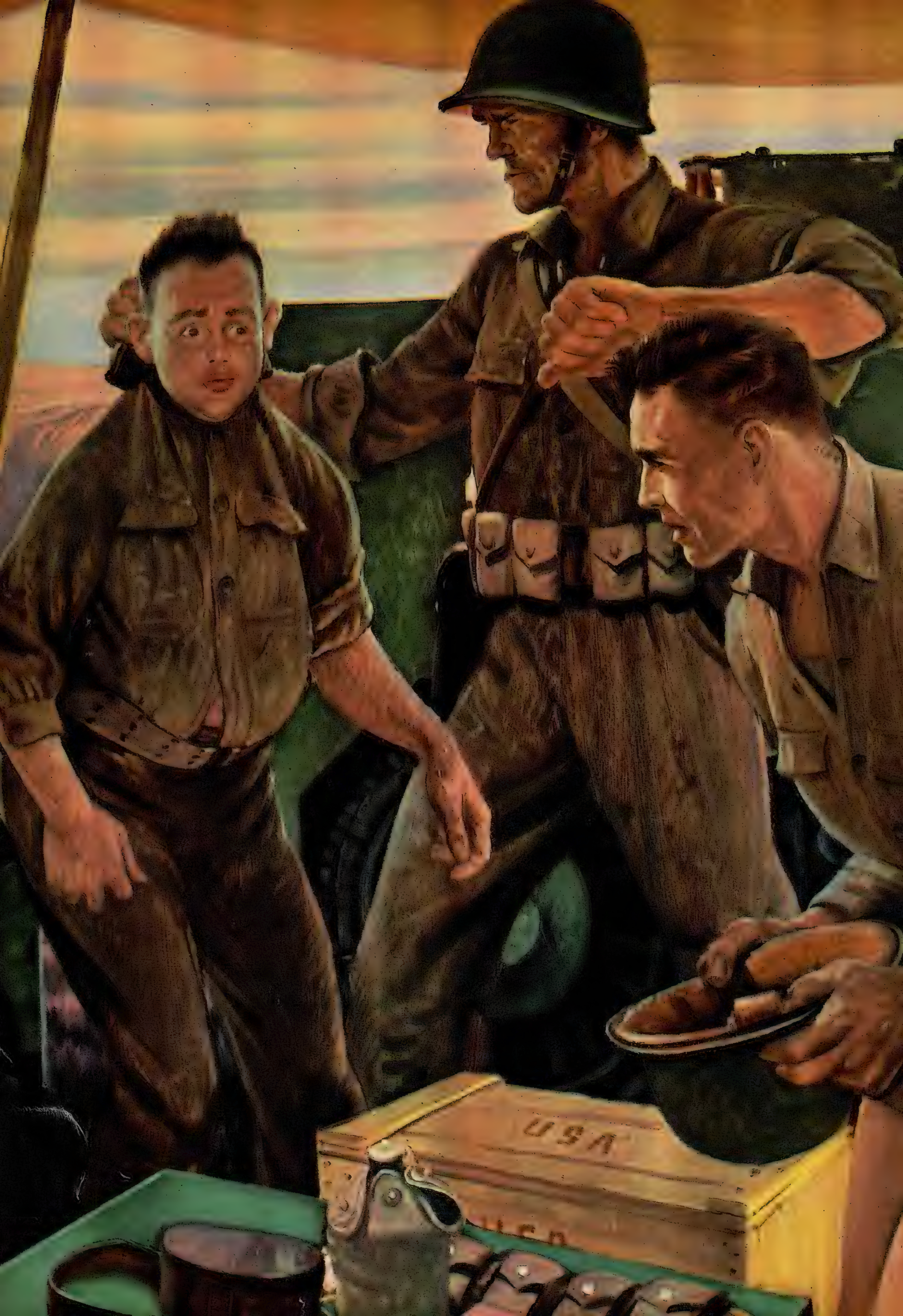
• • •

In the average six-room house, there are 2000 feet of electrical wiring. In every Liberator bomber, there are more than 5 miles of electrical wiring.

• • •

How big will tomorrow's planes be? Consolidated Vultee has designed and built full-size wooden models of a 400-passenger plane and a comparable-sized bomber. Production plans are being speeded.

LIBERATOR (4-engine bomber) — CORONADO, CATALINA, and P4Y (patrol bombers) — LIBERATOR EXPRESS (transport) — VALIANT (basic trainer) — VENGEANCE (dive bomber) — SENTINEL ("Flying Jeep") — RELIANT (navigational trainer)


USA

NO HAM AND EGGS IN HELL

The Jerries had stout hearts—but their stomachs couldn't take it. Our boys turn a truckload of chow into a secret weapon

BY LAURENCE SCHWAB

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN CLYMER

"YOU will dig in here, Lieutenant Harty, and hold this position. I am backtracking down the mountain to this other pass over the next peak." Colonel Josephs showed me on his map. "I'll send you provisions by truck at the first chance, and relieve you when we reach the sea." He drew me aside. "This is a big job for a second lieutenant, Harty, but with your captain and first gone you are ranking officer of your company. You'll find your top sergeant, Rorke, a help. He's a regular. Good luck!"

With that Colonel Josephs shook my hand and said good-by to Sergeant Rorke, standing at stiff attention just behind me. Then he gave the order, and my regiment started off down the mountain, leaving me with close to a hundred men and a lump in my throat that wouldn't go down.

So here I am. I asked for it, and now I've got it. A second lieutenant with my own command. When I was shooting it off in those bull sessions at Officer Training, I didn't think I'd get my wish so soon. But here I am, only five months in the army, on a mountaintop in—well, some place in Africa—and not a thousand yards above, holding the pass to the sea, a big bunch of Germans with machine guns staring down at me wherever I look.

The way we happen to be here is this. Our regiment pulled out of the interior to make for a certain harbor where a ship is waiting with supplies. Ammunition and food we sure need. But as we're snaking it up the steep grades, burning the juice out of our bodies in this awful sun, we see a big plane circling above. We duck for cover. But she passes right over, her swastika making faces at us, and pretty soon we see little bags dropping on the high plateau. Parachutes, of course. When the regiment reaches the lower end of this pass where I am now, the shooting starts. Colonel Josephs attacked, and we were all in there pitching, but they had just too much fire power, especially shooting down, and they cut us up bad. My captain and first lieutenant were knocked off in that first blast. The colonel figured it was no dice here, so he's gone off over that other pass with the main body, and here I am, left to cover his rear. From the way he looked at me when he left, I figure he thinks I'll do him as much good as an old pair of drawers.

HERE we are, ten days later, and no truck, no nothing. I just had Sergeant Rorke in to report on stores.

"Very short on all provisions, sir."

"How long can we last?" I asked, trying to keep the anxious note out.

"Till we are relieved, sir. That is, in the regular army we would. In this outfit, of course—"

"Thanks," I cut in before I lost my temper. "How about water?"

"Very low, sir. The men have been swilling it."

"Why did you let them?" My voice was rising now.

"No orders to the contrary, sir. I was about to suggest you ration it. A cup a day to a man."

Of course that was what I was about to do, but he had beaten me to it.

"That's an order, sergeant. One cup a day per man."

"Yes, sir." Rorke saluted and turned on his heel.

All the time we were talking he'd been looking at me as if any minute he expected me to start crying for my mother. Sure, Colonel Josephs—Sergeant Rorke's a big help to me!

I been thinking. Those guys up there on the cliff must be hungry, too. A plane dropped them a package once. Food, of course. But that was eight days ago. None since. If they're like the Dutchmen around the coal town I come from, they sure like their groceries. But of course they aren't. They're tough and hard, and they been in this thing over four years, while we— Well, my gang's not complaining, but they're mighty set around the gills.

It's time for the half cup of water for each man, so Sergeant Rorke reports. One at ten and one at twenty-one o'clock, I made it.

I inspected the supply, and tomorrow it'll be just one, at ten.

IT'S the twelfth day now. I had Private Torini, the one they call "Cheesy," in. He was our cook's assistant, when we had a cook. By inheritance he's cook too now, and the men kid him that we're better off without chow than to have to eat what he'd dish up. Cheesy's a funny kid and takes off a wop dialect better than Leo Carrillo. But he's not so funny now. His belly's down so he can see over it, and he reports on what's left.

"Seven cans pineapple, ten cans corned willie, and some parts of potatoes." He had it written on a slip.

"Parts of potatoes? What parts?"

"Peelings, sir." He wasn't trying to be funny; he was too worried.

"Enough for a picnic," piped up Rorke in that scrap-iron voice of his. And he made the men laugh.

They didn't laugh when I cut them down on eats again. They looked at me as if I were a hyena or something. Those bums up there blow mess three times a day as if they ate regular. I wonder if they do. We blow it right back at them and smoke another butt.

IT'S noon of the fourteenth day now, and I got to write fast. Plenty happened this morning. It was before reveille when Rorke woke me up, dragging in little Cheesy by the neck.

"Well, start talking." I guess I sort of barked.

"I found this monkey eating the last of our stores, sir."

"What about it, Torini?" I turned to him. He'd eaten himself sick, all right. His belly was out over his pants again.

"I couldn't stand it no longer." He started to slump, but Rorke pulled him up to attention.

"That ain't the worst, sir," Rorke said grimly. "When I grabbed him swilling the last of the chow, he had the water cask broached, and his foot hit it and spilled the lot."

(Continued on page 54)

Rorke dragged in little Cheesy by the neck. "I found this monkey eating the last of our stores, sir," he said.

The Toughest

Fords Ever Built!

Hard-Hitting M-4 Tanks and M-10 Tank Destroyers Built, Armored and Powered by Ford — Praised by Army for Performance Under Fire!

THE Ford line for 1943 features the toughest Fords ever built—technically known in the Army as 32-Ton M-4 Tanks and M-10 Tank Destroyers.

But whatever you call them they're Fords through and through . . . Armored with Ford Steel . . . Powered by a V-type Ford tank engine . . . Assembled by Ford workmen with the same skill, precision and cost-cutting ability learned in building more than 29,000,000 Ford Cars and Trucks.

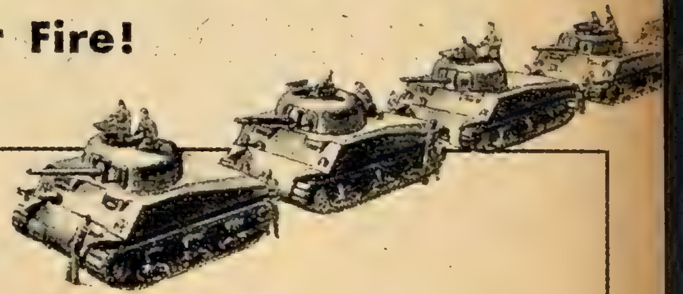
Ford-made tanks *alone* are built, armored and powered by the same manufacturer! And like their peacetime predecessors, these wartime Fords have won the praise and affection of the men who use them. In the words of one high Allied commander—"The Medium Tank M-4 is the answer to a tank man's prayer!"

Of course, actual production figures are a military secret but these built-for-battle models are pouring off the lines in fleets. M-4 Tank output is far ahead of schedule. What's more, there's plenty of *extra capacity* to produce even more if required.

This is just one example of the way the men who built *your* Ford are doing today's big job. There are many more, such as the way they are producing aircraft engines, for which Ford has received the Army-Navy "E", Liberator Bombers, Gliders and Jeeps. All of these armaments are being produced in quantity. All meet the exacting standards demanded by the armed forces.

Measured by the most uncompromising yardsticks these wartime achievements of the Ford organization would be counted great. But we feel that *no effort short of Victory is enough.*

FORD MOTOR COMPANY



FORD MASS-PRODUCTION LINES DELIVER FLEETS OF WEAPONS

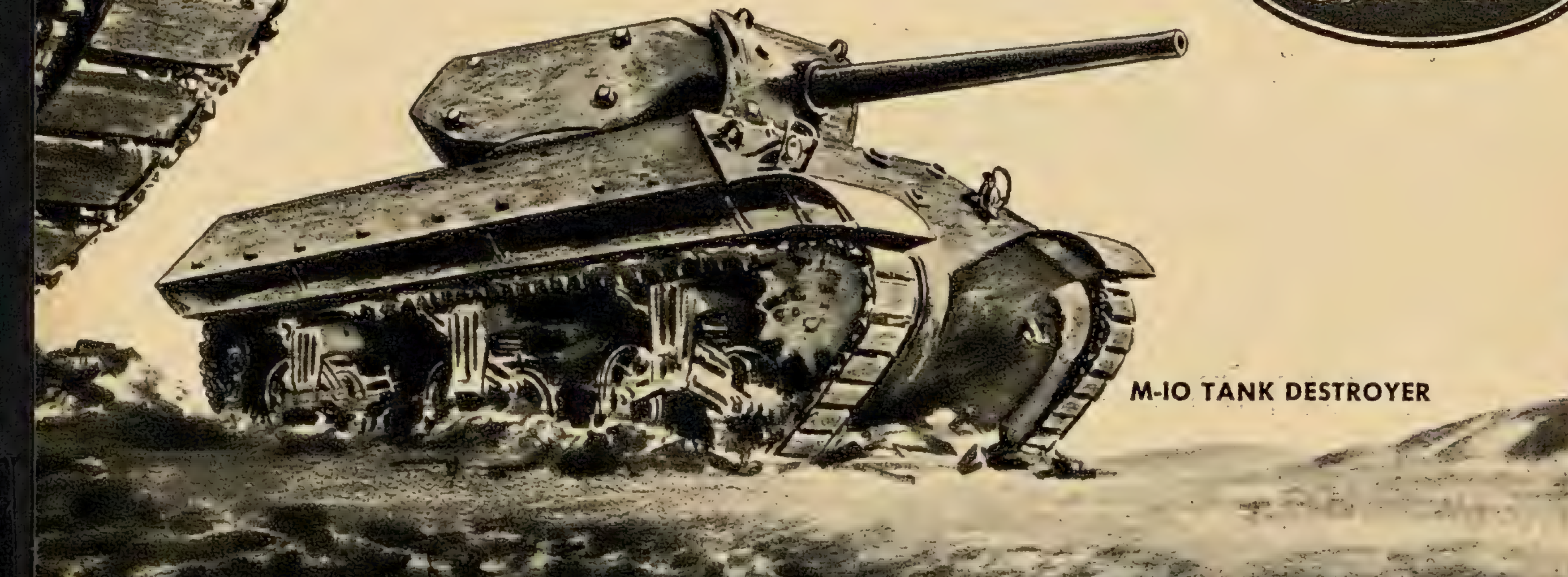
M-4 TANKS • M-10 TANK DESTROYERS
PRATT & WHITNEY AIRCRAFT ENGINES • JEEPS
CONSOLIDATED LIBERATOR BOMBER PLANES
TRANSPORT GLIDERS • UNIVERSAL CARRIERS
AMPHIBIAN JEEPS
ARMY TRUCKS • TANK ENGINES
TRUCK AND JEEP ENGINES
AIRCRAFT GENERATORS • ARMOR PLATE
GUN MOUNTS • TURBO-SUPERCHARGERS
RATE-OF-CLIMB INDICATORS
MAGNESIUM CASTINGS

This list does not include other important Victory models now in production that cannot be named due to wartime conditions.

Listen to "Watch The World Go By" featuring Earl Godwin. Every night 8:00 p.m. E.W.T. on The Blue Network.

Ford

M-4 TANK



M-10 TANK DESTROYER

FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

FULL PRODUCTION FOR VICTORY

LAST WORD

Her son had died—but from beyond the grave comes consolation for a grief-stricken mother

Liberty's Short Short BY OLGA ROSMANITH

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

THE telegraph operator called the Rev. Thomas Corwen when the message came through for Bruce Kennedy's mother. It was one of "those telegrams" and Orville was that kind of town.

The Rev'rend jumped on his bicycle and got to Mrs. Kennedy's little frame house at the same time as the telegraph boy.

He went into her neat bright living room, read with her that Bruce had been killed in a marine landing on some unnamed shore and had displayed gallantry in action. He said all the things he felt and believed and they were so genuine that his eyes were wet, but Mrs. Kennedy's eyes had no hint of a tear in them.

"Thank you for coming," she said when he had finished. "But please go now. I know you mean well, Rev'rend, but things being as they are, there's nothing you can do for me."

A year's sad experience had taught the silver-haired minister that tempestuous tears, even hysteria, were health for the soul, but this stony repression meant a mind in danger. He could not leave her till tears were relieving the burden of her agony.

"Of course I'll go, Mrs. Kennedy—if you really wish it. But I'm tired. I was hoping for a cup of hot tea."

She was too numb to feel surprise. She gestured to the sofa. "Sit down and in two shakes I'll brew some."

When she returned her kind face was a sickly white, but her hands were steady and her eyes still dry and glittering. The Rev'rend had drawn a chair to the table and was unfastening the wrought silver hasp of her old family Bible.

Mrs. Kennedy set the tray down and moved the Bible out of reach. Her mouth had a wry look of pain. "That's why there's nothing you can do, and you know it."

The Rev'rend took the tea without sugar, the way he told everybody he preferred it. He realized the cruelty of what he was about to say, but he was now the surgeon who must cut deep to save the patient. "How well I remember that day, Mrs. Kennedy—that last day we both saw him. I have often laughed about that."

"Did you say *laughed* about it?"

"Indeed yes. Do you think I didn't see through him? He was my favorite of all the boys. At heart he was sounder than any of them."

Mrs. Kennedy remained suspicious. "Good as you are, Rev'rend, you are talking false comfort to me. Never a word he said had a morsel o' faith in it. He's died a heathen. That very day—you remember—"

"I don't quite. I wish you'd recall it for me. There might be *something* worth going over."

Mrs. Kennedy sighed, but there was no crack in her icy composure. He waited for her to speak, but she stared into some endless vacancy.

"Now wasn't that the night, Mrs. Kennedy, I told him science had confirmed that a wall *could* be shattered by a trumpet blast and the walls of Jericho *did* fall down?"

His voice was imperative, and Mrs. Kennedy came back: "Yes. And you couldn't even reach him through his love of science. He only said, 'Who d'ye think you're kidding?' Her eyes had a glazed sleepwalker's look in them.

"I want you to help me recall that night, Mrs. Kennedy. I want to remember Bruce as I last saw him."

"You came expecting to have supper with him." Her voice was dull, emotionless. "I asked you to. I hoped you could make some headway with him for once, but he had a date with a girl who had given him a lift in her car. He raved about her red hair. He said a redhead was much better company than a sky pilot. And I tried to cover him up, saying it was just his jokes; that really he thought the world of you. I made him mad, telling you that when he was little he would sit still for an hour at a time while I read him stories from that very Bible."

"I remember, Mrs. Kennedy. That made him blush. He knew he was blushing and hated it. He said with furious violence, 'Any kid would like that blood-and-thunder Bible.' "

"And you said, so quiet and nice, 'The Bible is religion, but it is also great literature. Tell me, Bruce, which was your favorite story?' "

The Rev'rend felt tight in his throat. "That's right. I can see his face, his sky-blue eyes snapping with mischief. I could see what he was thinking: Ha, now I'm going to shock the pious old guy. 'The story of Jezebel, Rev'rend,' he said. 'How they threw her out the window and the dogs chewed her up. Oh, boy, did I like that one!' "

Mrs. Kennedy's face twisted. "I guess you were shocked at that, but you didn't show it."

"I wasn't. Why should I be?"

"Well, I was. And with his treatment of you. And of me, too. Going off to God knew where and going off laughing. Saying, 'By-by, mom, I'll be seeing you,' like he was off to the movies in the next street." She breathed hard as she relived that old grief mixed with her loving anger. "You were right there by the door when I called him back. 'Don't you realize those can be the last words you'll ever say to me?' I told him. He laughed again and said, 'Sure, Toots. But I'll be back. I'm the black sheep and the prodigal son and the bad penny. Try to get rid of me.' And he stopped at the gate to wave and yell again. "Be good, mom. I'll be seeing you.' "

The Rev'rend was amazed that after all this she leaned back spent, but the lashes of her closed eyes showed no glimmer of healing moisture. He took out his fountain pen.

"Now you must record his death in the Book that records his birth and gave him so much pleasure. I suggest you should copy under it the exact words of the telegram."

Mrs. Kennedy roused and looked at him as if he wearied her unspeakably, longing as she was to be left in peace to turn to stone. The Rev'rend pushed the pen between her fingers, moved the tea tray, and placed the Bible before her.

"I will leave you," he said, "when you have done this."

Mechanically she turned ornate illustrated pages till she found the half-filled page headed "Deaths."

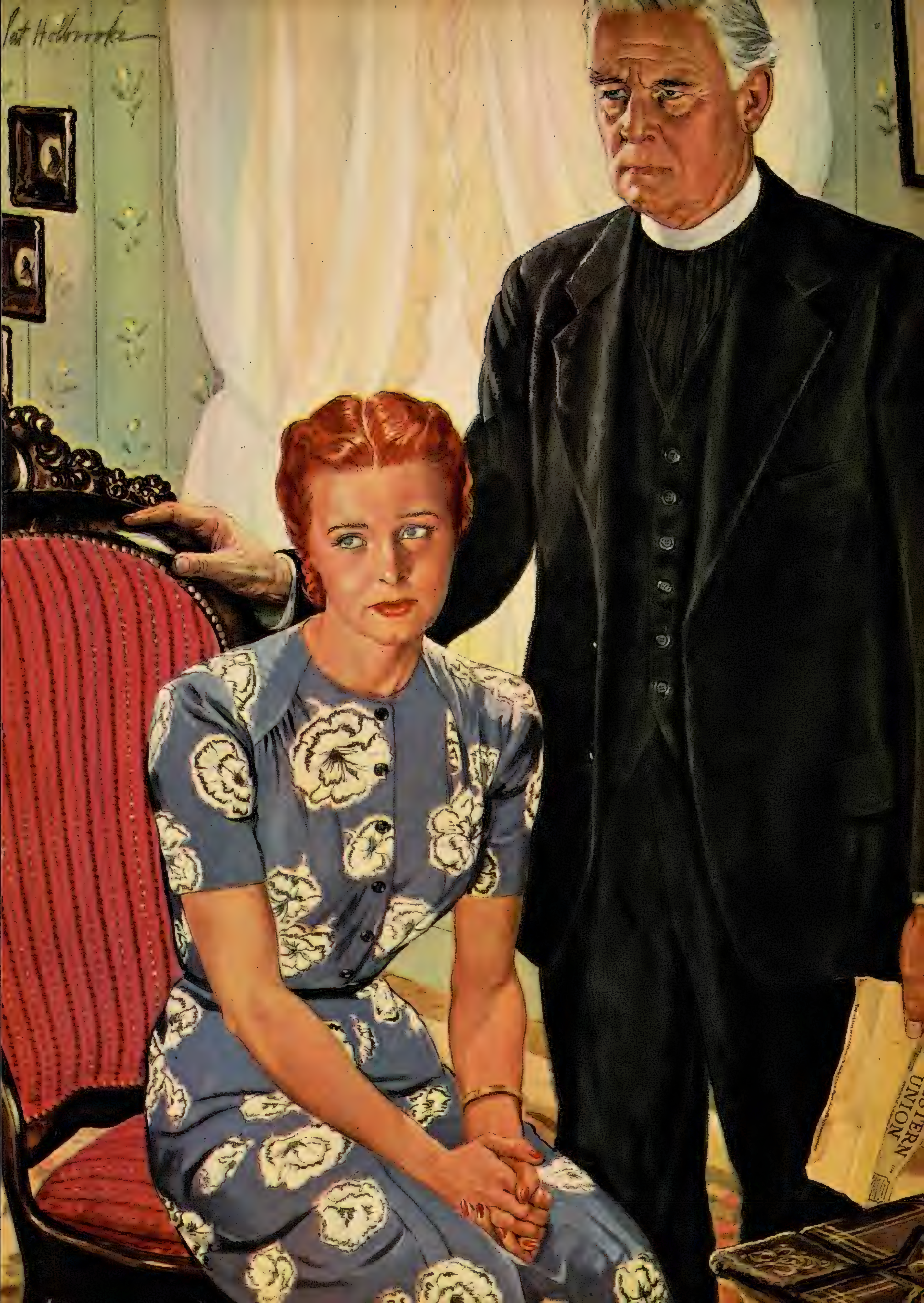
"Dear God!" she exclaimed, with life in her voice again.

She looked up at the Rev'rend. Tears brimmed in her eyes, spilled over and ran down her cheeks.

Heart thudding, he looked at the page where her finger pointed. On the line where his name should go, Bruce had written, "I love you, mom. I'll be seeing you." An arrow drawn upward led the eye to the top of the page. He had scored through the word "Deaths" with a thick black stroke and had written above it with vigor and dash: "There is no death."

THE END

"Thank you for coming," she sai
"But there's nothing you can do.


Pat Holbrooke
STERN
UNION

FRIEND WORM, 1943 MODEL

Continued from Page 21

early bird really catches is a worm that has stayed up too late. Which keeps the moral about as it was, doesn't it?"

Now on hand at her farms are approximately 5,000,000 mature soilution worms and about 20,000 of the currant-like worm capsules. Having a half dozen worm beds scattered in and about Highland Park, Los Angeles, where the main farm is located, she says she can muster as many as 25,000,000 worms, given a few days' notice. She keeps most of her stock dormant by feeding it a minimum of food and water—so it will not reproduce too rapidly.

THERE is no fear of running out of worms to supply any demand, no matter how fantastic. On many farms the weight of all the earthworms unconsciously employed by the farmer is double the weight of all the beasts and humans. Government experts estimate that "the weight of angleworms in this country is at least tenfold the weight of the entire human population." In Illinois alone it can be proved that there are more than 600,000,000,000 worms—or well on toward 100,000 for each human being.

The prices of soilution worms are 100 capsules for $1.50, 210,000 capsules for $1,000. For $1.75 a gallon can, earthworm culture can be purchased; $1,000 will buy a load of 2,000 gallon cans. Spawn bricks run from $1 for one to $130 for 300.

The capsules hatch from one to five worms each. The culture is composed of young and breeding worms, egg capsules, and castings chopped out of the shallow culture bed. Spawn bricks are eight-ounce cans of culture packed for easy mailing.

The largest order ever sold was peddled by Dr. Oliver to an English firm in 1939. It called for 1,050,000 egg capsules. Cost, $5,000. But most of the orders have been in the $1.50 to $25 class.

Oddly, 75 per cent of the buyers are women. Miss Leasure has found women less fidgety about worms than men. She thinks the traditional picture of the female who shrieks at the sight of a high-humping night crawler is cockeyed.

She likes to recall the robust couple who came from the he-man state of Montana to visit the farms. Miss Leasure brought out one of her prize soilution worms. It wriggled in the palm of her hand, shining in the sun.

"Oh, Luke!" squealed the woman ecstatically. "Isn't it beautiful!" Miss Leasure glanced at the husband. He had turned a fine shade of chartreuse.

"Very nice," he gulped, not looking. "Now let's get the hell out of here!"

Volunteer helpers at the California Earthworm Farms learn that earthworms have no external organs worth mentioning but their internal mechanization is highly developed; that they eat leaves and rubble, transforming what they can't digest into rich, fertilized humus; and that, in proportion to its size, the worm is the strongest creature in the world, using its 150-odd ribs to burrow with, expanding those in the rear to get a grip and contracting those in front to make a miniature drill which can push aside particles of the most closely packed earth.

The worm, Miss Leasure's assistants learn, lacquers the sides of its little tunnel with its own excrement. Its reddish hue is due to the flow of its "blood," a curious substance believed to be manufactured from the green chlorophyll of plants. It can regrow its own body, provided the cut is clean. But it must keep its skin moist or die—although too much water will drown it. This accounts for the numbers of worms found aboveground after a rain. They have crawled there to escape drowning in their flooded burrows.

MISS LEASURE'S findings agree with Darwin's that worms are affected by bright lights and vibrations. She waxes indignant over fish-bait farms that keep their worm beds lighted to make the worms stay home nights and pass a current through the ground to bring them to the surface.

"Electricity acts just like a vibrating rod," she declares. "It'll drive the worms up, all right. Worms can feel the tread of a robin's claw twenty feet away. But I don't like it. It makes the worms nervous and they won't breed."

Dr. Oliver was once interested in worms as a food for poultry. He maintained that such feeding would lengthen the life and laying ability of hens, eliminate all odors, and cut the cost of egg production by 50 per cent. Now poultry growers are experimenting widely with his theories. Another new use for worms is as food for fish.

Miss Leasure believes the worm can be trained and bred to its destiny. Special attention to its diet and habits, she claims, will make the earthworm a far greater boon to mankind than it is today.

THE END

GENERAL GEORGE CATLETT MARSHALL

Second of a Series of Paintings of Leaders of Our Fighting Forces by McCLELLAND BARCLAY

"KEEP your eyes on George Marshall," said Marshall's departmental commander in the Philippines. "He is the greatest military genius since Stonewall Jackson."

That was back in 1913, when General Marshall, now Chief of Staff of the U. S. Army, was a lieutenant of infantry. Manila's defenses were being tried out, and Marshall, put in charge when the chief of staff was taken ill, worked out what the commander pronounced the best plan for defending the city he had ever seen. In 1918, Marshall, then a colonel, was largely responsible for the Meuse-Argonne offensive.

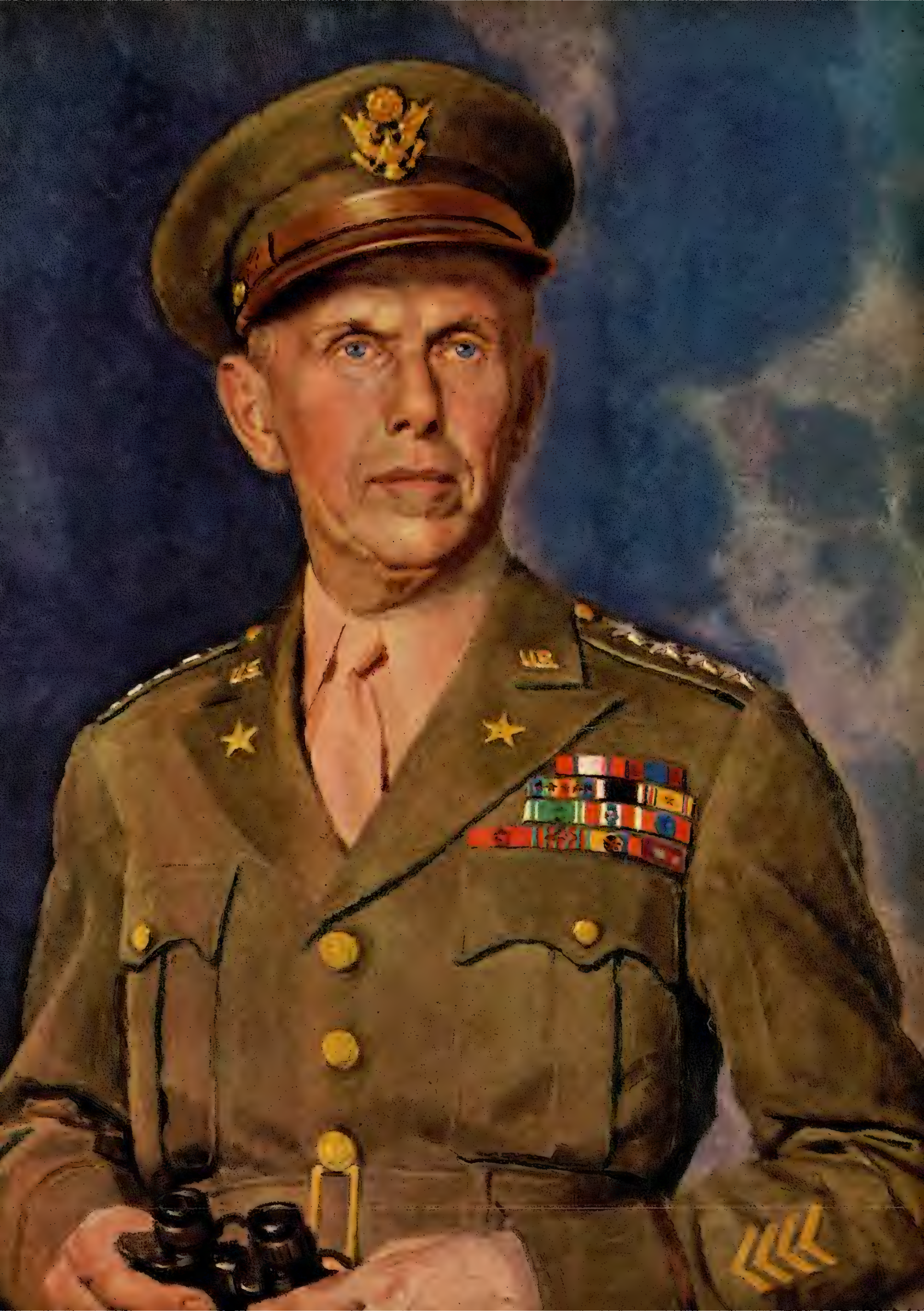
General Marshall was born in Uniontown, Pennsylvania, in 1880. He is not a West Point man. He went to Virginia Military Institute, from which he was graduated in 1900.

In the course of his career Marshall has changed his address more than twenty times. After the World War he served as General Pershing's aide until 1924. Then came posts in various parts of the country and in China, an appointment as Chief of the War Plans Division of the general staff, a military mission to Brazil. On September 1, 1939, he became Chief of Staff and was raised to the rank of a full general.

Realizing that war was imminent, he set about revitalizing the army He is a strict disciplinarian and gets things done speedily.

General Marshall has received the U. S. Distinguished Service and Victory Medals and decorations from several foreign governments. When on duty, he and his wife live at Fort Myer, Virginia. Lean, rangy, six feet tall, he is an enthusiastic athlete, likes dancing, and is considered one of the best storytellers in the army.

Next Week: Lieutenant General Thomas Holcomb


U.S.
U.S.

HOW ELECTION WHEELS TURN

Continued from Page 13

one man and one woman from each state and territory, each of whom is elected at the national convention. At the head of the national committee there is a chairman elected by its members—although as a matter of practice he is usually the man selected by the Republican Presidential nominee to conduct the Presidential campaign. The national committee maintains permanent headquarters in Washington, complete with publicity, research, women's, Negro, and administrative divisions.

A National Republican Congressional Committee, composed of Republican members of Congress and having a small permanent staff, is concerned with electing Republican members of the House of Representatives. Similarly, the Senatorial Campaign Committee, composed of Republican senators, is interested in securing the election of Republican candidates to the Senate. These committees work closely with the National Committee.

THE present system is by no means perfect, but it serves our purposes quite well. During the past generation important changes have been made which have given the people better control over parties and elections and have corrected many of the abuses of the past. Our minds should always be open, however, to ways of improving the Constitutional process we are fighting to preserve.

Many people are disturbed by the fact that so small a percentage of eligible voters actually go to the polls. We should not be hasty in drawing gloomy conclusions from the turnout in the 1942 elections, which were held under abnormal wartime conditions. It is, however, true that even in the Presidential election of 1940 only about two thirds of those entitled to vote did so.

It has been proposed that we should make voting compulsory. I believe that this would be a mistake. It will not improve the American system to force people to go to the polls to cast reluctant or unintelligent ballots. We must stimulate the people's interest so that more of them will cast their ballots voluntarily and purposefully.

Much can be done to lighten the mechanical burden of the voter. We could simplify the decisions he has to make when he enters the voting booth. A short ballot would be very helpful. The long list of candidates for state and local offices confuses and discourages the average voter.

It is also possible that the election of our national officials could be held at a different time from the election of state and local officers. Issues in the national election are often so different from those in state and local elections that the national election overshadows the other elections, to the detriment of local government. On the other hand, suffrage will be more universally exercised by an election on both national and state issues at the same time.

LINES TO A FOOD COLUMNIST

Whatever "experts" may have said,
I wouldn't *like* persimmon bread;
While oysters cooked in peanut butter
Are my idea of horror, utter!

The veal with coconut and cheese,
The lime-and-black-molasses freeze,
The rice-filled cantaloupe that's broiled,
To me are but good vittles spoiled!

And as I ponder, game but pallid,
The grape-mint-nutmeg-carrot salad,
The prune-marshmallow-catsup waffle,
My ripe opinion is, they're awful!

The chocolate-sauce-with-shad-roe, beaten,
Is something Alice might have eaten
While visiting the King of Thule—
But you can't feed it to yours truly!

—Mollie Hogan.

I do not agree with the proposal to do away with our system of rigid fixed terms for elective officers and of regular elections by the calendar. It is frequently suggested that we should adopt the English system, which provides for a general election whenever the government orders it because of lack of support in the Commons or because of the development of critical issues. But it must be remembered the British parliamentary system is different from ours, and during the war there is in effect a coalition rather than a party government. Although our system is supposedly not so responsive to changes of public opinion, our elections come often enough to provide the electorate an opportunity to make any changes which may be desired, and to give the minority a regular opportunity to present its case to the voters.

Permanent registration systems and better education machinery certainly are needed. There should be a secret ballot everywhere. Unfortunately, this is not now the case. And wherever there is no secret ballot, voters do not enjoy full political freedom.

Elections are not always simple matters of selecting the people's choice. Once in a while some little unexpected incident changes the result of an election. James G. Blaine, a great Republican idol in the '70s and early '80s, was deprived of his life ambition, the Presidency, because of an unfortunate speech by a supporter late in the campaign which cost him the great State of New York by some 2,000 votes.

Charles Evans Hughes would have become President in 1916 except for a blunder by the committee arranging for his California visit, which prevented his meeting the popular Governor Hiram Johnson while both were in the same hotel.

Governor Frank O. Lowden of Illinois would have won the Republican nomination in 1920 and become President instead of Warren Harding, except for heavy expenditures in a Missouri delegate fight with which he had no personal connection. It was a case of overzealous efforts by a supporter.

•

ON the whole, however, elections go the way the people want them to go. If the electorate is indifferent to its responsibility, machine candidates are quick to entrench themselves in positions of power.

There is ever the danger, particularly following periods of crisis, that public vigilance will become relaxed. It cannot be often enough repeated that the seeds of totalitarianism thrive on public indifference to the affairs of government. A dictatorship can never grow in a country whose people assume the responsibility of government themselves.

There is only one sure way of maintaining and perfecting our government of the people, by the people, for the people, and that is to keep the people deeply interested in their government. With the government entering so intimately into the life of every one as it does today, that should be an easy task in the years immediately ahead.

THE END

(Continued from page 32)

us, destroy our chances of getting the peace agreement later. We argued furiously. It wasn't any good. I told him about the warning Gomez had given. It still wasn't any good.

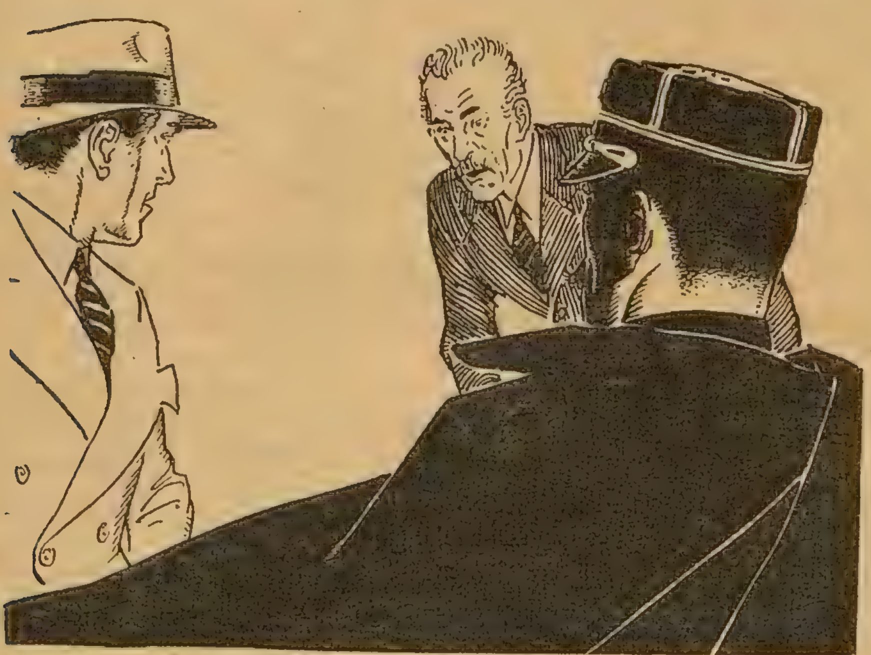
"Mac," he said, "you misunderstand me. It is not Delmain I hate and must kill. It is the idea. The Boches believe that people do not have the right to be free. This idea must go. Say I am right—"

Karen spoke from a side doorway: "Of course you're right, Jules! Mac is acting like a big ninny!

"If Delmain were found hanging in his own hotel suite with a suicide note—wouldn't that satisfy Gomez?" she inquired.

"Ah!" Jules snapped his fingers. "You are inspired!"

"You see it, Jules? You force Delmain to write the note, admitting that he is a traitor to France and can no longer live with his conscience. Then we fill him so full of dope that he does not know what is happening. We force him to drink some wine. It will look as though he has been out on a drunken party with me. I will pretend to be drunk—"



"What's the rest of it?" I said.

"Very simple, Mac darling. Delmain has a first-floor suite at the Columbus Club. It is an extremely correct place. You and Jules and I are bringing the famous diplomat home. All the employees will rush to help us conceal monsieur behind the doors of his own suite. There is only the secretary to consider. Justo and Jon can take care of him. Once we get the door locked, we hang Delmain and leave the note."

"Eh, that one! Genius!" Jules rubbed his hands together. "I shall go at once to arrange matters with Delmain."

He rushed out of the room and I grabbed Karen by the wrists.

"It's no good," I said. "You'd be walking right into the scene of a murder. Gomez already has enough on you to put you in jail. A faked suicide won't square it—"

"Oh, yes, it will. If we can do it cleverly enough, Gomez is fixed. Dick just phoned me."

"I still say it's too risky—"

"We've got to get a copy of that agreement, haven't we—to make a story that you can print? The big thing is to reveal all this, is it not?"

"That's enough of this," I said. "You and I are now going to leave here and think for a while only of ourselves—and some lunch."

Karen and I sneaked away from General Guitterro's castle without seeing Reba again. As we drove back to Lisbon we knew that Jules and Spig and Dutch were torturing Delmain for a confession. But I could not stomach the idea of Karen's joining the plot. It was bad enough to know she had conceived the idea.

"Mac," she said, "Dick asked me to marry him. I told him I could never marry any one."

"What did he say?"

"He said that if we got a copy of the agreement, he would send you to London to write the story. He said I must go along—and wait for him."

"Did you tell him about us?"

"No. He was already provoked with Jules. I had to calm him down so he would pay Gomez some more money."

"Politics and Polish girls!"

"You cannot bear to think of a wife who has ideas for killing people," Karen sighed. "If you would think of me as a mistress—"

"Shut up," I said.

We stopped at my hotel. Karen waited while I went in. There was a message from Phinnerty. He wanted to see me before five o'clock.

I went back to the car. I would have to talk to Dick. He and I must devise some way of definitely tying Phinnerty to the Lincoln Plan and, if possible, to the agreement now under discussion by General Guitterro and associates.

"I'm *hungry*, Mac—"

"We'll go to Tagus Garden," I said. "We'll have a real spree."

TAGUS GARDEN was very expensive and frequented by war profiteers. I was determined to get as far from reality as we could. I wanted to sit at a table and listen to Strauss waltzes and idle chatter and make believe that life was gallant and gay.

"I'm excited, Mac." Karen patted my hand. "I can hardly bear to wait. It will be the first time I have really gone on an adventure with you."

"Hanging a man is quite a lark."

"He's not a man."

"You aren't going, Karen," I said.

"Oh, yes, I am. Did we come here to quarrel?"

"Order your luncheon."

There was music, but it did nothing for us. There was a view, but it did nothing either. I did not want to waste a glance when I had Karen's face to watch.

"I cannot understand why you think you want to marry me," she said. "You're an immoral, irreligious man. Why can't you behave like one?"

"Because you're the one, honey."

McGibbs never has good luck. Captain Dick Richardson of His Majesty's Intelligence Service advanced on us like fate. He was shirty.

"Really, Mac," he said. "Does a chap always have to hunt all over Lisbon for you? You might have made an effort to keep sober. There's a bit of a do on, you know."

"This is champagne. I use it as an eyewash," I said.

"General Hardesty is over from London on this thing, Mac."

Dick sounded excited. General Hardesty was his boss, and his arrival from London meant we had moved into the big league. "The conference is breaking up today. They're going to sign a pact. We must have a copy of it."

"I'm not drunk. Skip a few beats into the less obvious."

"I had to tell General Hardesty about Jules and Gomez. He feels Gomez will double-cross us at the last minute and warn Guitterro. But I've persuaded him to give us until tomorrow to carry through on our own plan."

I told Dick what had happened in Phinnerty's office. He seemed hesitant about smearing the Lincoln Plan.

"In the long view, it's a great idea, Mac," he said.

"In the short view, it's plain poison," I said.

"It isn't a thing we're big enough to decide, Mac."

"Exposing Phinnerty? I'm big enough to decide that," I said. "If we crack this thing, Phinnerty goes into any story I write."

"Phinnerty is one of the worst of them!" Karen said, taking sides with me. "If we can show people how he used an idealistic plan to bamboozle them, they'll be disillusioned now—not later."

"This is a valuable little Pole," I said. "I take back all my nasty remarks about Polish women."

"Darling! I do love you!" Karen exclaimed.

"What is this between you two?" Dick eyed us in amazement. "The beginning of a beautiful friendship?"

"We're in love, Dick," Karen said.

The blow hurt cruelly. Dick got to his feet, not looking at us. Then he did an about-face. "I congratulate you, Mac. I wanted her myself, you know—"

"But I'm not going to marry him!" Karen said.

"You see, I'm really trying to do right by the gal," I said.

"He has turned moral, Dick!"

Emotionally older than either of us, Dick studied us.

"Would you join her Church, Mac?"

"If she'd marry me—I might even do that."

"I do not like this talk," Karen said.

"Her conscience hurts, Mac."

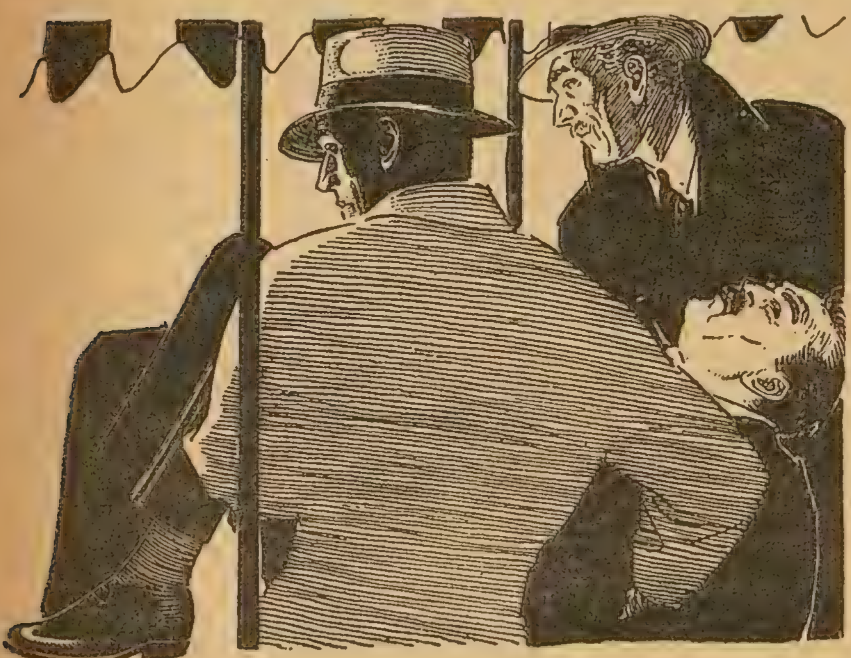
"It should," I said. "The idea of a good little Catholic turning down an honorable offer of marriage."

"Let's get back to Phinnerty," Karen said.

Dick thought for a while as we ate. "How could we get the goods on Phinnerty?" he asked finally.

"There's only one guy who can do that," I said. "Inspector Gomez."

Karen reddened. I began to suspect that she had not told Dick the whole truth about our plans for Delmain.



"I can't pay Gomez another shilling," Dick said. "I gave him a thousand pounds—merely to allow Jules and his people until 8 P. M. Then they must produce Delmain."

"We won't need to bribe Gomez this time," I said; "we'll outsmart him. In American it's called the squeeze play. But you'll have to help, Dick. All you have to do is back me up in everything I say to Phinnerty."

I left and went to a telephone booth. I called Phinnerty, telling him I would be at my hotel in half an hour.

Dick and I had a little trouble persuading Karen to go back to General Guitterro's. I think she was afraid that we would quarrel. She was thinking, too, of our rendezvous with Jules and Delmain at the Columbus Club.

Phinnerty did not keep us waiting long in my hotel room. Halting on the threshold, he did a corny double take as he saw Dick.

"Come right in, Mr. Albright," I said. "Captain Richardson's nobody for an honest American business man to be afraid of. He is with British Intelligence here in Lisbon. Doesn't that sound romantic?"

I don't know how Phinnerty managed to chuckle, but he did.

"You newspaper guys kill me," he said. "Always some screwball gag."

"Captain Richardson knows all!" I said.

Phinnerty lost his chuckle and his thick smile. He swung around on me. "I thought you played it smart, McGibbs. This is nickelodeon stuff—"

"Sit down, you fat buzzard," I said.

"You might have to take that back."

"Not right now," I said. "Go lock the door, Dick."

That was enough for Phinnerty. He sat down, wheezing a little from anger.

"I had you doped out brighter than this," he said. He turned to Dick. "Look, Richardson. I don't know why McGibbs dragged you in on this. My name is Albright and I came over here to talk about a plain business proposition."

"Such as a peace conference," I said.

"Mac and I work together, Mr. . . . er . . . Albright," Dick said.

The guy came up with some more of his chuckles.

"We're working the same side of the street, boys!" he said. "I been double-crossed. Guitterro is trying to freeze me out. If I could get hold of that agreement they've signed, I'd blow the whole works higher'n a kite!"

"My Lord—a patriot, Dick."

"We misunderstood, Mr. . . . er . . . Albright."

We had Phinnerty sweating in earnest now.

"You boys got a copy?" he blurted.

"No," I said.

"Look, Stephen." He spread out his fat paws like an old bear pleading for table scraps. "I could get us a copy if you'd give me a little co-operation. There's a Gestapo outfit in town. They been trying to find out what Von Luebrecht is up to. Some one was to tip 'em off, they'd get the thing for us."

"An idea, Mr. Phinnerty! You go right on over to the Hotel Republica!" I said.

"You don't expect me to put myself on a spot like that!"

"He wants me to tell the Gestapo," I said to Dick.

"You could get away with it, Stephen," Phinnerty persisted. "They don't know you. All you got to do is tell 'em you're after a story."

I REALIZED he was not so very bright after all. He was a salesman, a go-between, an international errand boy. Some Fascist group in the United States had done the planning. Now Phinnerty was forced to improvise. And the only idea he could think of was to betray Von Luebrecht to the Gestapo. He suspected Von Luebrecht of betraying him; he would rat on Von Luebrecht.

"If you really want this agreement exposed, Mr. Phinnerty," I said, "Inspector Gomez is the only man who can get a copy of it."

"That's true," Dick said. "Gomez is close to General Guitterro."

"Would Gomez take dough?"

"No. He's already taken dough—from us," I said.

Phinnerty blinked. A chuckle broke through his fat lips. We had him. He was grabbing for it.

"You kill me, my boy—you really do! All this horsing around. You got a mean Irish streak in you. Like to see a guy sweat, hey?"

"I'd like to see you bleed to death," I said.

"Mac's nerves are rather on edge today," Dick said.

"Nerves nothing," I said. "It just gripes hell out of me that we have to throw in with him. He'll squeeze that agreement out of Gomez, then double-cross us."

"I'm not that big a heel."

Dick took over, playing his part admirably.

"I've paid a total of six thousand pounds to Gomez, Mr. . . . er . . . Albright," he said. "Mac's bad temper means nothing. When you threaten Gomez with exposure, I would be the one who would have to go to Guitterro with you in the event that Gomez balks."

"Gomez won't balk," Phinnerty said. "He'll know I could go to Guitterro and bring you in as a witness. You hold the ace. If Mac don't behave, we'll just freeze *him* out!"

"Try it," I said.

"Just kidding, Stephen!" he guffawed. "I'll put the slug on that guinea copper and have this thing washed up before night. Well, all's well that ends well—hey?"

The door buzzer sounded off insistently. I motioned for Dick and Phinnerty to keep out of sight. It was Reba.

"May I come in?" she said. "I've got to talk to you—"

"Why, of course, darling," I said loudly. "Dick and Mr. Albright are just leaving—"

Phinnerty and Dick picked up the cue. Dick said nothing as he passed us in the vestibule. But Phinnerty, with a quick glance at Reba, chuckled and said: "I hope you'll soon be feeling better, Stephen!"

Reba walked into the bedroom, moving slowly as in a daze. I started mixing two long drinks of whisky-and-soda.

"I have just been talking to a *bruxa* [fortune teller]," Reba said. "She saw death—Jules' death, the *bruxa* said. She is never wrong."

"Snap out of it. Jules will have to forbid you to go to any more fortune tellers."

"Mac—I beg of you—be serious with me. We have failed. The agreement is signed and they are leaving after dinner tonight."

"No chance to steal a copy?"

"They are all in our general's safe. Senhor Joao is watching. He has begun to suspect us." She sighed. "Why should Jules have set his heart on this thing, Mac? It is not money, it is not a jewel, it is not a woman. I try—but I cannot understand. You deceive yourself. Jules deceives himself. All this talk about small people becoming powerful—it is a lie. A handful of big famous men are powerful. It has always been so."

I tried to jolly her out of this calm, hopeless fatalism.

"Are you the gal with the flashing eyes who boasted to Jules that we termites would destroy the old gray goose Guitterro?" I said.

"It was to encourage Jules. Is it necessary for Jules to consider himself a failure in this world if he cannot outwit our general and the other generals?"

"Well, he'd naturally feel ashamed—"

"No. It would break his heart. You do not know that man. He *believes* in the small people. You would think that Jules himself personally had made these small people. They must win a victory."

"You've got Jules wrong, Reba," I said. "He is not so much for the small people as he is against Von Luebrecht and Phinnerty and all this gang who are cooking up another war. Once he has smashed the enemy he'll be satisfied."

"But if he doesn't—and he won't—"

The telephone rang. I knew who was calling.

"Mac? We got it! Just now," Karen said. "He signed the note."

"I understand."

"We'll be in a black Hispano car at the north entrance to the Estoril Drive. Eight o'clock. You won't be able to find me until then—so don't make a fuss. Good-by, dear."

I tried to bluff it out with Reba, saying: "Never fall in love with a Pole. They are strictly one-hundred-percent screwball."

It was no use.

"So he's going to take Delmain to the Columbus Club." Her voice broke. "It is senseless, isn't it?"

"To me—yes. To Jules it is as important as stealing the agreement."

"I am married to a wicked savage little Frenchman. He will die if he goes to the Columbus Club. But he will also die if we do not defeat our general."

"Damn that *bruxa!*" I said. "I will wring her neck for upsetting you—"

"And if we do defeat our general, he will die. There are three ways of death." Reba stepped close to me and put a hand on my shoulder and looked searchingly at my face. "Promise me—if anything should happen to Jules—tell him we have won. Tell him that. Will you remember?"

"Nothing's going to happen to Jules. But between a Portuguese and a Pole I'm going nuts. Come on . . . we get out of here—"

WE went down to the lobby. Signor Lucci filled his hungry Italian eyes with Reba.

"It is better to be walking," Reba said, as we stepped into the busy street. "Shall we go that way?"

"You name it, darling," I said.

"No, wait—there's my Cousin Joanna!"

She darted toward the curb. The bustling sidewalk crowd flowed between us. I saw a cheap little sedan clatter to a stop. A door opened and Reba climbed in. Only then did I realize that I was being suckered.

I fought my way across the current of pedestrians, but it was too late. Reba had disappeared.

Even so, I had no immediate thought of danger. That small rickety automobile fooled me. It was not until much later that I began to wonder. But by this time I was too busy to take any action. I had to meet Jules and Karen. We were going to the Columbus Club to hang Antoine Delmain. But before it was time to start, Inspector Gomez nailed me as I was grabbing a bite to eat in Signor Lucci's dining room.

"You have betrayed me to Senhor Phinnerty," he said. "He threatens to go to the general."

"My advice."

"He says Captain Richardson will back him up."

"Perhaps."

"Ah, I commence to understand. You want me to betray Phinnerty to you." He sighed. "I have a complete dossier on him."

"So we thought."

"I am a distinguished mouse—caught between the British lion and the American eagle."

"No, you are an intelligent man. If you deliver the dossier, we will tell the general that Phinnerty is a liar."

"I make but one condition. Delmain must be returned without compromising me."

"Jules will call you—a bit after eight."

"Then you shall have the dossier. You will find it absorbing." Gomez gave me a long look. "Something must happen to Senhor Phinnerty. I do not react favorably to the idea that he should continue to make this world miserable. I am anxious to end the matter simply."

"How's about swiping a copy of that agreement for us?" I said.

Inspector Gomez got to his feet sadly.

"It is impossible, senhor. Our general has been too cautious. Even me, myself—he does not trust."

A bow, a dramatic swirl of a blue cape, and Inspector Gomez bounced out the nearest door.

I felt a little better as I started for my rendezvous. I had become fond of Inspector Gomez. He responded to our squeeze play strictly according to his own self-interest. Knowing that he could not trust Phinnerty, he had moved in a direct line to save himself.

A BLACK Hispano limousine drove up as I reached the entrance of the Estoril Drive. Jules, Karen, and Delmain were in the tonneau. Agostinho, the butler, was playing chauffeur and Manuel rode in front with him. I saw a submachine gun on the floor as I climbed in.

The car started. I glanced at Karen. Her eyes glowed a yellowish green from excitement.

"It's all fixed, Mac. We lured the secretary away to Senhora Cammios' place. Jon and Justo are waiting for us in the bungalow."

"Jules," I said, "Karen stays outside in the car, or this thing is off."

"Name of a name, why must you raise this question at the last moment?" Jules protested.

Delmain chose this moment to come to life in his corner of the tonneau. He started singing. Whatever Jules had given him, he was plenty high. He sprawled on the seat with his felt hat tipped half off his forehead.

"She stays in the car," I insisted, "or I'm taking her out right now. Which way do you want it?"

"I am fond of this man," Jules sighed. "I beseech you to change your mind, Mlle. Laurencos."

Karen saw that Jules and I meant what we said.

"I'll stay in the car," she gasped. "But I will hate you all my life for this!"

"He loves you, girl," Jules said gruffly.

We had perfect timing. Just as Delmain got going in full voice, the car rolled to a stop beneath the porte-cochere of the Columbus Club. A startled chasseur took one look into the tonneau and scampered inside. He returned with a doorman and the manager, just as Jules and I were trying to pull Delmain out of the car. I went into *my* act, saying: "M. Delmain is not himself. We must get him to bed." It was absurdly easy. The manager looked upon Jules and me as good Samaritans who were getting M. Delmain and the Columbus Club out of a bad jam.

"Could you perhaps stay with him a few minutes?" he said. "I will try to locate M. Brissiac and a doctor—"

"Oh, I'm a physician," I said. "Dr. McCurdy. I'm an old friend of Antoine W. My man and I will put him to bed."

Delmain passed out on the doorstep. Jules and I carried him into the cabana's one bedroom. The manager hung about only long enough to mention Karen.

"The girl—she must not make a scene."

"My chauffeur is driving her home," I said. "Just go back to your office. As soon as we get M. Delmain settled, everything will be all right."

Jules sent me to lock the front door of the cabana. When I returned to the bedroom, Spig and Dutch had appeared as if from nowhere.

"Are we going to spend the night on this?" I said harshly. "Let's hang him and be done with it."

But Jules kept his flair for the theatrical.

"I do not hang this man in any personal or frivolous spite," he said. He drew a folded piece of notepaper from an inner pocket. It was Delmain's note denouncing himself and all French traitors. He called upon all free men to pardon him for his crimes against them and said he could no longer bear his infamy and disgrace.

Jules placed the note on the bedside table. This fake suicide was of enormous importance to him. It must be done with complete artistry. It meant more to him than exposing a plot against the United Nations.

THE front doorbell chimed. This Columbus Club was a very snazzy place. They did it to you with chimes. A Negro bellboy was at the door. The manager wanted to see me. When I reached his office he had a telephone receiver in his hand.

"It is the police—an Inspector Gomez!" he whispered. "They will not believe M. Delmain has returned safely. Talk to this man, for heaven's sake. We cannot have a scandal."

"Gomez?" I said. "Oh, I've met him." I took the telephone. "Inspector Gomez? This is Dr. McCurdy speaking. I met you at Signor Lucci's restaurant recently. We discussed that Phinnerty case."

Inspector Gomez caught on.

"Oh . . . ah, yes—how do you do, Dr. McCurdy! Is it true that Senhor Delmain is safe with you?"

"Yes, safe and sound, inspector. Knowing your anxiety, I would have called you in a few minutes."

"This is providential!"

"Isn't it? Senhor Delmain should not run such risks—"

"I do not mean him, Dr. McCurdy. The Phinnerty case has gone badly. He rushed away making threats against you."

"I see. I'll look into it as soon as I reach the hospital, inspector."

"Be sure that you proceed cautiously."

"I understand. Thank you, inspector. Don't worry about Senhor Delmain. You can consider the case closed."

I hurried back to Delmain's cabana. The door was locked. Spig opened it for me. He and Jules and Dutch had made themselves comfortable in the living room. The bedroom door was shut. Jules had found a bottle of brandy and was holding a huge crystal snifter in his hand.

"It is accomplished. There is a new resident in hell," he said. "I am not a vindictive man. I drink with him and with Judas."

"We should get out of here, Jules," I said.

But Jules was too happy. He felt that he himself personally had redeemed the honor of France. This was a big thought for a little Frenchman.

"Drink some of this brandy," he said. "And join our discussion. We are having a most interesting conversation."

"I say we had better be thinking how we are going to get out of this place—and how we can steal a copy of that agreement. I want the story we started on."

"You and my conscience!" Jules said. "You do not permit a moment of relaxation."

"Have you actually done anything about the agreement? How the hell do we get it?"

"From our general." Jules sighed. I'm afraid the McGibbs poker face was not up to standard. Jules read my thoughts. "I know the thing has dimension and a certain risk beyond anything we have undertaken," he said. "Our general will not like to be kidnaped by his own servants. Gomez—that one—will bite his fingernails and make faces. But the old gray goose must be plucked. We shall pluck him. I ask only one thing of you, Mac—"

"Karen stays out of this one, too," I said.

"Karen? No, no—it is Reba. I do not care to shock her with these violent matters. It would be particularly unfortunate if she were to learn what we have in mind."

But I didn't get to hear the plan. The doorbell was chiming. At a nod from Jules, the two boys opened the bedroom door and slipped in, locking it behind them.

The manager waited on the front porch of the cabana.

"Your chauffeur did not take the girl home," he said.

"I'll take care of her," I told him. "We were just about to leave, anyway."

He waited under the porte cochere to make certain "that girl" went with us.

"I congratulate you, Mlle. Laurencos," said Jules as the car rolled slowly away. "Nothing could have gone off better. You are a very valuable young woman."

"But to Mr. McGibbs I am still a crazy little Pole!"

"If I say you are valuable, will you love me?" I said.

"No. Because you do not really think so."

"Yes, I do, honey. I just don't like you to be mixed up in killing people. In all other ways you are extremely valuable."

Karen started to say something, but the car stopped just then and we picked up Dutch and Spig. They slid into the tonneau. As the Hispano started rolling again, Karen blurted: "Tell Jules and Mac what we are going to do as soon as this case is finished. Tell them, Justo!"

"It is our thought to go into Germany," Spig said.

"Back on that Hitler thing again," I said. I turned to Jules as an ally. "If you're a friend of mine, Jules," I said, "stand up and be counted. I don't want this little Pole shot by a Nazi firing squad. Tell them it's all off."

Agostinho slid back the glass partition. "A Gestapo car is following us, Jules," he said.

"Speed up and duck down the first side road, Jules," I urged. "We can't have trouble with them now. We've got something important to do in the morning."

But the Hispano was not fast enough. We hit seventy-five miles an hour, yet the Mercedes began to creep up on us.

"I'm sorry, Mac"—Jules turned to me—"but you see how it is? We must fight."

"Good! Oh, good, Jules!" Karen said.

It seemed to me that we were in a bad tactical position. If we waited for the Mercedes to draw near enough to identify its occupants, we would be set-ups for a blast from a machine gun or pistols. If we cut loose at the Mercedes with our own tommy gun, there was just a chance that we would be firing on a carload of drunks who wanted only a race.

Then I remembered that Karen was sitting beside me; that I loved her; that I did not want her head shot off. So I grabbed her and pulled her partly in front of me.

The Hispano lurched to left, tires screeching, and hit a level sand shoulder. It swayed dangerously, then plowed into deeper sand and brought up at the bottom of a sand dune. We all piled out. Spig, Dutch, Agostinho, and Manuel ran up the sand dune. I dragged Karen out. She was carrying the tommy gun. I took it from her.

JULES stood beside our car, his eyes on the Mercedes. It had come to a stop about a hundred yards down the road.

"Here . . . the gun . . . take it," I said.

"No, no—for you. Get up the hill," Jules said.

There was no sign of life in the Mercedes.

"Aw, it's just some drunks," I said.

"Take her up the hill. Quick! Don't be a fool! Go!" Jules growled at me.

I shoved the tommy gun at Jules. "What could I do with this thing? I don't even know how to pump a bullet into it."

"Why, Mac," Karen gasped, "really? Here, I'll show you."

She took the gun and expertly yanked at it.

Jules spoke: "They are sneaking out of that car by the front door on the off side. They are not sure about us—or perhaps they do not want us all."

"I see them now." Karen flattened herself against the side of the Hispano. "They are crossing the road to our side. Let's give them a burst—"

"Name of a name, no!" Jules said. "That thing will wake up every one in Lisbon. Mac, I command you to take this girl up the hill and wait in the bushes."

"All right," said Karen. "But we are silly to let them cross the road."

I followed her as she turned and ran toward a clump of brush about fifty paces up the sand dune. She flung herself down on her stomach with the tommy gun covering the Hispano. Down the road by the Mercedes I saw a couple of men cross to our side. One of them started around the opposite side of the sand dune and was soon invisible. The other moved toward Jules. Fighting broke out all over the sand dune. The man who was approaching the Hispano heard. He halted and turned about—

Jules jumped the guy from behind. It was that old neck-twisting technique. The guy went down and Jules bent over him. Karen fired a burst at two men who appeared from across the road. One of them fell, but the other rushed at Jules. I floundered down the sand dune to help him. He wrestled with the second guy and they fell. Jules was on top. As I reached the edge of the road, Jules got a grip on the guy's neck. There were three muffled explosions from underneath Jules. Then he rolled off the guy—over on his back.

"Sand, Mac . . . sand . . ." Jules gasped. "I am bleeding—"

I smothered the fire in Jules' clothes with sand. The man who had shot Jules was just sitting up and fighting for air. Then a gun went off close to the left side of my face and he fell sprawling.

"Hell, Karen," I said, "don't shoot that thing so close."

Spig and Dutch appeared, and I picked up Jules and lifted him into the car. Then I heard a voice. I turned. Agostinho and Manuel were pulling a man out of the Mercedes. They had Lugers in their hands.

"I give you my word, men," the man was saying, "they captured me and forced me to come with them. Take me to Mr. McGibbs . . . he's a friend of mine—"

Phinnerty!

I TOLD Karen to get in with Jules and make him comfortable. I took the tommy gun from her.

"Ah, Stephen, my boy! Thank God! I know you will believe I had nothing to do with this—" Phinnerty blubbered.

I jabbed him in the belly with the muzzle of the tommy gun. He backed across the road to the edge of a ditch. A tommy gun has quite a recoil, I discovered. You fire more shots than you intend.

I climbed in with Karen and Jules. She held his head in her lap and was mopping his face.

"One of you boys drive to the nearest hospital—fast," I ordered.

"Agostinho will drive." Jules lifted his head. "Manuel . . . Jon . . . Justo. We cannot leave corpses scattered frivolously about. Take them all up the hill and bury them in the sand. Do not leave until it is neat. It is a courtesy to Inspector Gomez—and a matter of principle."

He turned to me as the car shot ahead. "If I am unable to keep my appointment with our general in the morning . . . you will do it, Mac? Justo and Jon will tell you the plan. Say nothing to Reba of this—unless it is very bad. Understand?"

"All right," I said.

Karen and I really ran into something at the hospital in Lisbon. I told the sister in charge we had found Jules lying beside a road, but we would wait to see if the poor man was seriously hurt. This was a mistake. The mother superior suggested rather pointedly that we had better wait until the police arrived.

"I'm so afraid, Mac," Karen said. "Let me telephone for Reba."

"No," I said, "not yet."

"Reba would never forgive us if anything should happen," she insisted. "And it might . . . any moment . . ."

I finally agreed to telephoning Dick. He was out. We sat in the gloomy hospital parlor, and had a quarrel when Karen wanted to send for a priest. She began to shiver and sob. I tried to take her in my arms and comfort her, but she struggled free.

"Don't touch me. I'm through with you," she said. "I belong up in that operating room with Jules. I belong with Jon and Justo. I don't belong with you."

I do not think I had ever really been scared before. Only loving and losing can do that to the heart. McGibbs, I thought, this is it. She is going to quit you. A skinny little redheaded Polish girl, a screwball kid who wears saudadoso perfume, a cat-eyed gal who thinks up schemes to hang French traitors. There is nothing you can do about this, old kid. You love her and you are going to lose her. You can't kid your way out of this one. . . .

"Well, let's get it over with," I said. "You run along. Have Agostinho drive you home. I'll stay here."

She squared her shoulders and walked quickly out of the parlor. I did not look after her.

Damn them, I said to myself, they can cut your throat. They can stab you in the heart. They can make you a coward and a crybaby and weak from a hunger and a thirst. The hell with them, I said.

"Ah, Senhor McGibbs!"

I looked up. Inspector Gomez and Dick Richardson stood in the doorway.

"I feared this. I had a presentiment of this!" Gomez said. "Is Senhor Charmont badly hurt?"

"I don't know. They won't tell me."

"You go talk to the doctors, will you, inspector?" Dick asked. "I'll wait here with Mac."

"Oh, yes—but immediately!" He clicked away.

"Sorry about Jules. Hope it's not too bad," Dick said.

"Karen wanted me to call Reba. Should I?"

"We'll see. Er . . . ah . . . Gomez has just come from the Columbus Club. They found Delmain. It didn't fool Gomez. But it looked good enough to confuse the Club people."

"How about that dossier on Phinnerty?"

"Right here," Dick tapped his coat pocket. "It ties him in with the Argentine Fascists and Federated News. What really went on down the road, Mac?"

I told him. He was instantly alarmed for Karen and interrupted several times to ask questions about her. I decided, after stalling a while, to confess that she had walked out on me.

"I want her to quit this," I said. "Instead, she's going back to Germany with Dutch and Spig. My bloody heart is on my sleeve."

"Amazing, your caring so much," he said. "You look like a ghost. I mean to say—a chap who's knocked around—you know?"

"Damn it," I said, "if I want to bust out and bawl, I'll bust out and bawl. I reserve the right to make an idiot of myself."

A rap on the door stopped me. Gomez stalked in.

"Prepare yourself for disheartening news, Senhor McGibbs. There are many perforations. The good, the beautiful Senhora Charmont must be informed of this."

"I'll tell her," I said.

Inspector Gomez eyed me reproachfully. "Would it not have been possible for you to restrain him, Senhor McGibbs? I refer particularly to the suicide case."

"No," I said. "There are things a man has to do—if he dies for it."

"I gave Delmain's suicide note to the press," he said.

Now I knew that I was indeed very fond of Inspector Gomez. I got up and held out my hand.

"That was damn decent of you," I said.

He agreed with me. "The censors will suppress it here, but Captain Richardson assures me that the English and American newspapers will print it verbatim."

"What have you told these people?" I asked.

"That Senhor Charmont is an innocent little chef who was mistaken for another man. I sincerely hope that Senhor Charmont survives. Good night, gentlemen."

We watched him go stalking down the hall, his cape tossed poetically over one shoulder.

"Dreadful fellow," Dick said.

"I like him," I said. "He's an honorable crooked copper. Let's go over to my hotel. I'd like a drink before I talk to Reba."

When we reached my room I poured stiff drinks.

"I have killed two men," I said.

"I'm still several up on you," Dick said.

"What were you trying to prove?"

"I don't know . . . that I loved England, perhaps. Or maybe it was the idea I didn't like, you know—that all the world should be a German slave province."

"You and Jules agree," I said. "Jules wants only to kill that idea. Whatever happens, believe this of him."

That was as far as I got. Spig and Dutch came scratching at my fire-escape window.

"How is Jules?" Spig said.

When I told him, Spig's face had a grotesque smile, like that of a stiff who has died laughing.

"What about the general, Mac?" he said. "Are we not to carry out Jules' plan?"

I called the hospital. I said I was Senhor Charmont's brother. There was quite a delay. Finally a voice said, "I am sorry, senhor, but it is critical. Nothing will be known until Dr. Mendez returns."

"When does he return?"

"Around midnight, we expect."

"I will be there by that time," I said.

"Tell us, Mac," Spig and Dutch were saying.

"He's still alive."

"Say that prayer again, Jon."

"No, Justo, you say it. Your turn."

Spig got up wearily, pulled off his cap, walked to a corner, and said the prayer in Spanish.

"Let's go get the general," I said.

"Oh, no, Mac. Not until morning," Spig said. "The plan is for George to drive off with him as he starts for the War Office in the morning. We are to jump the fat gray goose when George fakes a motor breakdown at the foot of the hill."

"Why don't we get him right now? At the castle?" I said. "Jules turned it over to me. I don't want any more melodrama. We'll just slip into the general's bedroom and do it."

DUTCH and Spig exchanged glances. They knew each other so well they could talk with their eyes.

"Tonight, by all means," Dick said, rising. "I'll arrange passage to England. I think I can start you off by tomorrow noon."

"But no politics," I said. "If we get this story, I'm going to write it. Phinnerty, Guitterro, Dr. Lincoln's plan—the whole works. I'm not going to have any censorship in London. Is that understood?"

"General Hardesty has agreed to that," Dick nodded. "He is going to clear the way for you at the Ministry of Information."

Spig and Dutch moved in. "*All* the people will be told, Mac?"

"You'll warn them against the Fascists? It will save the peace?"

I saw Dutch's face twitch.

"We've fought. We've killed. We've buried people. I saw them gather up my mother . . . with a shovel and a gunny sack. Take the bombers away from them, Mac. Do not let them have those things, or tanks, or gas. We can fight against the other things—even machine guns."

"You will mention it, Mac?"

"Please, Mac, we are your friends."

"Senhorita Laurencos—do not be angry with us about her."

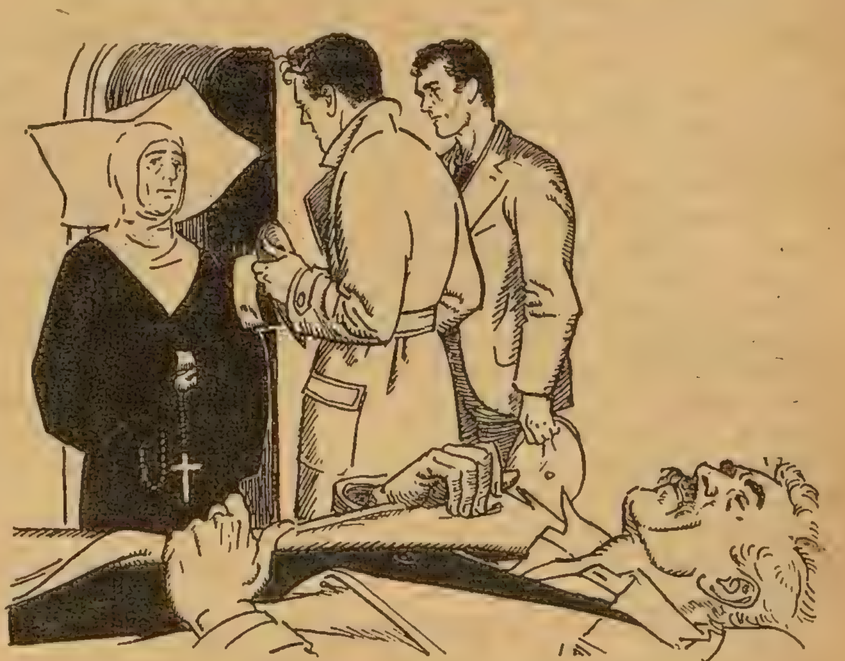
"Tell him, Justo!"

"It was not our plan to go into Germany. She knew you wouldn't like it."

"She laid it onto us, you understand?"

"Even if you do not like us—it is for Jules!" Spig said. "That one. He has fought hard twice. For his sake, please do this!"

"You see, Dick?" I said. "I am an important man. One word from me to Downing Street, Washington, and the Kremlin—presto—it is done. They'll all act sensibly, even the United States Senate—"



"Hardly the moment for humor, Mac," Dick said.

It got me sore—the sight of them, three boys, the walking wounded, the blasted and blighted ones. I thought of boys in their graves and boys yet to die. I thought of cities tumbled into rubbish and the bodies of women being collected in gunny sacks and little children cowering under kitchen tables. How could I describe this to my own countrymen who had shouted so loudly: "We are not our brothers' keeper!"? That wicked cry would rise again as soon as this war was finished.

"Justo . . . Jon," I said, "I am not laughing. Believe me. I will write my heart out on this story—if we get it. I'll try to make my people understand."

"A man can only do his best, Mac," Spig said.

"All right," I said, "we'll go to the castle. I'll tell Reba. Then we'll get the general—"

There is never any luck for McGibbs. As we all started for the door, it flew open and Karen walked in.

"So here you are!" she said. "Guitterro is gone—and Reba has gone with him. I congratulate you, Mr. McGibbs. You let her do what *I* should have done! I'm not married. My husband isn't dying. How could you have sent Reba? How could you have been so brutal, so heartless—"

"Do you know where they went?" I grabbed her by the shoulders.

"What an odd question—from you. Are you trying to be funny?"

Pushing her aside, I turned to Dick.

"I'm going to the hospital," I said. "Try to get the little fool calmed down. I've got to keep Jules from knowing."

"We'll find them, Mac!" Spig said.

I hurried back to the hospital. By asking questions of sisters who didn't know about my earlier visit, I found Jules' room.

Father Remosa was there. I had known him from almost the beginning of my Lisbon stay. He was a Franciscan, a good Franciscan. He nodded toward the bed and motioned for us to talk outside.

"There is a little hope—unless he should hemorrhage," he said. "Where is Senhora Charmont?"

"Visiting friends in the country," I told him, "we have sent for her."

Jules called to me then. His voice was reassuringly strong and natural.

"Well, it is not too bad," he said, when I walked over to the bed. "Do not permit Father Remosa to send for—for my angel. What time is it?"

"About two in the morning, Jules."

"That appointment, you will keep it, eh?"

"Yes. Justo and Jon have told me."

"We shall be a success. We will win, Mac." He beckoned me close. "Father Remosa wants me to return to the Church. I am fond of him. I do not wish to hurt his feelings. If he sends for Reba, she will get around me. I have killed men and I am not sorry. He is really a good fellow, but I cannot lie to him. I have never considered it a sin to kill a Boche. What is a Boche but a wicked idea, eh?"

"You're right, Jules," I said. "Better not talk any more. Sleep a while."

"But we must win from our general—"

"We will. I guarantee it."

Jules went back to sleep. The nurse looked at me crossly. I knew I had better not wait around in the room. Jules would be expecting me to make preparations to kidnap General Guitterro. I went down to the parlor. If Reba came, I could intercept her from there.

After about an hour a woman came in the front door. It was Karen. I heard her talking to a sister. Presently Father Remosa appeared. He and Karen went upstairs. In twenty minutes or so, Karen returned to the front hall, hesitated, then walked into the parlor. She sat down in a chair by a window. Tears were wet and shiny on her face.

"It was wrong of me to accuse you of sending Reba. I am sorry for that. But I am not sorry for—anything else."

I got up and walked over to her and kissed her on the mouth. She started to respond, then checked herself.

"I still love you," I said. "I'll always love you, Karen."

"I will not always love you. I shall make a determined effort to forget you. Time will help me."

It was all I could do to keep from saying that I would stay with Karen on her terms. Karen was wrong. She had the sentimentalist's conviction that once a few leaders were assassinated all would be well. If democratic peoples persisted in this conception of World War II as a madness instigated by a few personal devils, there would be no escaping World War III.

WELL, McGibbs, I said to myself, that is the way to keep from crawling abjectly back to Mlle. Laurencos. Think cosmic thoughts, boy, end this war and settle the peace, kid. Smoke cigarettes hard so you won't get a whiff of saudadoso perfume. Pray a little for Jules. Don't look at that gal. . . .

It was almost daylight when Father Remosa hurried in.

"Senhor McGibbs, it has taken a bad turn. He bleeds inside. You had better come. He asks me now to notify Senhora Charmont."

"You go," I said to Karen. "I'll watch out in front. Reba must come soon."

Father Remosa and Karen had just gone upstairs and I was starting for the front door when Reba came slowly along the hall, moving as in a dream. I pulled her into the parlor and shut the door.

"Is this what Jules wanted?" she asked. She held out a sheaf of parchment papers. I looked quickly at the signatures.

"Yes, this is just what Jules wanted," I said. "Where did you get it?"

Reba's full lips curled and her eyes had a stare that was intolerable to face.

"From our general," she said. "Where else? Take it up to Jules. Perhaps he would like to see it—before—Oh, Mac—Mac—"

I caught her in my arms. Her body was shuddering, but she did not cry or break.

"You come with me, Reba. He thinks I stole it—the way is all prepared—"

"You tell the lie. I will stay here. I want him to see it. Tell the lie. I could not. I would not."

I ran up the stairs to Jules' room. Karen was sitting by the bed, holding his hand. Father Remosa was behind a screen. I heard him muttering some ritual. Jules turned his head with great effort when I came in. I held the document in front of him.

"We got it! See, Jules?" I said. "We've beaten them all. Look—I'll show you the signatures."

He smiled happily.

Father Remosa appeared with the last sacrament.

Jules looked up at me. "My angel—is she here?"

"Any minute now, Jules."

"We will wait a few moments for Mme. Charmont, father," Jules said. "I cannot lie to you. I do this because, as you say, it will please God—but also because it will please her. Eh . . . I have lived with an angel . . ."

I looked at Karen.

"Reba is coming, Jules," she said. "Mac will go and see—"

Karen's eyes commanded me to bring Reba.

Starting along the corridor toward the stairs, I felt a hand touch me. "He is happy. I heard his voice."

Reba stood there listening, her eyes dry and bright. But now there was only the faint sound of Father Remosa's prayer. Reba turned away. I followed her, the sheaf of parchment clutched in my hand.

Dick had been waiting in the parlor.

"Mac! You got it!" he exclaimed. He snatched the sheets and excitedly looked them through.

"I say, Mac—this is it! Worth a king's ransom! General Hardesty will be—"

"Dick"— I said—"Reba—"

"Oh . . . oh, I'm most awfully sorry—"

But Reba stopped him with a little smile.

"Why should any of us be sorry? I knew since yesterday that my man would die. He dies now. This bit of scribbling, Jules wanted it. He smiled to have it, did he not, Mac?"

"Yes, Reba."

"I gave nothing for it. Our general had waited for me too long. He was incapable of rendering me unfaithful to Jules. If I have any regret, it is that I could not tell Jules the truth. A husband will rarely believe such a story when in good health. On his deathbed, he should be spared a family argument. But I am proud that he returned to the Church for me. It—it was a thing of love, was it not? He dies happily, loving me. I return his devotion. I do not think that anything else really matters. But you men—well, go on about your business."

Karen came running in and threw her arms about Reba and burst into tears. "Jules has gone!"

Reba didn't have to be told. "That Jules . . . he and God Almighty, well, they will have to settle it between them." She gently pushed Karen over to me. "Cry on your man's shoulder, child. I shall go up now—and stay awhile with Jules—"

She nodded politely to Dick and brushed a hand over my head, saying, "You have been a good friend to us. We will love you, Mac."

Reba walked, without haste and with a magnificent dignity, through the doorway.

But Karen didn't come to me. "I'm going with you, Dick," she said.

Dick looked over her red head at me. His eyes were grave and steady. The light in them was a comforting thing to see.

"Your ship sails at one thirty," he said. "I shall take care of everything."

"Thank you, Dick," I said.

I WRITE this footnote in my cabin. I am bound for London with a returning Mediterranean convoy to cable a newspaper story about the Lisbon Pact. A photostat of it lies on the table before me. The Lisbon Pact is a pretty thing. It is a complete blueprint for World War III. The signers bind themselves to make peace under the Lincoln Plan, calling for total disarmament and immediate formation of a United States of the World. They ask a guaranty against reparations, punishments, and armies of occupation. They pledge a return to their boundaries as of 1939. They ask equal access to raw materials for all nations, free trade, and loans of gold to establish their currencies on a sound basis. They ask that all immigration laws be abolished. They plead for the establishment of a genuine brotherhood of man.

This much of the pact is to be published "as soon as the new governments of the Axis Powers obtain control and negotiate for peace."

And there are secret clauses in the Pact of Lisbon, never to be published. I quote:

"Germany, Japan, and Italy, as represented by these signatories, pledge themselves to a final conflict of liberation and will work together to that end. They take a solemn vow to free South America and Africa from the domination of Great Britain and the United States. They will proceed according to plans discussed at this conference and to be implemented by their military, naval, and air staffs."

A pipe dream? Melodramatic nonsense? Mere egomaniac vaporings? Something to be shrugged off and laughed at—as Mein Kampf and the Tanaka Memorandum were dismissed?

Well, McGibbs, I am thinking, you will write this story and it will be printed. This yarn will be a two- or a three-day sensation. State Department and Foreign Office lads will say: "H'm . . . extremely interesting." My own people will say: "Oh, yeah? Let 'em try it!" The story for which Jules died and Reba sorrows, for which you and Spig and Dutch and Jaime and all the others risked your lives and killed men—what will it amount to, after all?

McGibbs, I am thinking, you are one unimportant newspaper reporter in a great big world at war. They wouldn't listen to Clemenceau, they wouldn't listen to Churchill, they wouldn't listen to Roosevelt until the Japs bombed Pearl Harbor. Who the hell is going to give a listen to you, chump?

Some day, perhaps sooner than the brass hats expect, this war will end. When the Heinies decide they are licked, they quit and quit fast. The Japs are great front-runners, too. Whizz-bang—it will come like that. And then, my countrymen, you had damn well better begin to decide how you are going to win the peace. Von Luebrecht, Mitsui, and their pals already have made up their minds about it.

Whoa, McGibbs. It is no use piling up too many words. The cable editors will soak you plenty for each and every one, including the commas.

Besides, Karen is kicking on the bathroom door. Dick shanghaied her for me. She thinks I have given in and that we are going to spend an idyllic and illicit interlude in England.

I am a deceiver. I am going to betray that screwball Polish gal. As soon as we reach England she is going to get herself good and married. McGibbs is a man of principle, at last.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By E. A. PILLER

THERE is probably no keener eye in America for spotting stuffed shirts than **Sinclair Lewis's,** and no sharper pen for dissecting them.

The Lewis touch is not always scalpel-light, but it is sure and usually swift. In **Gideon Planish,** the latest Lewis novel (Random House, New York, $2.50) he operates both slashingly and deftly to produce satire that will rank with much of the best he has done. It is a safe bet that Mr. Lewis had a lot of fun writing it, and equally safe to predict that a large audience will have even more fun reading it.

Gideon Planish is a sort of latter-day Elmer Gantry. Gideon's field, however, is not evangelism, but the more modern one of "organization." His job is to "direct" those Committees, Foundations, or Associations which supposedly function to achieve some change in the world.

The purposes of these groups vary. One is the Association to Promote Eskimo Culture, Inc. (backed by softhearted contributors who just can't say no to any appeal). Another is the Citizens' Conference on Constitutional Crises (contributed to by hard-headed realists), whose principal object is to convince the common man that he will be happier if only he will accept the luxury of working without labor unions for smaller wages.

These organizations are either sponsored or run by stuffed shirts, male and female, who are out to "do good"—preferably their own good at somebody else's expense. Since such are still making today's headlines and tomorrow's woes—and never failing to line their own pockets or balloon their own pride as they do—what Mr. Lewis has to say about them is not only good reading but timely and important as well.

Sinclair Lewis

Gideon is first met at a rural Midwestern college; an exuberant, eager, oratorical puppy with a desire to be somebody—preferably somebody rich and important.

He does, in time and through his own efforts, achieve a professorship in another small college. Here, after a preliminary skirmish with a widow older than himself, daughter of the town banker, Gideon begins his real march onward and upward when he meets and marries Peony Jackson, a freshman in his English class.

With Peony to spark him, Gideon cuts loose from his professorship and, with one foot always precariously on the ladder and the other just pulling out of debt, he really gets going on his major career.

As in the case of most rogues, there is, of course, the occasional tug toward honesty, and for Gideon the stronger urge of returning to the safe harbor of his academic career. But Peony, awed by the glimpses of the great into whose presence Gideon finally propels himself, pulls him clear and keeps him firmly enmeshed in the swifter currents of world uplift and faster company than Gideon cares for.

Peony may not always be the faithful helpmeet that Gideon thinks her, but to her own idea of glittering success she is unerringly true. Gideon himself is true to Peony, but never to what he might have been. And in all the welter of slippery stuffed shirts, self-appointed shapers of world opinion, and double dealers, only Carrie, their daughter, emerges as clear-eyed and level-headed, a present-day youth who augurs Mr. Lewis' belief in the eventual hope of something better.

For this reviewer, the fact that Sinclair Lewis has recaptured his ability for satire is hope enough. Gideon Planish proves abundantly that the Lewis mind of Main Street, Babbitt, and Elmer Gantry is still alive and creative; that Lewis can still write satire that stings—and that, as good satire should, also provokes keen, honest, resounding laughter.

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

THIS war is so largely mechanized that it is only natural to think of it in terms of dive bombers and tanks and all the other highly publicized large weapons.

You don't hear much about the rifle any more. It's not spectacular enough to rate much space in the newspapers and magazines or much footage in the newsreels. Yet the rifle is still the basic weapon of this war. If the dog is man's best friend, then the rifle is the soldier's.

Perhaps you have happened to see a movie short about the training of marines. It includes a "rifle creed" which to me was so impressive that I'd like to share it by printing it here. I understand that the creed was written by Brigadier General William H. Rupertus, U. S. M. C., and first appeared in the Chevron, official publication of the Marine Corps base at San Diego, California. Here it is:

His rifle

My Rifle

THE creed of a United States Marine:

1. This is my rifle. There are many like it, but this one is mine.

2. My rifle is my best friend. It is my life. I must master it as I must master my life.

3. My rifle without me is useless. Without my rifle I am useless. I must fire my rifle true. I must shoot straighter than my enemy who is trying to kill me. I must shoot him before he shoots me. I will. . . .

4. My rifle and myself know that what counts in this war is not the rounds we fire, the noise of our burst, nor the smoke we make. We know that it is the hits that count. We will hit. . . .

5. My rifle is human, even as I, because it is my life. Thus, I will learn it as a brother. I will learn its weaknesses, its strength, its parts, its accessories, its sights, and its barrel. I will ever guard it against the ravages of weather and damage, as I will ever guard my legs, my arms, my eyes, and my heart against damage. I will keep my rifle clean and ready, even as I am clean and ready. We will become part of each other. We will. . . .

6. Before God I swear this creed. My rifle and myself are the defenders of my country. We are the masters of our enemy. We are the saviors of my life.

7. So be it, until victory is America's, and there is no enemy, but Peace!

The only thing I can add is, "Amen."

OLD SARGE.

* * *

Much has been said on the subject of whether or not men under 21 in the armed forces should be permitted to buy intoxicating liquor. Ditto on the subject of an 11.30 P. M. curfew. I'd like to add my two cents' worth to the controversy.

I myself am well beyond that age and do not use intoxicants, yet I can feel for some of my friends and shipmates when they come back from the firing line. If they are not considered old enough to handle their liquor, then why should they have been sent to the front to do a man-size job? Did it ever occur to some people to ask Adolf, Musso, and Tojo for an 11.30 P. M. curfew at the front? My point is that some of our most decisive battles have been fought by men under 21 after eleven thirty. It gives such men an unpleasant feeling to be told, after they have come back home, "No drinks, buddy. You're not old enough, and you have to be off the streets at eleven thirty." In behalf of our younger men who have earned the right to be treated as adults, I submit the above.

J. C. W., RM1/c, U. S. S. ———.

That is a highly controversial question, sailor. I know how I feel, having been in the Army long before I could vote; but that's only one opinion. How about some others?

What do we do about this matter of food rationing while on furlough? My family will cheerfully do without part of their allowances if necessary, but I certainly don't want to deprive them, and I can't afford to get all my meals at restaurants even if they'd let me. Has any provision been made for service men on leave?

Cpl. J. M. A., Camp Forrest, Tenn.

Yes. The OPA says that men of the armed forces can get ration coupons for coffee, sugar, processed foods, meat, butter, cheese, etc., while on furlough *if* the furlough is of seven days' minimum duration. You should apply to your local rationing board and present your papers. If your furlough is less than seven days you get no allotment of rationed supplies.

* * *

Are government life insurance and dependents' allotments compulsory for soldiers?

A. J. T., St. Paul, Minn.

The insurance is entirely optional. If it is taken out within four months of entering the service, no physical examination is required; after that time an examination is necessary. An allotment to Class A dependents (wife and/or children) is mandatory; for Class B dependents (parents, brothers, sisters, or grandchildren) it is entirely optional, and voluntary.

* * *

My training has been entirely musical. I hold a Bachelor of Music degree. I have had several years of experience as band director, composer, and arranger. I am of military age and in good health. My classification is 3-A. At present I am employed as a project music supervisor by the War Relocation Authority. I have wondered if I could not serve more effectively in some military musical unit. It has been my hope that my qualifications would satisfy the requirements of some branch of military music. Any information you can give me will be appreciated.

Musician

E. H. E., Twin Falls, Ida.

I'd say the very first thing for you to do is to get into the Army, go through your

basic training, and then you'll be ready for your military musical career. Examinations for band leaders (Warrant Officers) are held annually. You must be physically qualified, a male citizen of the United States, and between the ages of 21 and 44¾. Your previous musical education and experience will take care of the technical requirements.

When you're ready, application for the band leaders' examination should be made through your C. O.

* * *

The boys of our Medical Detachment will appreciate it very much if you will answer this question: What is the difference between a C. D. D. and a medical discharge?

Cpl. H. G., Fort Dix, N. J.

It gives me some satisfaction to tell a noncommissioned officer of the Medical Department that a certificate of disability discharge *is* a medical discharge. And it might be of interest to list the various types of Army discharges: disability, dishonorable, minority, convenience, dependency, desertion, fraudulent enlistment, inaptness or undesirable traits of character, conviction by civil court, habeas corpus, and purchase (now suspended).

* * *

I enlisted in the Marines on August 1, 1941, and I served on Midway Island from October, 1941, to October, 1942. What service bars am I entitled to wear?

Pfc. R. S. T., Quantico, Va.

You rate two ribbons—the American Defense (with star) and the Asiatic-Pacific. Answering your question gives me an opportunity to get something off my chest: the number of unauthorized ribbons being sported these days. Some of the men I've seen around are carrying a chestful of ribbons the like of which never were on land or sea. I've questioned some of them, and have been told that this was the Guadalcanal ribbon, and that was the Iceland ribbon, and the other was the Indian ribbon.

Now, to my knowledge, there have been just four campaign ribbons authorized since Pearl Harbor. The American Defense is for men with a year or more of active federal service, including any time served between September 8, 1939, and December 7, 1941. The other three are for service since December 7, 1941, outside the continental limits of the United States, in (1) the American area, (2) the Asiatic-Pacific area, (3) the European-African-Middle-Eastern area. I'm proud of my own ribbons, and I dislike seeing unauthorized decorations being worn by men who ought to know better. Let's get regulation.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42 St., New York.

NO HAM AND EGGS IN HELL—Continued from Page 37

He watched Torini as if daring him to deny it; but Cheesy just stood there, a faraway look on his face, as if he's had his fill and is ready for anything.

He's probably done for all of us, I thought. I tried to blame myself, but I'd locked the stuff up and taken away the key and he broke in anyhow.

Nobody could have figured that, even Sergeant Rorke. Just then, when I should have been toughest, I felt sorry for the guy. I was thinking I might have done the same if I weren't a second lieutenant. I guess there's things about being a second lieutenant that hold you in.

These gold bars maybe, and the oath that you sort of take in your stride.

"WHAT shall I do with the prisoner?" It was Rorke reminding me with the words and a Regular Army look that I should have placed Torini under arrest without any loss of time.

"You are under arrest, Private Torini, and will be held for court-martial."

But Cheesy didn't seem to care. He was almost in a stupor.

Just as two privates started to lead him away I heard a shot down the mountain. It was a signal from my sentry posted there. Then I thought I heard a motor, and in my excitement forgot about cover, swung out on a tree branch, and saw a truck hurtling up the road, burning rubber like celluloid.

"CAREFUL, lieutenant." Rorke pulled me down by the legs and rolled me under cover. Machine-gun bullets spattered the branch that I'd been hanging on. "The visiting club ain't forgetting what they're up there for."

The truck pulled up short under the shelter we'd thrown up for the jeeps and half tractors, and the driver hopped out.

Just a kid. In my state he'd have a limited driving license. Just to and from school.

"Private Carlin reporting, sir. The enemy, sir. I saw them. A long column winding up behind me." The kid was excited, all right.

"Where? How far back?" I asked it calm and slow.

"Gee, I don't know. Maybe a hundred miles, sir. I couldn't tell. The road winds so."

"How fast were they rolling, Junior?" Rorke's croak broke in.

I gave him a dirty look. "Sorry, sir. I thought that you'd want to know."

"If I do, I'll ask." I turned away before he'd have a chance to salute me again.

No help from the kid. He was all

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S

FICTIONARY *(Unabashed)*

BONAFIDO: A pooch with a bredigree.

OPERATUNITY: Metropolitan audition.

CHEWELRY: Gold teeth.

BROODOIR: Kids' bedroom.

HOOSIERY: Stockings made in Indiana.

GHOSTOFFICE: Where the dead letters are buried.

MOUNTIN: A pile of cans for scrap.

FLITERATURE: Flybrary books.

SMELEGANCE: Mrs. Skunk in a mink coat.

NEARLOUGH: Same as furlough, only where you don't go so fur.

in a tizzy. A hundred miles. Four hours. Maybe five. Five hours. I was figuring fast. If the enemy got through us now, they'd make the harbor long before the colonel, and grab the ship and supplies. As for us, we couldn't retreat; and if the whole regiment couldn't push through before, how could less than a hundred starved men? Boy, if I was in a spot before, I was in a strait jacket now.

"Sir." The boy was at attention again.

"Go take a rest, Carlin," I said, still in my thoughts.

"But I did something down there I think you ought to know."

"Yes. What?" More trouble.

"I destroyed a bridge they'll have to cross."

"What?" I guess I yelled, "How?"

"With hand grenades off the truck, sir. The river's deep, too."

"Good for you, Junior!" Rorke slapped Carlin's back.

"Don't call me Junior!" Carlin snapped back at him.

"You're a good soldier, Carlin," I said. The kid blushed.

Well, where were we now? The kid had staved off the showdown for a while maybe, but— The men were drifting hungrily toward the truck. Rorke leaned on it, looking ready to give the order to unload himself, if I didn't say the word. I was just about to—hell, we might as well die on a full stomach—when I got a look at Cheesy, slumped on the ground, his eyelids drooping, just as if he didn't care if school kept or not. Then it came to me. A long chance, but our only one. If one of our men could be knocked out silly by stuffing, why not those squareheads up the hill?

"HANDS off that truck, men." They turned toward me in surprise. Rorke repeated my command, and stood waiting. I turned to Torini and talked fast.

"Private Torini, I should shoot you as a traitor."

He looked at me with big eyes watering, but said nothing, and I could feel the impatient straining of the men, wondering why I was bothering with Cheesy at a time like this. "Lousy squirt," I could feel them say to themselves. "Ninety-day wonder. And this is the guy with our lives in his hands." But I'd flipped a coin with myself and was going through with it, no matter what.

"I'll give you one chance, Torini. Get in that truck. Drive up the mountain, right into the enemy camp. Tell 'em you're a deserter. Put on your wop dialect. Tell 'em you were drafted and have been waiting to get away ever since. Tell 'em you stole the truck and want to get to the Italians."

Little Torini came to half attention, still groggy. I sure hope there's a couple hundred Cheesies up on that crag. He started toward the truck. I took a look at my guys, standing around wondering when in hell they were going to eat and drink, and went over to the truck and ordered them to pull off a can of water and a few iron rations. I didn't like the way they went at it. The sweat that started running down in my eyes wasn't from the humidity. But I pulled my helmet down a bit and made what you might call a speech.

"Men," I started, "what I say goes. You know that. It's in the book. But from where we sit now there's nothing in the book to do us any good. So I been doing a little old-fashioned thinking. As if I were running a broken field and took a chance on reversing it. You generally go down and drop twenty yards, but once in a while you get through—and when you do it's worth it. So I'm throwing away the book and sending Cheesy up there with all this stuff, figuring they're as hungry and thirsty as we are, but not as tough. If I'm right, they'll fill up their bellies till they're punchy. Then we'll give them all we got, and at least have a chance. I didn't make this up. I kept looking at Cheesy here, and remembered it from hygiene back in school. Now deal out those rations, Rorke, and remember, there's plenty of ham and eggs out on that ship in the harbor for those who have the guts to go get it."

WHEN I stopped there was a second's silence, but it lasted long enough for a whole cup of sweat to run down my pants. Then I heard Rorke.

"Come and get it, mugs." And he tossed the rations at the men. I was still boss.

"Get going, Torini," I ordered.

Cheesy looked at the gears doubtfully, and Rorke poked him with the butt end of his Garand.

"Good-by, lieutenant." As he shoved in the clutch a trace of his old grin reached almost up to his scared eyes. "Come, bambino," he said to the truck. "Push 'em up quick. Taka me upa-stairs." And he dug up that rocky road like a job of work was chasing him.

We turned a couple of machine guns on his back and spattered the tarpaulin with bullets, just to make it look on the level. He slid around that hairpin turn just short of the peak, and for all we know might have shot off the cliff, taking all that good chow with him.

There's nothing but silence now. Guess you'd trade places with one of those staff pretty boys even if he has to ask the captain's permission to sit down. Or would you?

TIME: 13.01. I been sitting here under my pup tent, writing. Just to keep my stomach from breaking my belt in two. Or maybe it's my heart that's pounding this way. I didn't mean to write that down, but when anybody reads this I guess I won't be around, so I can sort of let out. It's thirty-one minutes since Torini left. Still silence. . . . It's thirty-eight minutes. . . . I just crawled out of my tent in time to see a couple of the boys pop their cookies.

"Lord, gentlemen, what a waste. And with the folks at home on ration, too," Rorke's gritty voice ragged them.

I didn't eat anything. I sure hope Miss Stonebreaker, back in school, was right about that hygiene stuff.

Forty-one minutes twenty-two seconds. Maybe we should get going. We're going to be all on wheels. I'll have to ride some on the bumpers. We lead off with the fifty-calibers mounted on the jeeps and . . . *A shot!* What dope stuck his head out at a time like this?

"No damage done that I can see." Rorke reported from his tree above me.

Another shot. Then three more.

"Say, those are pistol shots!" I yelled it up to him.

"And not aimed down here. We would have heard them hit."

"Only officers carry pistols. They must be fighting among themselves."

"Over the chow, maybe. Yeah, sir; I think you're right." "For the first time," he might have added.

"Let's go, sergeant." My watch said 13.44.

"What are we waiting for?" He crashed down out of the tree and ran for the lead jeep. "Pile on, soldiers!" he roared. "We're going mountain climbing."

I WROTE down the last of the above just now, after we—well, I better put it down in order.

It didn't happen much according to hygiene, after all. We stormed up the road, and held our fire till we were almost at point-blank range.

"Hop off!" I yelled. I was on the rocks, climbing. "Their machine guns. Shut 'em up. Come on, Tex. Get the lead out of your pants, Brooklyn," I sang out to my guys.

There was no time for crawling. We ran, throwing our bodies forward, almost falling with every step. Our men behind tossed grenades over our heads into the emplacements. It's a good thing we were on empty stomachs. It was all uphill, rocks and stumps everywhere, but we piled over them, Tex yippin' like an Indian, but most of us just grunting and pouring in lead.

Less than half the regular crews were behind those guns. They'd rushed over to the truck in spite of orders.

That's what those pistol shots had meant. Their officers had dropped a few. They had their men pretty near in hand by the time we hit, but some were still stuffing themselves with whatever they could grab, and the whole gang was just a beat late on the uptake.

They had to run to their guns. We had ours.

One knot sure was tough. They fell back and climbed the cliff on both sides of the road, and were picking us off as fast as we came in sight.

Their officers had them tight in hand, and they kept low and fired sure. We were behind rocks and trees, and to make a break for them in the open I figured would be giving away too many men for good business.

"This is no good, though." I rolled out from behind my stump and yelled for Rorke. I kept crawling and yelling, and they must have fired a ton of slugs at me. I was getting kind of mixed up in the head when the sergeant pulled me behind his rock, and I buzzed him quick.

"Yeah," he answered. And, for the first time since he'd reported in as my top kick, I felt he thought I might do. "It might work. Don't you move. I'll hustle enough men to do the trick."

HE was off, sliding down the rocky incline on his tail. I lay there quiet, thinking of ice cubes. Just one for my throat. It was burning like hot sauce. The next thing, I heard the gang hollering as my half tractors lumbered past me up the grade, skipped the barricaded road, and leaped along the side of the mountain like a bronc with the spur in him.

Once over the high point, they went out of sight. I waited a year. Then I heard our fifties. From smack in the rear of the jerries. Rorke gave them all he had on the mounts of both tractors, plus grenades, and some good old-fashioned work with rifles.

They just couldn't take it, and came running out down toward us. You never saw so many hands in the air. It was prettier than a picture.

"We got all three of their officers, sir. A captain and two oberlieutenants," Rorke reported.

"That's good. I'd hate to be outranked around here." And what do you know? I made the sergeant grin.

Our guys must have been hungry, all right. You'd think they were fighting for Lana Turner instead of just a truck of army chow that turned out to be mostly nothing but scraps.

There's plenty of water left, though, and I was right—those Germans didn't have enough grub of their own left to put in your eye.

It's nice to be sitting here looking down, for a change. My neck was getting stiff looking up all the time. They got this joint camouflaged swell against planes, but we sure ruined the ground defenses.

"I figure we can hold out till the colonel reaches the harbor."

"Or till Christmas, lieutenant."

"Send a jeep down across the desert to the harbor to bring us up supplies, sergeant."

Then I took a look through my glasses down the mountain, knowing perfectly well what I would see. The boys, sitting around, pretty well pooped, start looking questions at me.

"IT'S not over yet. Those punks Private Carlin saw this morning are coming up fast."

"May I look, sir?" It was Junior, and I handed him my glasses.

"They still got my bridge ahead of them, I think."

"You're right, Carlin," I said, taking another look. "It may stop them till morning. By that time the jeep'll bring us up breakfast. We'll start repairing the defenses."

"Turn to, you guys." Rorke motioned them to their feet. "We got to tuck ourselves in nice and cozy. Remember, there's no ham and eggs in hell."

Then I had my first good laugh of the day. When Rorke said "ham and eggs" old Cheesy let out an awful groan.

"What's the matter with you, soldier?" I asked. "Did they torture you or something?"

"No, sir. But I never want to see food again. Those stinkpots made me taste everything they ate before they'd dare put it in their mouths."

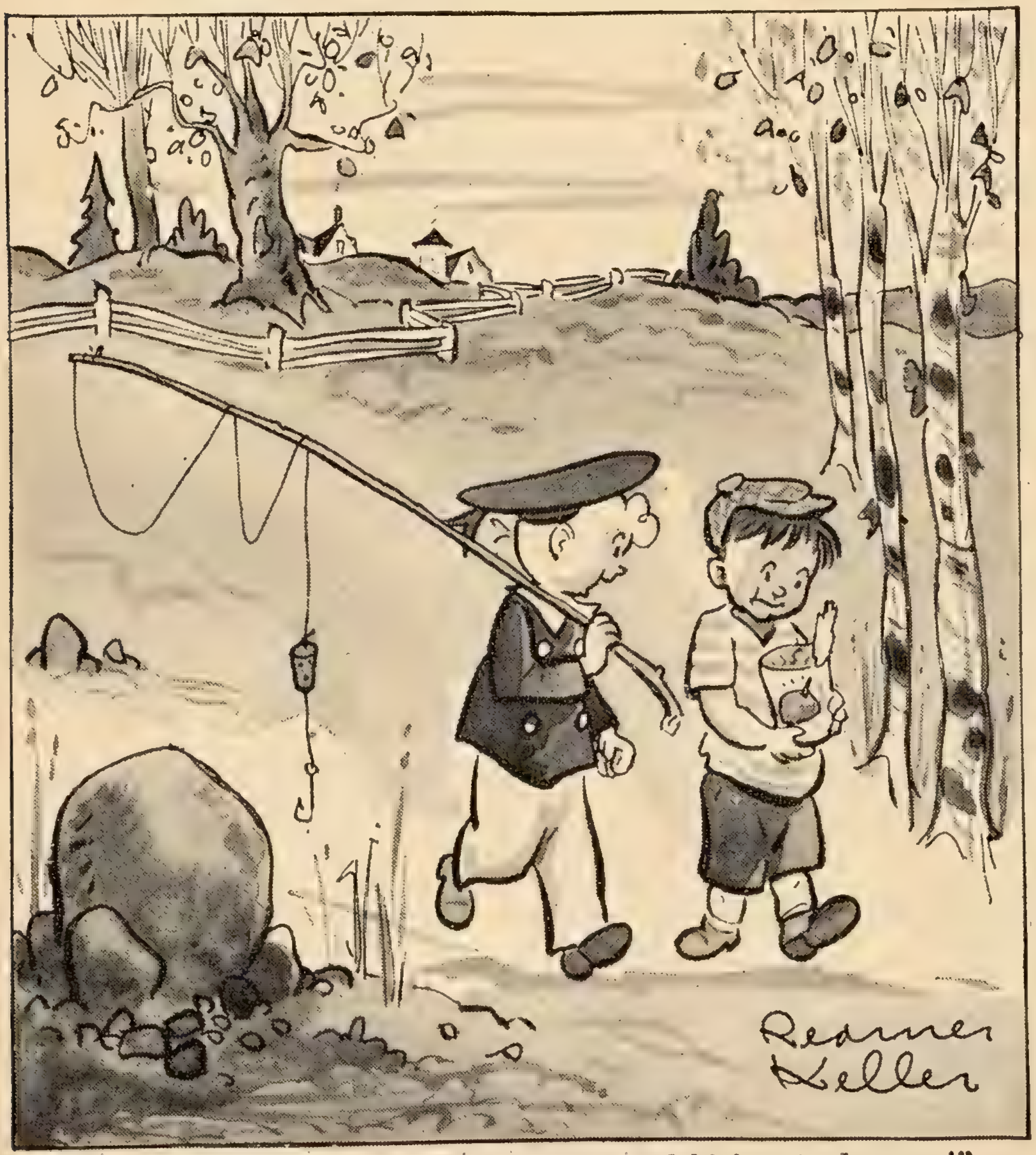
Colonel Josephs—Sir:

My C. O. Second Lieutenant Charles Harty just fainted. I'm sending him down with the rest of the wounded along with his report here. He got hit back where he says I pulled him behind my rock. Unless you got another like him don't send nobody. Await further orders.

Respectfully,
F. L. RORKE, Sergeant in Command.

THE END

HARDTACK



"I hope meat prices stay up. Mom lets me go fishin' every day now!"

I'LL MARRY THE GENERAL'S DAUGHTER

Continued from Page 15

I said, "Booker, old boy, you hobnob with these officers. What do they do with themselves at night?"

It took a little while, but I squeezed it out of him: Every Tuesday night the officers attended a school on military tactics—and the highest-ranking officer there was the general.

That was all I wanted to know.

Came the following Tuesday night and my offensive began. I was going right into the enemy's camp.

I got a haircut. I shaved so close my blood ran cold. I slicked down my hair. I smiled at the mirror—a pretty smooth-looking guy smiled back.

I polished my buttons and shined my shoes. I took a bus into the main part of the post. I shouldn't have any trouble finding the general's house.

I didn't. There was a small sign by the curb: Brig. Gen. James J. McCarthy. I thought, McCarthy. Mm. One of the boys. I felt big walking up the path to the front door.

BUT when I got to the front door something happened inside me. I was scared. Jerry Kelley, one-time president of the Downtown Boys' Social Club, was scared. There was an imaginary piece of bread lumped in my throat. From somewhere a voice whispered, Guys get court-martialed for less than this.

My hand reached up and pressed the doorbell button. I don't know how. I had nothing to do with it.

The door opened. A maid stood there. "Yes?"

"Is General McCarthy at home?" some one's voice said. It wasn't mine.

"No, the gen—"

"That's all right. I'll wait." It was Kelley's voice this time. Good old Kelley!

I stepped inside.

The maid looked like she had swallowed her teeth. "But—"

"Thank you. I'll wait in the living room." Kelley was talking.

"But—"

"Is any one else at home?"

"Only Miss Ann. But I don't think—"

"No, I don't think she'd mind either. I'll just read a magazine. Thank you."

The maid gave up.

I walked around the living room. The real thing. In the chips. I was thinking: Now "Miss Ann" means either an old-maid aunt or the blonde. I spied a piano—I'd find out.

The seat of my pants slid along the piano seat. The keys jumped up and touched my fingertips. Those keys were smiling at Kelley.

I began with Smoke Gets in Your Eyes. Lightly. You know, Duchin's stuff. I went from Smoke to Night and Day. I made it cry. I played around it, under it, over it. Cole Porter wouldn't have recognized it.

I was doing justice to Body and Soul when all at once I felt that somebody was in the room, listening. I turned hot and cold. My fingers became blackjacks. I missed a note and stopped playing.

"DON'T stop," a voice behind me said.

The back of my neck and ears turned red. Something went *flip-flop flip-flop* inside me.

"Please keep on playing," the voice said. "That's beautiful." Man, what a voice! It was low, warm. It crept up on you, grabbed you around the heart, and hit you over the head. I slid around on the seat.

The blonde, minus her horse.

Miss Ann, Miss Ann. She smiled. The room turned upside down. Somebody was ringing those bells. Crosby was singing again; this time the Philharmonic Orchestra, with plenty of strings, was backing him. *Run, Kelley, run.*

But Kelley didn't run. He spoke: "I was just pianoing the play—I mean, I was playing the pianoing."

She was still smiling. She was amused. "I don't understand," she said. "Did you come to see father?" She was wearing a dress that—well—was tight in the right places. It must have been waiting for her when it was hanging in the store window.

"Yup." That was all Kelley said.

"Father's out tonight. He's attending a school on military tactics. Can I help you? I'm Ann McCarthy."

"Oh. Uh—I'm Jerry Kelley—Private Jerry Kelley." I told her why I was there. I hoped it sounded good.

RUBBER FOR DEFENSE

Baby gave his rubber pants
When Uncle Sam was in a spot.
Now we take a sporting chance,
Hold the tiny patriot
Whose pants may help the U. S. A.
To lick the same right off the Japs,
And keep the home front safe today—
Exclusive, possibly, of laps.

—ETHEL JACOBSON.

"I—uh—stopped in to have a little chat with your old—ah—your father," I told her. "You see, I figured, what with all the big shots he talks with, he'd welcome the chance to talk over this army situation with a buck private. You know, the other side of the picture."

"I see," Ann said. But I could tell she didn't see. "What outfit are you in?" she said. She was being nice now, humoring me.

"The field artillery"—then I remembered she liked horses—"the horse-drawn field artillery."

Her face changed. Now she was interested. "You are?" she said, and her eyes twinkled. A lovely baby. A double sundae with whipped cream. "I think horses are wonderful, don't you?"

"Oh, yes," I told a story, "yes, indeed."

"Do you ride?"

"Oh, every day." Watch it, Kelley. You were never on top of a horse in your life.

So we sat there and talked about horses; I mean, she talked—I didn't know a horse from a mule. We finished with horses and I played the piano for her. She liked it. But I began to squirm. I kept thinking, When's that school over? The general will be blowing in here any minute now, and if he catches you here, Kelley, you'll be saying hello to that guardhouse again.

So I took the wind. When I was leaving, Ann came to the door with me. The moon put a spotlight on her face and I was covered with goose bumps.

I DIDN'T take the bus back. I didn't need the bus; I had clouds to walk on. I was standing on a peak in Darien. I was swimming in the pool in front of the Taj Mahal. I was in the Khyber Pass. I shivered. Kelley, I said, she's wonderful, she's terrific, she's ineffable. And Kelley answered, You're telling me!

Every Tuesday, the general's night off, I had a parlor date. I played Smoke Gets in Your Eyes thirty-eight times. Beautiful Ann made fudge; I ate it. We played Jimmy Dorsey records; we danced; we listened to Bob Hope. We said good night at the door and my goose bumps became worse. They were big as boils.

Being with Beautiful Ann was like drinking a zombie.

Life was one blue hazy pipe dream. Kelley, I said, this is it. Now you've seen a dream walking; you've been to Waikiki; you've had a peek at Shangri-la. You ought to enlist for thirty years. . . .

Yup, life was one blue hazy pipe dream—until Beautiful Ann asked

gene LOTTENTON.

"Can I help it? She looked awful good up in Iceland."

me to go riding. It was at the door, and I was saying good night to her. She asked me to go riding with her the next night. What could I say? I said I was on guard duty the next night. We'll make it the following night, she said. What could I say?

The following morning I told the first sergeant that I had a toothache and that I was going to the dental clinic.

I headed for the horse area.

I spent the whole morning trying to learn to ride. It was pathetic. Even the horse seemed to feel sorry for me. The next day I tried again. More pathetic.

Yes, we went riding. I don't like to think about it.

Beautiful Ann showed up at the stables that night looking like an ad out of Vogue (I had paid a guy half a dollar to saddle up the horses before she arrived). I had very carefully chosen the grandma of the stables: she looked like a horse, but she was so old even the mess sergeant didn't want her for stew.

Beautiful Ann looked at the two horses.

I said, "This one's yours and this one's mine."

"They're nice-looking," she said.

"Very nice-looking," I said.

"I think I like yours better," she said.

"Oh," I said. "Oh, no, you don't really think that, do you?"

"I really do. You don't mind trading, do you?"

"Uh—well, you see, I've ridden this horse day in, day out. She's like a moth—a sister to me."

"I'd like to try her, then. I want to see what your taste in horses is like."

Beautiful Ann put her left foot in the stirrup, leaned her weight on it, and gracefully swung her right leg over. Grandma looked bored.

I TOOK a deep breath, placed my left foot in the stirrup, put my weight on it, swung my right foot over—and kicked the horse in the rear end. I don't remember the rest very well.

I do remember the corral fence coming at me and going up in an elevator, and leaving my stomach on the ground floor. Then inside the corral and the other fence becoming larger, speeding toward me, and I saw my picture on the front page of the home-town paper and all the sad young faces of the Downtown Boys' Social Club and my mother receiving the insurance money. Then a hangover and Beautiful Ann's face above me, laughing at me.

Life was blue and hazy but not a pipe dream any more.

THEN the Other Guy entered the picture. He wore a bar on each shoulder. One gold bar. Second lieutenant. He was one of the Chosen Few. I met him on one of those terrific Tuesday nights. He was there when I arrived.

Beautiful Ann said, "Jerry, I want you to meet Lieutenant Carmichael." (I could see he didn't like that: she should have introduced *me* to *him*—"the Lowells talk only to Cabots, and the Cabots talk only to God.")

He was bigger than a baby tank, had a Harvard accent, and looked like a fugitive from the Chicago Bears.

"Lieutenant Carmichael is an old friend of the family," Ann said. "He's on father's staff."

Kelley was frowning. "How nice," Kelley was saying.

Beautiful Ann was still talking: "Lieutenant Carmichael's been explaining the war to me."

"How nice." Very weak this time.

Then the Baby Tank began to rumble. He Analyzed the War. He sounded like a newsreel—Sees all, knows all. He knew where *everywhere was*—Dakar, Trinidad, the Solomon Islands, Port Moresby, the Dardanelles. I was dizzy.

It was a filibuster. He knew what MacArthur was going to do next, or at least what he *ought* to do; what the Japs were going to do, the Germans, the British, the Americans, the Russians, the Dodgers, the Pirates—everybody.

Kelley whispered, If they'd only send him over there to run the war, they could leave us home; they wouldn't need us.

I looked over at Ann; thud, something dropped inside me. All of her attention was focused on him—and I didn't like the look in her eyes. I sank lower in my chair.

I twiddled my thumbs. Clockwise. Counterclockwise. I thought of the

SHARE YOUR LIBERTY

Wartime paper restrictions limit the number of copies of Liberty available on the newsstands.

With demand growing, some readers may miss out occasionally and be unable to get their copy.

It will help relieve the situation if you pass your copy along to a friend or neighbor after reading.

first names of ten Presidents of the United States. I tried to remember the batteries of the first game of last year's World Series. I—I couldn't stand it any longer. I stood up.

I turned on the radio. I asked Beautiful Ann to dance. We danced, but something was missing. No electric sparks.

I put on a Jimmy Dorsey record. She wasn't even listening.

That's your swan song, Kelley. That's your cue to fade.

I went over to the Tank. "Wellnicemeetingyoulieutenant. Just rememberedIlefthewindowopenbymy bed. Good night."

He smiled at me—the shavetail!

Here's your hat, Kelley. There's the door.

Beautiful, Beautiful Ann walked to the door with me. I looked up at the moon. *No spotlight?* He shook his head sadly. Inside me somebody was using my heart for a football. The goose bumps had changed to heartaches.

Beautiful Ann said, "Thanks for stopping in."

I said, "Yeah."

THE next day I caught it. The riot act was read to me, but read. I was coming from breakfast when the first sergeant collared me. "Kelley," he said, "you're wanted in the captain's office right away."

I quaked; I shivered; I did a rumba inside my shoes. I knew what he wanted to see me about.

You see, in the army it's a sacrilege for an enlisted man, like myself, to have anything to do with an officer's daughter. It's just—suicide. A commissioned officer, all right, fine; but an enlisted man, definitely no. There are guys in the guardhouse today for just that. And when it's the general's daughter—

The captain was in his office, behind his desk. He looked as though he had been fed burnt toast for breakfast. I walked in and almost knocked myself out saluting him. He returned the salute and opened fire on me. He did everything but throw the book of regulations at me.

Later, when I came outside, I was weak. He gave it to me short and sweet: One more visit to Ann's house and it wouldn't only be the guardhouse for me but a court-martial to boot.

Some one had told him, and I didn't need a map to know that heel's name. It began with the letter C and was spelled Carmichael.

I went into the barracks. I reached into my duffel bag and took out my blue denims and floppy hat. Beautiful, beautiful floppy hat. Gently, very gently, I hung them up. I might need them again.

I sat down on my bed. A radio was on and some guy was singing I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now.

Well, at least I knew no one was kissing her at that hour of the morning. . . .

The song was finished. A voice came on: "The program you have just listened to was a transcription." Pause. "What are you doing with your pocket money? Do you know that by buying War Stamps with it you may be helping to build an airplane, a destroyer, a gun, a *baby tank*—"

That did it. My feet hit the floor. I reached for a shoe, took aim—and didn't miss. . . .

The next night it came through. At nine o'clock an order came through notifying us that we had seventy-two hours before leaving for a port of embarkation. Our captain came down to the barracks to tell us that a farewell dance would be given for the regiment on our last night. Everybody was invit—

I almost knocked the captain over getting to the door. I streaked up the road in the dark to the C. P. and a telephone. *Seventy-two hours. Court-martial or no court-martial, I was going to see Beautiful Ann.*

But I was too late. The Baby Tank had already asked her to go to the dance with him. She was awfully sorry and she'd see me there, etc.

I hung up. On my way out I passed Booker, who was working late, huddled over a desk. I didn't say a word to Booker. I walked down the road. I was all hollow inside. Kelley, look down that lonesome road—

The beam from a flashlight hit me. "Halt! Who's there?" It was a guard.

"Beautiful An—uh—Private Kelley."

"Advance to be recognized."

I advanced.

"Pass, Private Kelley."

But I didn't pass. In a flash, like a flash, it almost knocked me over. That guard had given me a wonderful idea.

I THOUGHT of poor old Booker working late up there at the C. P. I headed for the C. P. fast.

Booker was busy, as usual. I found him typing the O. D. roster. It was perfect.

The O. D. roster is one of those army things. It's the week's schedule of the officer of the day, a different officer for each day—and night. Usually it's made up a week in advance; but since we were moving out on short notice, some changes had to be made in it: the married officers had to be taken off the roster

DO You ENVY SUCH Charm AND Allure?

DENIED YOU BECAUSE OF—

PSORIASIS

And yet do you realize that many women who once took this very same attitude have had the entire picture changed for them by using *SIROIL*? So why don't you try *SIROIL*? *SIROIL* tends to remove the crusts and scales of psoriasis which are external in character and located on the outer layer of the skin. If or when your psoriasis lesions recur, light applications of *SIROIL* will help keep them under control. Applied externally, *SIROIL* does not stain clothing or bed linen, nor does it interfere in any way with your daily routine. And remember, it is sold to you on a two-weeks'-satisfaction-or-money-refunded basis.

SIROIL FOR SALE AT ALL DRUG STORES

Write today for interesting booklet on Psoriasis, using coupon—

Siroil Laboratories, Inc., Dept. L-37, Detroit, Mich.
Siroil of Canada, Ltd., Box 488, Windsor, Ont.
Please send me your free booklet on Psoriasis.

NAME__________
ADDRESS__________
CITY__________ STATE__________

so they could arrange to send their families home.

The officer of the day has charge of the guards, and at night has to make his rounds to see that the men are at their posts. For that one night he's kept pretty busy—too busy, for instance, to go to a dance.

So I helped Booker type the O. D. roster, and this time, walking down the road, I felt better. Kelley, I said, you're right on the beam. . . .

The night of the dance I spent a nickel. I called Beautiful Ann on the telephone.

She was in the deep purple. It seems she wasn't going to the dance.

"You're not?" I said. "That's too bad. Sick?"

"No," she said. "But Lieutenant Carmichael is officer of the day and can't go. He can't understand it. It wasn't his turn. A new roster came out and his O. D. was changed to today."

"That's a shame," I said. "Too bad."

Pause.

"Ann?"

"Yes?"

"You're going to the dance. Did you know that?"

"I don't under—"

"You're going to the dance with the best dancer in the army—you're going with Kelley. I'llbearoundateight."

WHEN we got to the dance the band was playing I'm in the Mood for Love—and I was. Beautiful Ann was Amorous Ann, Glamorous Ann. She looked like the girl in your dreams looks. You can get an idea from the stag line. When she passed by, the G. I.'s had that look that little boys have when they're looking in the window of a candy store.

We danced. Dancing with Beautiful Ann was like shadow boxing. I was in another world, up in the clouds, shaking the stars. Then she mentioned her father and I came back to this world in a hurry.

"Father wants to meet you," she said.

"I'll take Joe Louis," I said. "He only hits you once."

"No, he really does. He and I straightened it all out tonight. He's all for you."

"Yeah. Me and the Japs."

"No, no. He doesn't care if you're not an officer, just so you're in the army and just so I'm happy."

"But what about Information Please?"

"Who?"

"That Carmichael guy. I thought—"

"You thought wrong, darling. I'm sorry about him, but I had to be nice to him. His father's a general in Washington and it meant a lot to my dad."

We stopped dancing. We stood in the middle of the floor. The band was still playing but I didn't hear it. There was a band playing in my heart, an all-star band with Krupa on drums.

My voice was husky. "Did I hear right? Did I hear you say 'darling'?"

Her voice was husky. "Yes, you did, darling."

Kelley, I said, did you hear that? But Kelley had fainted.

Beautiful Ann was close to me. I hoped my goose bumps didn't show through my uniform.

My voice was small, coming from way off: "Ann?"

"Yes?"

"Do you want to help army morale?"

"Yes."

"Then kiss me—"

Just then I heard a giggle.

I looked around. The music had stopped. Every one on the floor was crowded around us.

"Ann," I said, "we're blocking traffic."

The music started again. I saw a big palm in a pot standing on the floor over in a corner.

"Let's do a flank movement," I said. We danced and steered toward the corner.

When, much later, I finally came down out of the clouds, the first person I saw was the general.

He was looking at us. The stars on his shoulders glittered in the light. I didn't look to see if anything glittered in his eyes. The barracks were about a hundred yards away. I wondered if I could do a hundred in ten flat.

Ann saw him too. She grabbed my arm. "There's father. Come over and meet him."

"I just remembered we're having bed check tonight. I—"

But she didn't hear me. She was dragging my arm, and I was following it.

Ann was talking: "Dad, this is Private Kelley."

I was swallowing that imaginary piece of bread. The general was smiling. He put out his hand.

"I've heard a lot about you, Kelley."

"Ye-yessir."

"Enjoying yourself tonight, Kelley?"

"Oh, yes, *sir.*"

"Ah, have you been eating a hamburger?"

"Uh—no, sir."

"Well, you'd better wipe that catsup off your lip, Kelley," the general said and winked at me.

The general winked at Kelley!

EARLY the next morning our outfit moved out in a truck convoy. It was some sight. The band was playing, the boys were waving, I was waving, and Beautiful Ann was waving. There was a tear in her eye.

That tear was for Kelley.

So, you see, I'll marry the general's daughter. She'll wait. She's going to darn socks for the Red Cross to keep in practice. No more horseback riding for her. She promised. I don't want her to pass that road by the officers' barracks again—some other guy named Kelley might hear that same music.

I know one thing: She won't marry any second lieutenant. Still, she might. A lot of things can happen in . . . (Censored.)

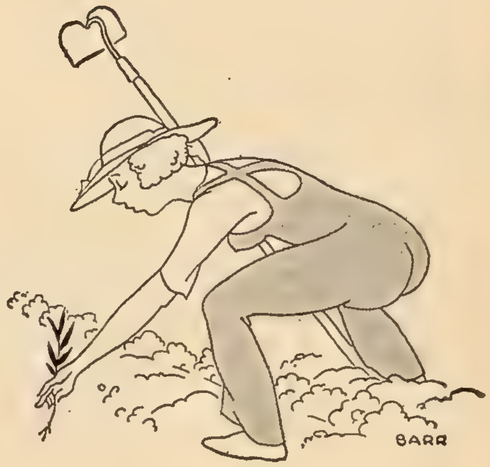
THE END

THE GARDENER

We offer here, with trepidation,
The gardener (rear elevation)—
Caught all unknowing, one assumes,
Tending her tubers and legumes.

Though she's a fearsome sight, God wot,
Her garden is a lovely spot—
Wherein she fosters heartsease, gorses,
Love-in-a-mist, and Charley horses.

—MARY WARD.



IT'S TIME TO SAY GOOD-BY—Continued from Page 19

and everybody who left me with this mess! And then she thought, Stop feeling sorry for yourself just because you haven't got a husband. Lots of other women haven't got husbands, either, you know.

Her feet were numb by now. Her back ached with the torture of red-hot needles driven into it each time she lifted the shovel full of snow. She was cold. Freezing cold. She tried to pretend she wasn't by thinking hard of what it must be like for the soldiers in Russia. She stopped, and raised her head to look back and see how much of the driveway she had cleared, thinking that surely she must be halfway up. But only a couple of feet of bluestone gravel showed through the snow! And suddenly she sat down on the little stone wall beside the driveway and put her head down on the handle of the shovel and let all the weary, lonely, worried sobs tear at her convulsively, not caring, fed to the teeth with being brave!

"Shall I spread my coat, fair damsel, or dry your tears, or just pitch in and shovel the driveway?" George Worth asked, and she looked up and found him laughing down at her. Tessa began to laugh, too. Weakly, without much heart in it.

"Maybe I do look like a darn fool," she admitted, "but I'm tired and I'm cold and my back aches and I'm hungry! The oil burner went out and the maid quit and Danny couldn't shovel the walk and Patty has sniffles!"

"WELL, you go inside like a nice little girl," George told her, laughter still held in the warm tones of his voice, "and fix us a hot drink—like a hot Tom and Jerry—and put the kids to bed and powder your nose and I'll shovel the walk. How's that?"

"It's wonderful!" Tessa said, and she said it over and over again to herself, as George, finished with the driveway, put the car away, fixed the blown-out fuse, got Jackie finally into bed by telling him what it was really like in the Solomons and how it felt to have your plane shot down, and then came down to drop into that big deep chair of Johnny's that had been empty beside the fireplace for six long weeks.

"And now, woman, what about that hot drink! Boy, do I need it!"

Tessa felt her spirits lifting. It was good to have a man across from her, before the fire, sharing sandwiches and drinks. Tessa had decided in these weeks alone that food was definitely intended to be eaten in the company of men. Eating with women or with the children, especially in the evening, was a dull and tasteless affair. The hot Tom and Jerrys were good and warming, the fire blazed merrily, and the world was somewhat brighter.

"George," Tessa said, "you're a darling. I've been so disagreeable to you evere since you've been home, and now you're being so nice that I feel like a heel."

"Don't," George told her, pouring himself another drink from the warm pitcher. "People who feel like heels are seldom good company. I want you to be gay and amusing." And then he lifted his bright head and looked at her and said, "No. No, I don't want you to be gay and amusing, either. I've had enough of that. I want you to be just what you are. Nice and pretty and honest and decent, without a loose or wicked thought in your head."

"You make me sound very dull!"

"Once," he said, with all his old insouciance, "I would have thought you so." And he grinned his amiable grin, and Tessa said:

"Once, you did think me so, didn't you?" The thought had never occurred to her before, and it came to her now as somewhat of a shock. George had always been, in her mind, the Man She Might Have Married. Now she wondered whether George would have married her. It was awful and humiliating to think he might not have wanted to!

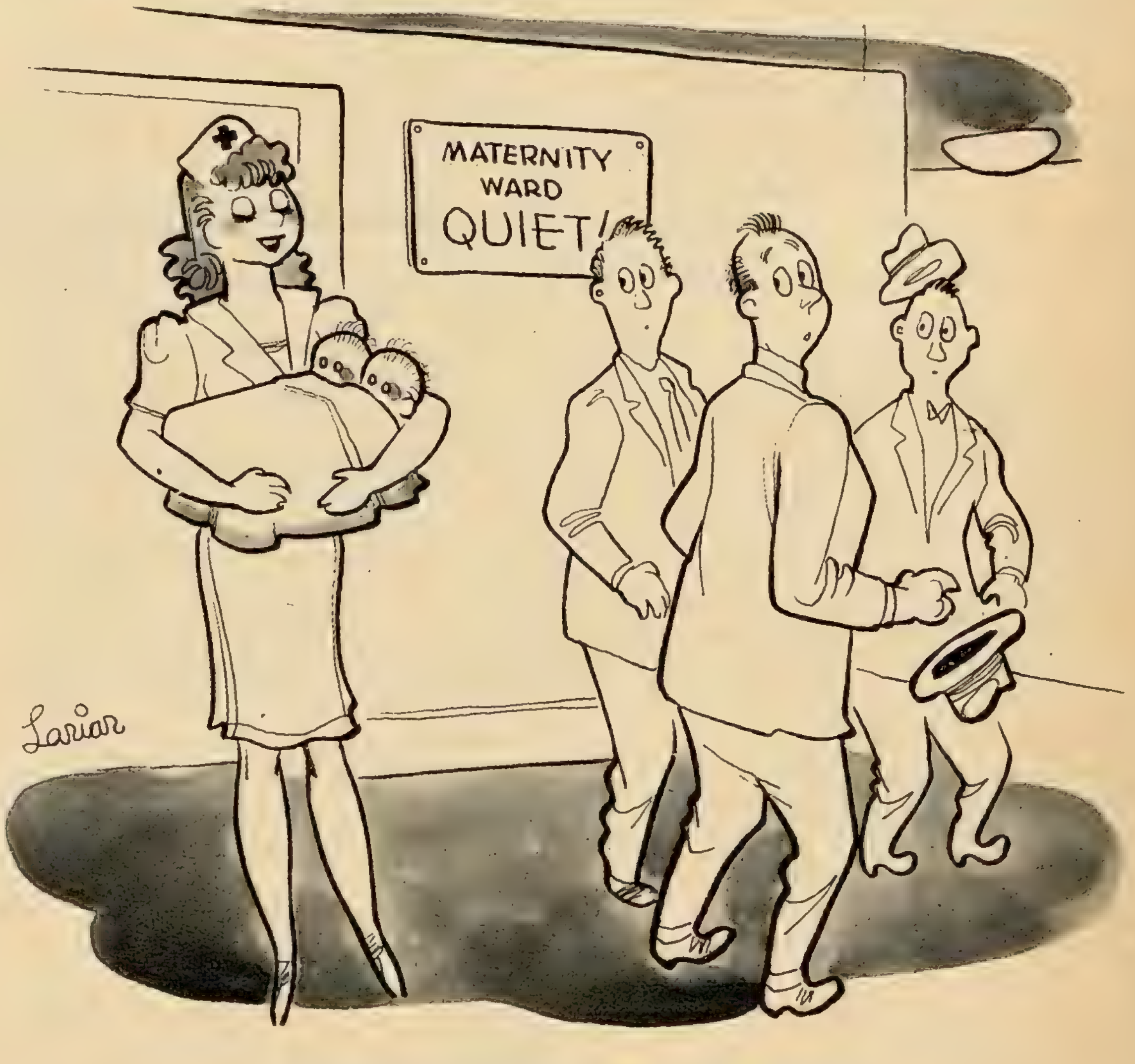
"Once," George said, oddly, newly sobered, "the only thing in the world I really wanted, Tessa, was to be free. To know that I could go where I pleased and do what I pleased and come back when and if I wanted to. Well, I've had several years of being free, and do you know what freedom—true freedom—is, Tessa?"

"No, George. What is it?"

"IT'S not needing any one, and not having any one in the world need you. It's standing alone on a street corner in a town where no one knows you or cares what you do. It's lying on a cot in a base hospital knowing that you don't have to worry whether or not you're dying because you're leaving no one behind. No one cares. No one's going to cry or miss you. And finally you say to yourself, 'I'm free,' and it's the loneliest, most awful feeling in the whole world."

He was quiet then, and his thin browned face was handsome with the firelight on it. His blue uniform was beginning to look worn, and as he sat there, it seemed to Tessa that George, too, was beginning to look worn. Collapsed and ill with a great weariness that was not of the body but of the soul. It was the sort of weariness that comes to men who have lived too long and seen too much, yet George was only thirty!

THE HOME FRONT



"Ninety-six points for a Mr. Frolingbusch!"

The flames in the fireplace flickered and her thoughts flickered back to herself and what George had said of her. He would have found her dull. Had Johnny, then, found her dull? But why? What was dull about being good and decent? What did men want, for heaven's sake?

"It's too bad," she told him, with a touch of bitterness, "that you and all the men like you don't marry yourselves some nice fallen women."

"I've married a number of them!" George said, and chuckled deeply. "But never mind, darling. As I said, I like you as you are. It's just too bad that everybody has to learn these things all over again. There's Johnny, for instance, setting out to find out for himself what I could tell him about, only he wouldn't believe it."

"And just what do you think Johnny is searching for?"

"Oh, lots of things! What it's like not to have to run for the five-ten. How it feels to be able to stay out as late as he wants to, with a lot of people you probably wouldn't like, plus doing the sort of work he always thought he'd probably like to do. And all played against the backdrop of the most exciting, magnificent, terrible war that the world has ever known. You get caught up in this war, Tessa. You'd be surprised how it gets you, how completely you drop out of the life you've known before, because that life just doesn't matter, for a while. But Johnny'll come back," he went on thoughtfully, leaning forward, his elbows on his knees. "He'll come back, as we all do, glad to crawl back into the warmth and companionship of the fold. And when he gets back, I suppose you'll be sitting here, looking much as you look tonight, waiting for him."

HIS eyes were very blue and very bright and they mocked her for the goodness and the dullness and the loyalty that would keep her fastened here before her fireplace, caring for the children and the house, waiting to welcome Johnny back from any journey, long or short, real or emotional, that he might decide to take in the next year or so.

"Of course I'll be here, George. That's really the only job I have to do—to see to it that I'm here, and the home is here, and his little world is here waiting for him."

"The funny thing is," George remarked, staring off into space and speaking as though she had not spoken at all, "he won't be the same person at all. You know that, don't you? The world won't be the same world he left, and he won't be the same man who went away."

Such talk frightened her. Its meanings, its nuances, escaped her, leaving her only with the dreadful insecurity that caught at her every once in a while.

She got up suddenly, holding out her hand to him. She said, "I hate to chase you home, after you've been so perfectly swell about everything, darling, but it is late, and this is a small town, and war widows are watched pretty carefully. Carlson Lockhart tells me you'll be leaving us soon. Will you?"

George rose too, and stood beside her, and took her hand and then placed his other one over it. "Very soon," he said. "Day after tomorrow. I don't suppose you'd care to kiss me good-by?"

INVITATION IN 1943

My lawn chairs grace the cellar
floor,
The croquet set, behind the door,
Keeps company with rackets, net,
And shuttlecocks. This year I get
My exercise on bended knee
Tending corn and bean and pea.
My skin is tanning just as well
As when I used to lie a spell
And read. I loafed where now the
ground
Brings forth tomato plants. Around
The porch squash vines have run.
This year I'm having lots of fun!
Come up, and on the tennis court
I'll show you quite another sport.
Come up at four for cambric tea
And play the game "Pull Weeds"
with me.

—*ELVA RAY.*

"I'm sorry, but I've never gone in for that. Playing around the minute Johnny's back is turned—"

His bright head was bent and his face was warm and ruddy in the firelight, and for all her fine words, Tessa knew in her heart that she would have liked to lay her head on that broad shoulder, and to be kissed, and, for a little while at least, not be lonely or cold. That was the awful part of it, she thought, that for the first time in all her married life she wanted, desperately, to kiss a man other than her husband.

George said, "Well, keep it in mind. The day might come. You're a pretty little thing, Tessa, and I'm out to get you, I warn you!" He laughed down at her, and all the old fineness and sensitiveness that she had remembered in him came back to his face for a minute. She was caught by the expression of tenderness that was held there so briefly, and she said:

"George—" And at that moment the front doorbell rang sharply, urgently, and Tessa, going to answer it, found Mrs. Barnes at the other side of the front door.

And somehow Tessa knew then, instantly and surely, that Mrs. Barnes had stood outside for a minute or two before ringing; that, standing there, she had observed what must have seemed like a very touching scene between her son's wife and another man! Everything about her mother-in-law's face conveyed that knowledge to Tessa. The firm way the older woman's lips were folded over, the pointedness with which she didn't notice George's outstretched hand—George grinned about that, and shrugged, and went hunting for his coat, though Tessa didn't feel inclined to grin!—the coldness of her eyes that were Johnny's eyes when he was coldly, quietly furious.

TESSA thought, Oh, Lord! She said, "Why, good evening, Mother Barnes. I didn't expect to see you here at this late hour."

"Obviously not!" Mrs. Barnes said coldly. "I was driving by on my way home from my hospital work, and I thought I'd stop in and see if this wretched storm had caused you any damage. I'm glad to see that you've already found some one to help you."

She sat down in the chair George had just left, her heavy driving gloves in one hand, her neatly waved hair scalloped around her cheek, and waited for Tessa to give an adequate and suitable explanation of the scene Mrs. Barnes had walked in on.

I won't, Tessa told herself grimly. I won't have her spying on me and waiting for explanations and excuses! Johnny trusts me, and if he doesn't— But he does. I'll make my explanations to him, not to his mother.

"Yes," she said, "George fixed some blown-out fuses and helped me shovel the walk. Thank you again, George," she said, turning to him deliberately. "It was very kind of you to help."

"Not at all. Any time. And good luck!" he said, and winked and laughed his silent laughter and was gone.

When they were alone, Mrs. Barnes said, "I won't stay, Tessa. The storm is growing steadily worse. But tomorrow is Sunday, and I want you to promise to come, with the children, for dinner. You haven't been over ever since Johnny left."

"I really haven't enough gasoline to make that long trip. If you could visit the children here—"

"Sherwood will come for you, then. I'll be expecting you, Tessa." She rose. "Tessa," she said, "I know it's not easy for a woman like yourself, used to having a husband around, to be left alone. But Johnny left a great many things in your care when he went away—his home and his children and his honor. When men go to war, the women are expected to do their part. To acquit themselves on the home front as honorably as their husbands will acquit themselves on the battlefronts. There are several things that have gotten a little out of hand here, Tessa. That's why you must come out tomorrow. I must talk to you. Otherwise I shall have to go to Johnny with my worries."

She tucked her black Persian-lamb collar around her neck, asked after the children, and left, leaving a white-faced, trembling Tessa to stand alone in the hall, knowing that now she was in for trouble with Johnny's mother. Real trouble.

SUNDAYS at the Barnes household were continued, year after year, in the tradition of the original John Barnes who had first built the home as the first permanent home for himself and his army bride after half a decade of wandering from one army post to another. Breakfasts were early and heavy. Sunday papers were read thoughtfully and thoroughly, passed from hand to hand, as the family gathered around the fire. Luncheon was promptly at two, and a light supper was promptly at six, and meanwhile, at whatever time they chose to go, each member of the family was expected to attend church. It was, Tessa thought, the sort of dull day that left you groggy and sleepy and overfed, and it was not at all like the Sundays she and Johnny used to spend together: Sundays when they golfed or walked or rode or went ice skating or sleigh riding with the children. Sundays when they had meals at any and all times, and when the day was over, you felt that you had used every minute of it, instead of having sat like this, like the Barnes family, dozing off in chairs.

In the music room that opened off the big old-fashioned living room, Sherwood's fat heavy hands were coaxing tunes of amazing beauty out of the piano. Janice was kneeling beside a bookcase, pointedly and patiently refiling her copies of the National Geographic Magazine which the children had been looking at.

"When you take the books out," she said to Jackie in her cold controlled tones, "you must put them back as you found them, or else Aunt Janice won't let you play with them again."

Jackie said, "I don't like you."

Janice's smile was thin and bleak. Tessa said, "Jackie, put your things on and go outdoors and play a while." He went reluctantly, kicking the rug as he went, and Janice went after him, straightening throw rugs his kicking rebelling feet disturbed. Patty was upstairs napping. Mrs. Barnes was writing out the menus for the coming week. She said, for the fourth time:

"I do wish I knew whether Bill was coming home when he gets a leave after finishing his basic training. He keeps hinting about it in his letters, but he won't say definitely. With everything rationed so tightly, we'll have to put aside some things . . ."

The playing in the other room tinkled against her words. Now it was the Moonlight Sonata, played with skill and feeling. Tessa listened, feeling an overpowering sadness sweep over her. Johnny, she thought, where are you? What are you doing now, at this minute? What are you thinking about? Whom are you with? Johnny darling, why didn't you write me that you'd seen Catherine in Washington? I know it didn't mean anything, but you might have told me. Don't let this war separate us or change us, darling, please, don't!

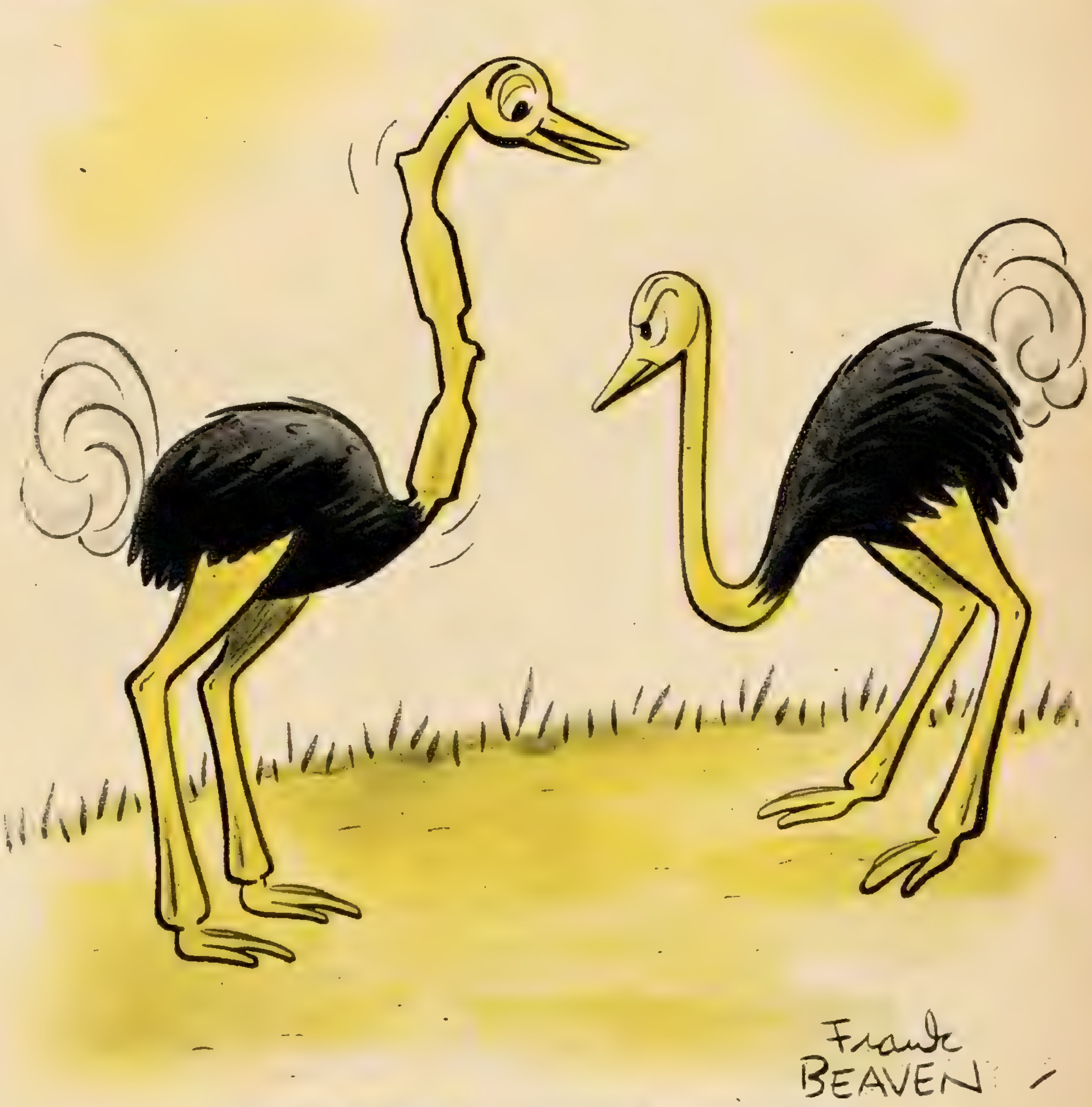
Janice, through arranging magazines, rose and brushed off her skirt, smoothed back her already smooth hair, and walked to the door of the music room and spoke quietly and utterly without feeling to the man at the piano. "Sherwood, shall we bathe and change for supper?"

"I guess we might as well," Sherwood replied heavily, and he came out into the living room with her, dropping a hand on Tessa's shoulder as he passed and adding some pressure to the casual gesture.

SHERWOOD was going to be another unpleasantness if Tessa had to move in here with Johnny's mother. The two of them, man and wife, went on upstairs, and Tessa was reminded of something Sherwood had once said to her: "I married Janice because she was a lady, and Lord knows, she is that. Not only in the drawing room but in the bedroom, and that's a mistake!"

At the time, Tessa had pretended not to hear him, but she couldn't help recalling it now, watching the slow reluctance with which Janice's pale slim hand trailed up along the dark polished banister. She was

ADVERTISEMENT



"And what makes you insinuate that I swiped those two Pepsi-Colas?"

praying that Sherwood would leave for England, and soon, and she was struck again by the strangeness of this role the war was playing: the escape it was offering for so many people from so many different things.

And now, with Jackie outdoors and Patty asleep and Sherwood and Janice safely upstairs, the moment toward which the entire day had been maneuvering itself was finally at hand. The menu book was laid down. Mrs. Barnes took off her glasses. She looked old and tired.

"Tessa, when are you and the children coming home here to live?" she asked directly.

TESSA straightened in her chair. She caught a glimpse of her own reflection in the gilt-edged mirror above the mantel. She was looking old and tired, too, she decided. The whole world, even the children, seemed to look old and tired lately. Her hair hadn't been done in almost two weeks, to save money, and it, too, looked listless. Her face was pale and all the lines were down lines, and people probably would have said of her, "How pretty she must have been when she was young!" Tessa smiled a little as that thought flitted through her mind, and then she came back, with her eyes and with her mind, to Mrs. Barnes.

"I'm hoping to find a job," Tessa said bravely. "If I do, and with what Johnny sends me, I can manage to stay on in our own home, and that will be much better for every one."

"A job!" Mrs. Barnes snapped impatiently. "What sort of work can you do, for heaven's sake?" That's what Catherine had said, Tessa remembered. "See here, Tessa, I'm an old woman, and I'm Johnny's mother, and I love you both, and I've got to talk to you frankly. Right now you're running up bills that you'll never be able to pay unless you dip into Johnny's savings—the money he's put aside to get you and the family through the postwar readjustment period—and it doesn't seem right, Tessa, that when Johnny's giving up so much—giving up everything, in fact—you should deliberately—dishonor him!"

"Dishonor!" Tessa flew back at her. "For heaven's sake, you talk as though I'd murdered some one at least. People have gone into debt before—"

"The Barneses haven't, Tessa. And they're not going to start now. Not if I can prevent it."

And then Tessa stared at the older woman. "How do you know I've gone into debt?"

Mrs. Barnes reached into the purse that was lying beside her, drew out a bill from a local department store. "This came to me by mistake," she said, handing it to Tessa. "It came to Mrs. John Barnes senior, instead of junior."

Tessa accepted it as though it might burn her fingers. OVERDUE was stamped on it in big red letters. A note accompanied it: "Because of the new federal laws governing charge accounts . . ." It wasn't necessary to read further. She'd read a good many of those little paragraphs in the last couple of weeks. The two hundred dollars Johnny had sent her made scarcely a dent in the pile of incoming bills. And Johnny's uniforms, and the dress she had shopped for so extravagantly the day before Johnny went away, and all the other incidentals that she had been accustomed to having and hadn't yet learned to do without, had put her sharply into debt.

SHE put the bill into her purse, where it had a good deal of company. Mrs. Barnes was talking again after her small impressive pause.

"I know how difficult it is for you to give up your home. But I had to give up a good many homes when Johnny's father was in the army and it was my duty to go where he went and somehow make a home for him. And when you consider Johnny's sacrifices in this war . . ."

THE ONLY TRIUMPH

Better than gold by far,
Glory, and crowded ships,
Or victory after war—
The kiss on a woman's lips!

Let sunsets darken and fold,
Let glory and gold depart.
Better than glory or gold—
The love in a woman's heart!

—HARRY KEMP.

Then Tessa's nerves, already sharp and edgy with cold and loneliness and lack of sleep, snapped in two.

"Johnny's sacrifices!" she cried furiously. "Johnny's giving up and Johnny's doing! What about me? What do you think it's been like for me these six weeks? Do you think it's been fun walking the children to school because I can't use the car, and not having enough money even to have my hair done, and not being able to sleep at night, and being alone—alone to dinner, alone to the movies, alone in the house, until I'm ready to shriek!" Her voice had risen until she could hear the small explosions of it against her own ears. She made an effort to choke back the knot of hysteria that was tightening in her throat. "People at home are making sacrifices, too," she said, "and I'm not going to come here to live with you and Janice until there's no other alternative. Because when I come, we're going to hate each other, all of us, and I know it!"

Mrs. Barnes stood up, and when she spoke again, it was with quiet finality. "I've lived through another war, Tessa. I know how sometimes, with the best intentions, things at home can go to pieces, so that when the men come home at last, nothing that they've dreamed about, longed for, prayed for is waiting for them. As Johnny's wife, you belong here with me, where the children can be warm and well fed, and it will cost you almost nothing to live. I feel it my duty, Tessa, to write Johnny about this."

"And don't forget to add that you walked in on me and an old love," Tessa said dully, bitterly. "Be sure to tell him everything."

Mrs. Barnes made no reply. She left Tessa standing there and went out into the kitchen to start supper preparations. After a minute Sherwood came down the old-fashioned double stairway that had a center landing and stairs fanning out on each side of it. He was a soft pink-and-white man, heavy-set, and though at first glance every one thought him to be jovial and good-natured because of his Santa Claus appearance, he was, actually, hard and cold and shrewd and entirely purposeful.

"I'm going down to the club," he said. "Are you staying for supper, or can I drop you off downtown?"

"Please drop me off, Sherwood. It's time the children were going home and to bed. It's after six."

She gathered the children up, thinking that Patty had been put entirely off her schedule by the late, heavy luncheon that hadn't finished until almost three o'clock. The child had slept half the day away, and as a consequence would probably be awake and fussing half the night. Jackie was cold and tired and sleepy. Tessa explained to Mrs. Barnes that the children had better go home now, since Sherwood was driving downtown anyway.

BUT driving down into Linton Heights, Sherwood made his unexpected suggestion: "You know, Tessa, I've got that apartment of mine in Washington. It's not much—a good-sized living room and a couple of bedrooms and two baths. You'd be crowded, you and the kids, but it'd be better than living with *them.* . . . You might call Johnny and see what he thinks of it. If he expects to be in Washington for six months or so you'd be saving on his hotel bill, and the rent isn't too stiff."

Tessa's heart leaped with a hope and an excitement she hadn't known in all these dreary weeks. An apartment in Washington! A chance to be with Johnny!

"Oh, Sherwood! Sherwood, you're a darling! I'm so excited, I don't know what to say! Of course I'll call Johnny! I'll call him tonight. This is magnificent!" And she laughed aloud, she was so happy.

It had begun to rain when Sherwood drew up before the neat little white bandbox of a house with its orderly white picket fence marching in endless parade around it. Sherwood said good night gruffly, embarrassed now at his own goodheartedness, and touched, too, by his last glimpse of Tessa standing at the end of the narrow walk, a child on each hand, her shoulders straight and small and brave.

"Hope this rain melts some snow!" he called back, and the echo of his words on the still, cold air hung on long after his big car had begun to lumber its way through the drifts.

PATTY began to whine with weariness, but Tessa didn't care now. There were wings on her feet, and she walked on feathery white clouds, because she was going to Washington. She was going to Washington to be with Johnny, and everything was suddenly and beautifully all right.

"Don't cry, darling. Mommy knows you're tired, but I'll have you in bed soon."

"The house will be cold," Jackie complained. "It's nice and warm at grandma's, with a fireplace in just about every room, even the bedrooms, but our house is cold. Why don't we go and live at grandma's?"

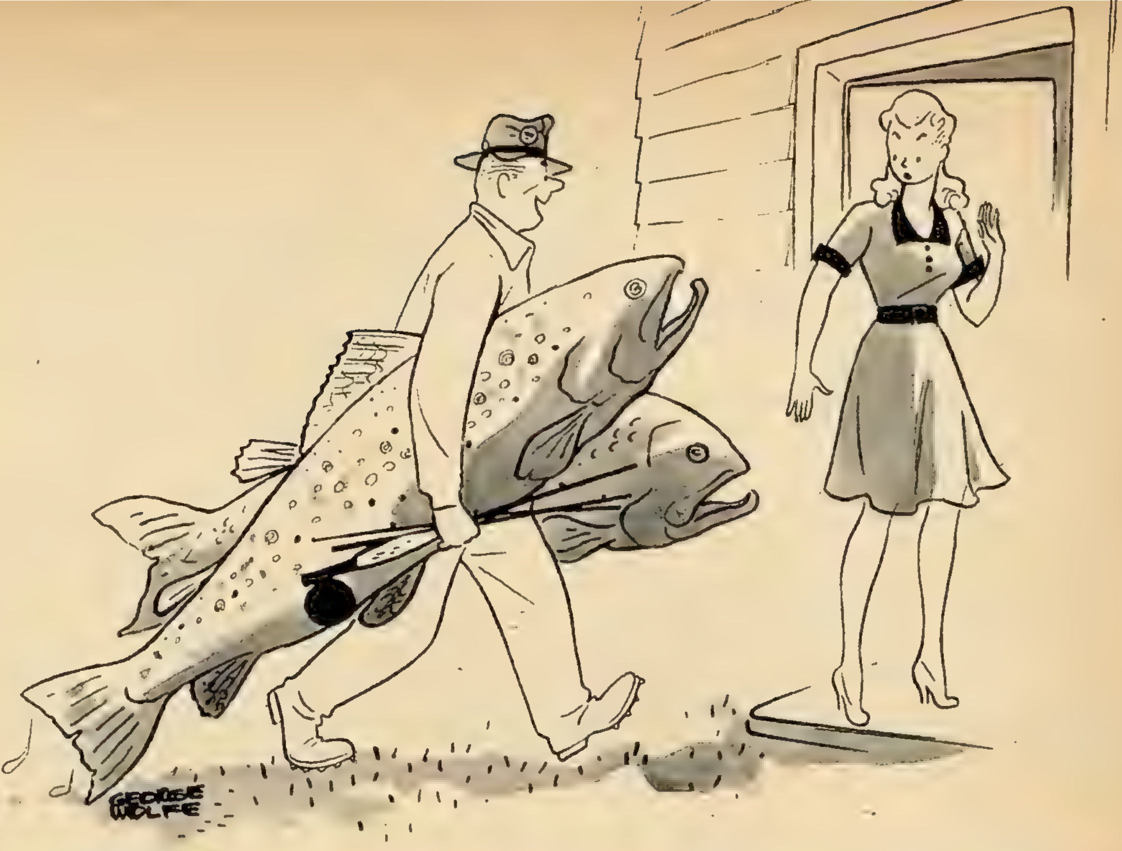
Had Mrs. Barnes been at work? Tessa wondered.

"I think that maybe we'll be going down to Washington to live with daddy. How will that be?"

"Really, mom? And will I see daddy fly a plane, huh?"

She answered their questions with more patience than she'd had in weeks. She ignored the untidiness of the living room. There hadn't been time to straighten it before Sherwood had called for them that morning. She bathed the children and warmed their sheets with hot-water bottles and heard their prayers and snapped off lights, and then the minute she'd been hungering for was at hand. She went to the telephone.

"Long distance, please. . . . I want to put in a call for Captain John Rogers Barnes, Jr., at the International Hotel in Washington, D. C. . . ."



"Still think I was nuts to drop those vitamin pills in the pond last fall?"

It was a letdown to find he wasn't in. Well, he was probably out for dinner. She left word to have him call, and then she tidied the living room and set the table for breakfast and put some breakfast cereal on to cook. She sat down beside the cold fireplace and picked up her knitting, and must have dozed off after a while, because when the shrilling telephone bell finally bit into her consciousness she found herself struggling up from sleep.

She picked up the phone, dropped it clattering to the floor, fumbled for it, retrieved it while the operator said, "Mrs. John Barnes, please. Washington is calling. Mrs. Barnes?"

"Yes, this is Mrs. Barnes."

"Ready with Captain Barnes in Washington. Go ahead, please."

"Hello, *hello!*" Johnny's voice was a new voice, Tessa thought. Or perhaps it was just that she hadn't heard it for so long. It sounded crisped, impatient, well-what-is-it?

"HELLO, Johnny. Darling, how are you?"

"Oh, hello, Tessa." Now it was all right again. Now it was Johnny. She closed her eyes and tried to picture him. Trim and smart in his uniform, sitting on the edge of his bed in a Washington hotel room, that unruly cowlick hanging down on his forehead, his uneven, boyish, engaging grin. "Anything wrong up there?"

"No, darling. Nothing's wrong. The children are fine. The maid quit, though. And the house has been sort of cold. We ran out of oil because Joanna kept it at seventy-two."

"Get some more," Johnny said.

"I will, but we've got to be twice as sparing, because of what she wasted. And I had to shovel the driveway yesterday. That was a new experience."

"Couldn't you get somebody to do it for you, for heaven's sake?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, I did. George Worth happened by, and he finished the job."

"Oh," Johnny said. "Oh, I see."

That had been wrong. That had been definitely wrong! Tessa caught at the conversational ball as it threatened to fly out of reach and brought it safely back again.

"But, Johnny, what I really called you about was to tell you that the most wonderful thing happened. Sherwood's giving up his Washington apartment because he doesn't expect to be back there for a year, probably, *and he's offered it to us!* Isn't that wonderful?"

There was a pause then at the other end of the wire. It was a rather long pause and a thoughtful one. Tessa could clearly imagine Johnny's straight dark brows drawing together in the familiar thoughtful scowl, and he would bite one corner of his mouth, sitting there on the edge of his bed as he must be. She waited while he considered this new and astonishing suggestion, and then she heard him say:

"WELL, Tessa, the fact is, I don't honestly think that Washington's the place for the kids. It's crowded as hell down here, for one thing. You send laundry out and you don't know whether you'll ever get it back, and maids are unheard of, and besides, I don't know how long I'll be here. It might be a week and it might be a year, but there's just no way of knowing, and to drag a couple of kids down here . . ."

There was more. Tessa listened

and listened, holding the receiver close to her ear. There must surely have been more, she thought afterward, because it seemed to her that Johnny's voice had gone on and on for quite some time. But then it stopped, it wound up, it said, "So you see how crazy it'd be, Tess, though I'd love to have you, of course."

"Of course," she said. It was little more than a whisper.

"It was swell of Sherwood to offer us the place."

"Yes, wasn't it?"

The house was very cold and she was shivering as she sat at the phone. Upstairs, Patty began to cough. She always did when the temperature dropped. She might have to have the croup lamp burning tonight. Tessa felt tired, let down.

"When do you think you'll be home, Johnny?"

"Hard to say, honey. This is the army, Mrs. Barnes! Maybe in a few weeks. They usually give furloughs before men are sent to officer school for military training. How are things going at home?"

Horribly, she wanted to say. I'm head over heels in debt, and I had a fight with your mother, and I think I'm letting myself get involved with George Worth, though I didn't mean to, and I'm lonely and tired and I don't want to live like this for the next year or two or three.

"OH, everything's all right, Johnny. I'm lonely, though. I miss you."

"I miss you, too."

Was she imagining it, or did his voice sound politely mechanical? "Johnny, are you sure we can't come down? We don't mind how crowded it is or—or anything, if we can just be near you for a little while longer. And we won't be any trouble to you or—or anything, honestly we won't." She sounded like a little girl. A lonely frightened little girl.

"You just don't know what it's like here, Tessa. You'd hate it ten minutes after you got here. I know this thing has shot our lives to pieces, but this war is no picnic for any one. Keep your chin up. One of these days the war will be over."

"Johnny, you just don't want me to come down, do you?"

"Now, Tessa, for heaven's sake—"

"But if you loved me, you—"

"If you're going to tie up the Washington telephone lines to make a noise like a jealous wife, Tessa! My Lord, I'm *working* down here. I've got to go now, Tess. I told the colonel I'd go over to take some special night pictures of some secret stuff. Good-by, Tess. Give my love to the kids. I'll write you. . . ."

And then he was gone. The operator came back: "Your party has hung up. Shall I try to get them?"

"No—no, thank you." She replaced the phone on its hook. She switched off the lights and went upstairs. She undressed in the darkness, brushed her teeth, and felt her way to her own bed.

She lay there, wide awake, and it seemed to her that the shadowy room was suddenly peopled with ghosts. Not midnight chain-clanking ghosts, but the gay young ghosts of herself and Johnny long ago, in what seemed another lifetime. A Johnny who had said to her, "I know I haven't got much of anything to offer you, honey, but gosh, I could be happy anywhere with you, and if you think you could stand me, and believe in me, and think that some day I'll make good for you . . ."

And that eighteen-year-old Tessa had cried and buried her head on Johnny's shoulder and said, "Why, Johnny, you're asking me to marry you! You big boob, it took you long enough! Of course I could stand you!"

And they had eloped because her parents hadn't thought much of Johnny Barnes. Good stock, they had said, but Johnny himself seemed insecure, mercurial, too restless to make a good husband.

BUT that wasn't so. Johnny had been a wonderful husband. And Tessa had thought herself a wonderful wife, giving him everything he wanted. It wasn't fair of a man to keep secret and hidden within himself all the restlessness and dissatisfactions that accumulated with the years. "If he had told me, warned me," Tessa whispered aloud, alone in the darkness. The life she had made for him had been a good life, but apparently it had not been good for him. And he had gone along, docile and willing and obedient, and all the time he had been bored with it, perhaps bored with her, and then had come this opportunity to escape, and he had seized upon it.

No, he did not want Tessa to come to Washington. That fact was plain and clear. People in love don't consider crowded schools or inefficient laundry service! They merely say, "It's a chance to be together—"

Rain beat and hammered its steady tattoo against the windows. Stairs groaned and creaked and the house was alive with night noises, and all the loneliness and fears, crowded to the back of her mind during the busy day, crept out, too, and pressed their advantage.

She had set Johnny's mother against her. That had been a mistake. She was making enemies in this small town when she could not afford them. She was appearing to have a wrong, a selfish attitude about her husband's going into service. And there were the bills. And there was George. She was relieved that he was leaving soon. He would cause trouble for her if he stayed, with his arrogant, amused attitude toward the people in Linton Heights and their small conventions. He had caused trouble for her already, in fact. She couldn't help feeling that that cheap horrible scene on the stairs at the Country Club the night Johnny had left for Washington, had helped widen the gap between her and Johnny. He hadn't said anything about it, and that's what was so frightening. Time was when he would have said a great deal.

IT was almost, she thought, as though Johnny had felt, I guess it's been pretty dull for you, too. I can understand that!

She got up suddenly and reached for her dressing gown. She would go downstairs and get a book and read. Light flooded the living room as she touched the switch, and she went over to the built-in bookshelves. Passing Johnny's worn familiar chair, she paused. She ran a hand lightly over the top of it. She could imagine his dark head against it. She could imagine his hand reaching up to draw her down into his lap.

"Johnny, Johnny," her heart asked that empty chair, "what's happened to us? What'll become of me if—*if you never come back?*"

Her heart stopped, startled, on the thought. And all at once she decided. I'll go to him. Tomorrow I'll go down to Washington and talk to him.

Can Tessa persuade Johnny to let her and the children live with him in Washington? She goes there to try—and meets a situation that is hard to handle. Next week's chapter brings surprises—and heartbreak.

WARTIME MEDICAL MIRACLES—Continued from Page 33

Today, each soldier carries around his neck a small package containing tablets of one of the sulfonamide drugs. Swallowed immediately by a wounded soldier, this potent drug sluices through his blood stream to the wound and holds the germs in check—enormously lengthening the safe period for operation. A squad of trained stretcher bearers carries him without jarring or jolting over the roughest ground. Field medical officers render first aid. A mobile X-ray unit can be set up in fifteen minutes, to visualize fractured bones or locate embedded bullets. Sulfanilamide power is sprinkled into the wound in a concentration deadly to nearly all infectious germs. A transfusion of plasma, unknown in the last war, will replace lost blood. He can then be transported by ambulance plane to a base hospital for specialized treatment with the most modern equipment.

Largely due to the new wonder drugs, infection was almost unknown among the wounded at Pearl Harbor, not a single fatality resulted from gas gangrene, and deaths from wounds were only half what they would have been with World War I techniques. These magic powders are saving lives daily on every battle front, yet scarcely more than two years ago the most progressive of surgeons would have ridiculed the idea of sprinkling them directly into a wound.

CIVILIAN surgeons who entered the army during World War I naturally followed the conservative methods of their peacetime practice. They would gently remove embedded bullets and gross particles of dirt, carefully cleansing the depths of the wound before sewing it up and applying antiseptic dressing. That treatment proved wholly futile against germs which had been gathering virulence for 2,000 years in the heavily manured soil of Flanders. Men died by the thousand from infection and gas gangrene.

But in one lone hospital, formerly a fashionable hotel at the edge of the Forest of Compiègne, wounds healed cleanly and infection was almost unknown. Its diminutive French director, Dr. Alexis Carrel, had discovered a new method of antisepsis. This method called for a maze of tubes which penetrated into the depths of every wound and irrigated it with potent new antiseptics developed by Henry Dakin, the great English biochemist.

Almost overnight the new technique swept into vogue. Already surgeons were discarding their kid-glove methods, and were cutting away all tissues lining a wound to prevent germs from spreading into the blood. Thanks to this and to the Carrel-Dakin technique, the death rate declined.

Yet at the end of the war the bugaboos of constant dressing and redressing of wounds still remained, and grievous tolls were still being taken by running wounds and gas gangrene.

Appalling, too, was the transportation of the wounded to base hospitals in World War I. They were jolted from the front lines in a hand litter or a horse-drawn wagon, then left for hours, perhaps days, in a hospital train—sinking deeper and deeper into shock as deadly germs spread and multiplied. Soon it was a choice between amputation—in the cases where that was possible—and a running wound that would slowly sap the victim's strength.

Revolutionary healing methods have now reduced the agonies of recuperation. Twenty-five years ago surgeons considered it essential to have the injured part accessible for inspection at all times. Hence wounds were re-dressed at least once a day in voluminous bandages of gauze and wool which adhered to the raw surfaces and caused excruciating pain. Badly wounded limbs could not get the rest which a shattered bone must have, and grotesque deformities resulted.

Twelve years ago members of London's Royal Society of Medicine listened skeptically to Dr. Winnett Orr, a white-haired surgeon from Lincoln, Nebraska. He advised them to throw away their wool and bandages, lay a strip of vaselined gauze directly in the infected wound and, using no intermediate covering, encase the entire limb in plaster of Paris—leaving it without inspection or redressing until completely healed.

BONE surgeons were unimpressed and continued to operate in the same old ways. But during the Spanish Civil War a comparatively unknown surgeon, José Trueta, one of the few advocates of Dr. Orr's methods, proved to the world that the plaster-cast dressing was another milestone in surgical history. During the merciless aerial bombardment of Barcelona, men, women, and children fortunate enough to be in Trueta's wards were spared the painful changes of dressings; their wounds, whether clean or running, healed more quickly and more firmly. Unlike other surgeons' patients, they emerged with healthy, useful limbs. The Spanish Republican Army forthwith ordered all its surgeons to adopt the new technique. Today American and British military surgeons are using it on the battle fronts of the world.

In 1914-18 many victims of burns had to be confined in special wards so that their terrible sufferings and disfigurements would not demoralize other patients. But that was before a Detroit surgeon introduced coagulation. By means of a quick-working chemical spray, it is now possible within a few minutes to change a raw, oozing, bloody surface into one as tough and resilient as leather. The covering can even be made transparent, so that the healing progress can be observed through a protective window. Sulfonamide is added to the coagulating agents as a double check on the preliminary cleansing.

The British Navy noticed that burned sailors who had floated in the sea for several hours progressed much better than those picked up immediately. Experiments proved the healing value of salt water. Now severely burned patients are suspended for hours in soothing saline baths as a preliminary to coagulation treatment. Between baths, burns are covered with greasy dressings which float painlessly away in the next immersion.

For limited burns, the injured limb can be encased in a soft waterproof covering and warm healing fluids pumped around it.

HAD treatment of wound shock not kept pace with other discoveries, the others would have been of little value. For even when infection was thwarted, wounded men would die mysteriously. They died, it has now been discovered, because the blood vessels in a state of shock lose their power to retain the fluid part of the blood, the plasma. It seeps out as if through a sieve—and with it, life.

Old-style blood transfusions only added more red cells to the already overpacked blood. It took twenty years of research to devise suitable means of extracting plasma from blood and storing it in powdered form—ready for transfusion when water is added. The American Red Cross is seeking three million pints of blood for the armed forces. Measured in plasma, this will represent many thousands of lives saved.

Breath-taking as these developments are, more will come. Discoveries yet to be made will not only alleviate the suffering of our boys at the front, but will serve civilization long after the conflict is ended.

THE END

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

Gil and Art discover that rustlers have been around and that they are suspected for a while—

—Until the hysterical mob discovers the "real" rustlers and prepares to lynch them pronto.

The discovery of their error comes too late; but their shame cannot bring the victims back.

BY HARRIET GOULD

THE OX BOW INCIDENT

"RELENTLESS" is the word for The Ox Bow Incident. The important message of the picture—that lynchings result from the kind of mob hysteria that Hitler employs—is pounded home with the insistence of a pile driver.

Taken almost verbatim from the novel of the same name by Walter Van Tilburg Clark, The Ox Bow Incident is a simple story of two cowboys, Gil Carter (Henry Fonda) and Art Croft (Henry Morgan), who ride into the little town of Bridger's Wells after a long lonesome winter on the range. Rustlers have been at work during the winter—and the cowboys find themselves suspected. But when a hysterical youngster gallops up to announce that the rustlers have shot Kincaid, the leading rancher, and stolen fifty head of cattle, attention switches from Gil and Art and the wave of thoughtless hysteria starts. In spite of the pleadings of a few levelheaded ones, a posse is formed and the chase is on. They catch three men with the "stolen" cattle. The men protest that the cattle were bought from Kincaid, who promised to send them a bill of sale. But the excited mob shrieks for blood and strings them up anyway. Leaving the three men swinging in the dawn, the posse returns singing to Bridger's Wells—to find the men they had murdered were innocent.

Director William Wellman has given the picture a tight uncompromising quality that permeates every scene. The implications—not the plot—leave you limp. Wellman doesn't allow the audience to relax for one moment. The finely drawn characters of the book emerge as real personalities on the screen. Special mention should go to Henry Fonda for his restrained portrayal of the surly quick-tempered Gil, Frank Conroy as the sadistic Major Tetley, and Dana Andrews as a victim of the mob. Jane Darwell is excellent in her caricature of the female rabble-rouser—a Madame LaFarge in breeches.

The Ox Bow Incident is an exciting, intelligent movie—a good movie. Because of its subject it can hardly be called "an evening's entertainment," but it will certainly revitalize your emotions.

(Twentieth Century-Fox.)

DESERT VICTORY

(Released through Twentieth Century-Fox)

MADE by the British Army Film Unit (with R. A. F. photographers assisting), Desert Victory records the British Eighth Army's campaign last October which drove Rommel from El Alamein past Tripoli. It's packed with such indelible moments as when the camera pans across the tense, fearful faces of men waiting for the attack signal—or records the shattering sight of a night barrage. The photography and drama of this one-hour film made in the battlefield puts most Hollywood productions to shame.

THE DESPERADOS

(Columbia)

BECAUSE it has superb technicolor, and Randolph Scott, Glenn Ford, and Claire Trevor to give it a lift, The Desperados misses being branded just another Western. It's the familiar saga (with a few new twists) of the sheriff, his boyhood chum wrongly accused of robbery, and the high-riding woman with a good heart. All the usual props of the horse opry are here—including the barroom fight and a spectacular wild-horse stampede. "Western" fans will find that—in spite of the slick production—the formula hasn't been tampered with at all in The Desperados.

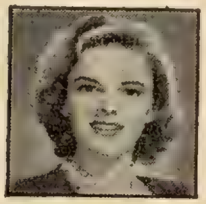
The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

Well, this time we're presenting Judy Garland in a piece called "Presenting Lily Mars."

★ ★



Don't tell anybody but we're crazy about the picture. It has everything.

★ ★

"For Me And My Gal" had punch—and Judy. "Presenting Lily Mars" has more punch and more Judy.

★ ★ ★ ★

Really, honestly, truly, it's a honey. It's dream-like, it's comical, it's melodious, it's a great entertainment.

★ ★ ★ ★

Judy plays a stage-struck little girl who acts all over the place—emotes on cue, tries to tear the heart of a producer who just pays no attention.

★ ★

The producer is Van Heflin—the Academy Award Van Heflin. He has that same indefinable charm that captured so many right from the start.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Lily Mars" is enriched with two big name bands—two, count 'em—Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra and Bob Crosby and his Orchestra.

★ ★ ★ ★

This Booth Tarkington adaptation was directed by that comedy-master Norman Taurog and produced by the proven Joe Pasternak.

★ ★ ★ ★

We're shouting Judy all over the place.

★ ★ ★ ★

For action and excitement we're turning to another wonderful film—"Assignment in Brittany."

★ ★ ★ ★

Based on the best-selling novel by Helen McInness, it was directed by Jack Conway who is without a peer in melodrama.

★ ★ ★ ★

Two young stars come into their very own in "Assignment in Brittany." One is Pierre Aumont—late from France but definitely of America now—who has the stuff that the late Valentino once revealed.

The other star is Susan Peters. You've seen her in "Random Harvest" and you'll see exactly what we mean.

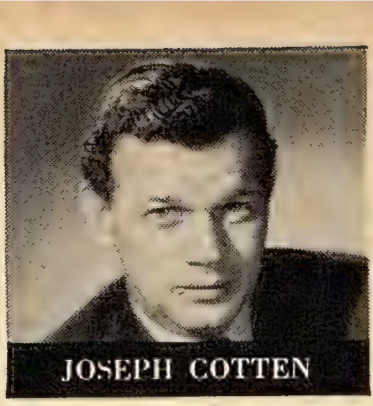
★ ★ ★ ★

"Assignment in Brittany" is bang-up entertainment, a show with authority, a story for these times.

★ ★ ★

By the way, we suppose you noticed who won most of the Academy Awards. None other than your old friend,
—*Leo*

BETTE DAVIS



JOSEPH COTTEN

MERLE OBERON

CURRENT FILM FARE

FILM	GIST	LIBERTY SAID:
AIR FORCE (Warners) **John Garfield, Harry Carey**	*Drama* (pictorial logbook of a Flying Fortress in the Philippines, December, 1941).	A really good picture . . . exciting, fast-moving . . . authentic. (2-20-43)
ASSIGNMENT IN BRITTANY (M-G-M) **Pierre Aumont, Richard Whorf, Margaret Wycherly**	*Thriller* (a British spy doubles for a French traitor and unearths Nazi schemes).	Suspense-filled . . . exciting sequences . . . excellent cast. (4-17-43)
CABIN IN THE SKY (M-G-M) **Ethel Waters, Lena Horne, "Rochester" Anderson**	*Musical fantasy* (Petunia tries to keep Little Joe away from the clutches of the devil and Georgia Brown).	Lighthearted fantasy . . . slow in spots, but has much to offer . . . lovely music and Ethel Waters' singing make picture worth seeing. (4-3-43)
CASABLANCA (Warners) **Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Paul Henreid**	*Melodrama* (the refugee problem and a novel love story against the background of French Morocco).	Terrific and timely hit . . . extraordinarily well staged and acted. (1-2-43)
EDGE OF DARKNESS (Warners) **Errol Flynn, Ann Sheridan, Judith Anderson**	*Drama* (a Norwegian fishing village rises in revolt against Nazi tyranny).	Its theme does not suffer by repetition . . . extraordinary collection of acting talent. (4-17-43)
FLIGHT FOR FREEDOM (RKO) **Rosalind Russell, Fred MacMurray, Herbert Marshall**	*Aviation romance* (an aviatrix—reminiscent of Amelia Earhart—camouflages a naval mission as a flight around the world).	It has all the elements that make for an entertaining movie . . . fast-moving . . . exciting . . . see it. (3-27-43)
FOREVER AND A DAY (RKO) **All-star cast**	*Drama* (the saga of an English house and its inhabitants from 1804 to 1941).	Actors, writers, directors donated talents, and proceeds go to war charities . . . but characterizations are gems. (4-10-43)
HELLO, FRISCO, HELLO (20th-Fox) **Alice Faye, John Payne, Jack Oakie, June Havoc**	*Musical* (the old-fashioned two-couple vaudeville team sing and dance along Frisco's Barbary Coast).	Fine technicolor . . . lots of old vaudeville ballads . . . perfect escapist movie for an off night. (4-24-43)
HITLER'S CHILDREN (RKO) **Bonita Granville, Otto Kruger, Tim Holt**	*Drama* (the revolt of an American-born girl in Germany against Nazi "education").	Vivid portrayal . . . story handled with restraint that enhances the horror. (2-13-43)
JOURNEY INTO FEAR (RKO) **Joseph Cotten and Orson Welles**	*Thriller* (American engineer and his wife chase through Europe with the Nazis on their heels).	Interesting and suspense-filled under Welles' able and unconventional hand. (3-13-43)
ONE DAY OF WAR (March of Time)	*Documentary film* (stirring kaleidoscope of a typical day of war in Soviet Russia).	Most amazing war film ever made . . . awful and startling in its simplicity. (3-6-43)
RANDOM HARVEST (M-G-M) **Ronald Colman, Greer Garson**	*Love story* (the end of the last war and an amnesia victim bring England's two worlds together).	Tender and touching . . . performed and directed with sensitivity. (1-2-43)
REAP THE WILD WIND (Paramount) **Paulette Goddard, Ray Milland, and John Wayne**	*Melodrama* (the romances of the seagoing daughter of a salvage skipper in the days of sailing ships and pirates).	A De Mille super-spectacle full of excitement, color, and comedy . . . a fabulous historical show rather than co-ordinated artistic achievement. (4-11-42)
SALUDOS AMIGOS (Disney-RKO) **Donald Duck, Goofy**	*Cartoon feature* (the Disney menagerie takes over South America and makes some new friends).	Very amusing dose of hemispheric neighborliness . . . magnificent color. (1-16-43)
THE AMAZING MRS. HOLLIDAY (Universal) **Deanna Durbin, Edmond O'Brien**	*Comic melodrama* (Deanna pretends she's a widow to get refugee kids into the country—then falls in love).	Conclusive and delightful evidence that Deanna Durbin has really grown up. (3-20-43)
THE HARD WAY (Warners) **Ida Lupino, Joan Leslie**	*Drama* (a ruthless girl discovers she can run her sister's life in the theater but not out of it).	Relentless character story . . . Lupino gives one of her best bitter, uncompromising performances. (11-14-42)
THE HUMAN COMEDY (M-G-M) **Mickey Rooney, Fay Bainter, Frank Morgan**	*Homey drama* (three days in the life of the Macauleys of Ithaca as seen by Saroyan).	Delightful and heart-warming film . . . no real plot, but each scene a gem . . . direction excellent. (4-24-43)
THE IMMORTAL SERGEANT (20th-Fox) **Henry Fonda, Maureen O'Hara**	*War drama* (inspired by the memory of his superior, a corporal guides a British patrol through Libya).	Compact, hard-driving movie . . . fine performances. (2-20-43)

WITH RUSSIAN GUERRILLAS

Continued from Page 17

When they came abreast of us, our rifles crackled and the grenades started dropping from the trees. The whole business didn't take over sixty seconds. I must say we did a thorough job. There wasn't a single German left alive. Our two nurses were in high spirits. They were claiming that the grenades they had thrown had done more damage than any of the other grenades.

Our next objective was an ammunition and oil storage depot in a village about a four-day march distant. When we arrived we learned from the natives that in spite of the huge supplies the Germans had brought up to this particular village, only a dozen soldiers were left to guard the depots. After night fell, we evacuated the villagers, sneaked past the sentries, planted our dynamite, set off our fuses, and then got to safety before the blast went off.

We marched all the rest of that night and at dawn hid in an abandoned farm building in territory that the Germans had overrun sometime previously. Our destination was a town which—according to information gathered by observers in Red Army reconnaissance planes—the enemy was using as a railroad shipping point for supplies going up to the front lines. We made the town an hour before dawn, and split up, to hide and sleep in the houses of the townfolk. Secret runners always tipped villagers off in advance of our arrival, so they would be prepared to house us.

In this latest town that we came into, Yasha and I were put up in one house, while the two girls stayed

next door. We remained inside all day. Late in the afternoon, after we had had a good sleep, we began to talk to our hosts—a middle-aged man and his wife—about the local situation. The Germans, we were told, had a concentration of about 500 men in the town—transportation experts and soldiers.

Our hosts told us that the German commanding officer with the occupying force was a very vain man who had quite an eye for the girls. Luba, who had just joined us, said, "Maybe I can handle him—and get the information we want."

That afternoon, Luba, wearing borrowed clothes that made her look like a native of the village, wandered by the favorite drinking place of the Nazi officers. Her pose was one of shyness and innocence. The commanding officer had been described to her and she was soon able to single him out. He was sitting at a table when Luba passed. She looked at him and smiled. Taken off guard by this display of friendliness, the German officer was on his feet immediately, inviting her to stop and have a drink with him. Luba, playing innocent, said she was too young to drink. The commanding officer forced the drink on her and she pretended that it gagged her. He was highly amused.

LUBA spent about half an hour with the German. He asked her to return the next day, which she promised to do. We mapped her strategy for the next day. She was to take more than one drink and pretend to be intoxicated. Then she was to ask to be permitted to lie down in the house where the officers were—and listen for whatever she could hear.

Luba carried out her act very well, and presently the commanding officer thought she was drunk. She was taken into the house, where she reclined on a couch. Some officers were in the next room. They were discussing a large shipment of ammunition and equipment. The shipment was to leave two days later in a train containing twelve passenger coaches and eight freight cars from a certain point near the town.

When Luba returned with her information, our commander was quick to make plans. He dispatched twenty of us that very night for the desolate point midway along the route the train would take. It took us thirty-six hours to reach that point. We had to work fast once we arrived. We got busy planting dynamite over a long stretch of track and attaching it by cable to detonators hidden in scrubland more than a hundred yards from the track. We carefully covered the cable and then went back and hid in the scrub with our detonators.

"You heard the missus! March on back and put on your rubbers!"

Late in the afternoon we heard a train. When it came abreast of us we let go with the detonators. The train was blown right into the air, from the engine to the last car. The first eight cars—freight cars—went sky-high. The passenger cars just buckled, shot into the air, then came crashing back to earth.

We were sure everybody aboard had been killed. But we were in for a surprise. From about half of the twelve overturned passenger cars Huns were climbing out, shouting and jabbering to themselves. They spotted us immediately.

We made for a swamp, knowing that once we were in there we could outsmart the Germans—and we did. But before we made it, ten of our men were killed by German bullets.

Two days later, just before dawn, we got back to the town where Luba had learned about the train. Our host was sitting up, waiting for us. "You must leave this town at once," he advised Yasha and me. "All the others have."

"Why?" I asked.

"When news about the train got back here, the commanding officer suspected Luba. They took her and the other girl yesterday."

It took us eight days to get back to Leningrad. Only twenty-two of the original fifty had survived.

The authorities decided that we should have a brief vacation. But Leningrad was a poor vacation spot in August of 1941. German bombers were proving themselves very efficient when it came to laying their eggs on schools and hospitals. The enemy ring of steel around the city was tightened. Food was beginning to get very scarce.

I went over to Yasha's house, where he had rejoined his wife and two children. Yasha had told his

I NEVER MET A MAN WITH SO SMOOTH A CHIN!

YOUR FRIENDS DON'T USE STAR BLADES, HONEY!

6NX PROCESS
STAR
DOUBLE EDGE

4 for 10¢

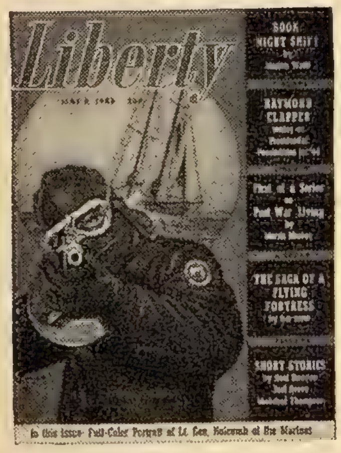
STAR
SINGLE EDGE

TO EASE PAIN
OF SIMPLE PILES

Try the "Old Reliable"

For over 50 years, good old medicated Sayman Salve has been helping suffering people ease the painful soreness of simple piles. Containing not just one, but THREE well-known medicinal ingredients, Sayman Salve helps to soothe, cool and protect tender, irritated membranes, soften hardened parts, lubricate dry tissue. Acts as a comforting and palliative agent. Only 25c. All druggists. Ask for

SAYMAN SALVE



IN OUR NEXT

RAYMOND CLAPPER examines the "PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES FOR '44" . . . . right from the Washington pressbox.

* * *

When science comes home from war, it will make your life amazingly easier! Don't miss the first of a series of articles on "YOUR POST-WAR LIVING" exclusively prepared for LIBERTY by Morris Markey.

* * *

We don't know whose word to take on the U. S. Coast Guard Corsairs. The Coast Guard calls it "Yachting at government's expense"—but other seamen say these sub-hunters are plumb crazy. Judge for yourself after reading STORM PROOF FLEET.

* * *

McCLELLAND BARCLAY'S full color painting of LT. GENERAL THOMAS HOLCOMB appears in this issue. It's suitable for framing or as a pin-up.

wife about what he had seen in Vasino. She had thought that he was exaggerating. "Not even Germans would do a thing like that," she said to me.

Yasha and I were keeping in touch with headquarters to find out when we would have to go out again. The date was finally set. The very day before we were to go, our commander was in very high spirits. I asked him for the reason. "Because," he said, "Luba and Zena are back again!"

What had happened was this: Luba and Zena had put on a great show of innocence when they had been picked up by the Germans. The people in the town had been carefully coached to establish a false background for both girls. And they had all sworn that Luba and Zena had lived in the town all their lives, and couldn't possibly have been operating as guerrillas.

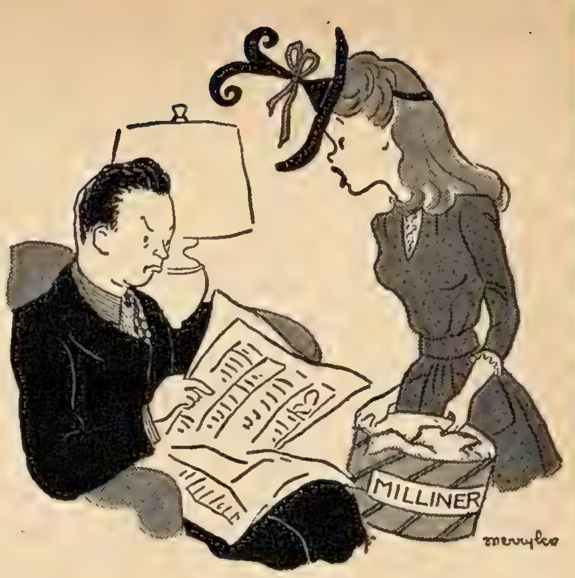
So Luba and Zena had been released. The two girls connected with another guerrilla band operating nearer Leningrad. They were flown back to Leningrad in an ambulance plane which had come in a clearing to remove two wounded guerrillas.

OUR objective when we started out again was a concealed German reconnaissance airdrome southwest of Leningrad, which we had learned about through plans obtained when we had wiped out a German intelligence unit. The bulk of us, including Luba and Zena, took a circuitous route toward the drome and made observations from an adjacent woods.

We struck late at night when many of the flyers were asleep. Some of us lit the bivouac area with flares and machine-gunned everybody in sight, and others took the mechanics by surprise and mowed them down. In the morning we wiped out the swastikas on the planes and replaced them with our own markings. Then one of our men took off for Leningrad. Around noon a big Russian plane came over the area and dropped enough pilots by parachute to fly the rest of the planes back to Leningrad.

We went on foray after foray. Yasha and I and the rest of us had become so used to guerrilla warfare that we took everything in our stride. We came upon other airdromes, attacked other headquarters, and blew up trains, bridges, supply trucks, and ammunition and oil dumps—until I saw explosions in my sleep. By the beginning of October I had plunged my hunting knife into the backs of more than thirty of the enemy, and I had lost count of how many I had killed with my machine gun.

In October, when the snows came, Yasha and I returned with the main body to Leningrad. By now there were only Yasha and I, our commander and seven others—including Luba and Zena—out of the original fifty who had been recruited in July.



"Do you *really* and *truly* think it looks nice, or are you just saying that to shut me up?"

In November we started out again. The snow would be thirty feet high in some places, so we traveled on skis. We were given white outfits so that we would not be detected against the snow as we swept down on an objective by moonlight. Luba and Zena were still with us, and they were good skiers. Yasha lost his life when we were marooned in a desolate spot by a blizzard. Accustomed as I now was to the sight of death, the passing of this dear friend shook me terribly. Our food was gone, and we did not have sufficient clothing or blankets. Originally we had hoped to seize some German clothing at a certain village, but the fact that we had been intercepted wrecked our plans. So there we were, facing death by freezing.

WE had only one hope. Red Army planes frequently flew over territory that we were known to be covering. It was on the third day of our plight when things looked blackest. Several of our comrades had already frozen to death. Then a plane came out of the gray sky—one of our planes. It flew low and circled around us. Several little parachutes began to come down toward us. I know you will be interested to know that the food and clothing and blankets that came down on those parachutes, and saved our lives, bore tags with three words on them. The words were written in English, and we couldn't understand the English writing any more than the average American could understand Russian. But I later found out that those three words were: Russian War Relief.

The ring of steel that the Ger-

NIGHT SHIFT

By Maritta Wolff

This is the story of Sally Otis, who works as a waitress to keep up a home for her children, of her sister Virginia and her brother Joe, and of Petey, another sister, whose life was glittering and tawdry and who came home to bring excitement and help to Sally when she needed it most. Read this much talked about novel in Liberty

Next Week

Abridged to one evening's reading time

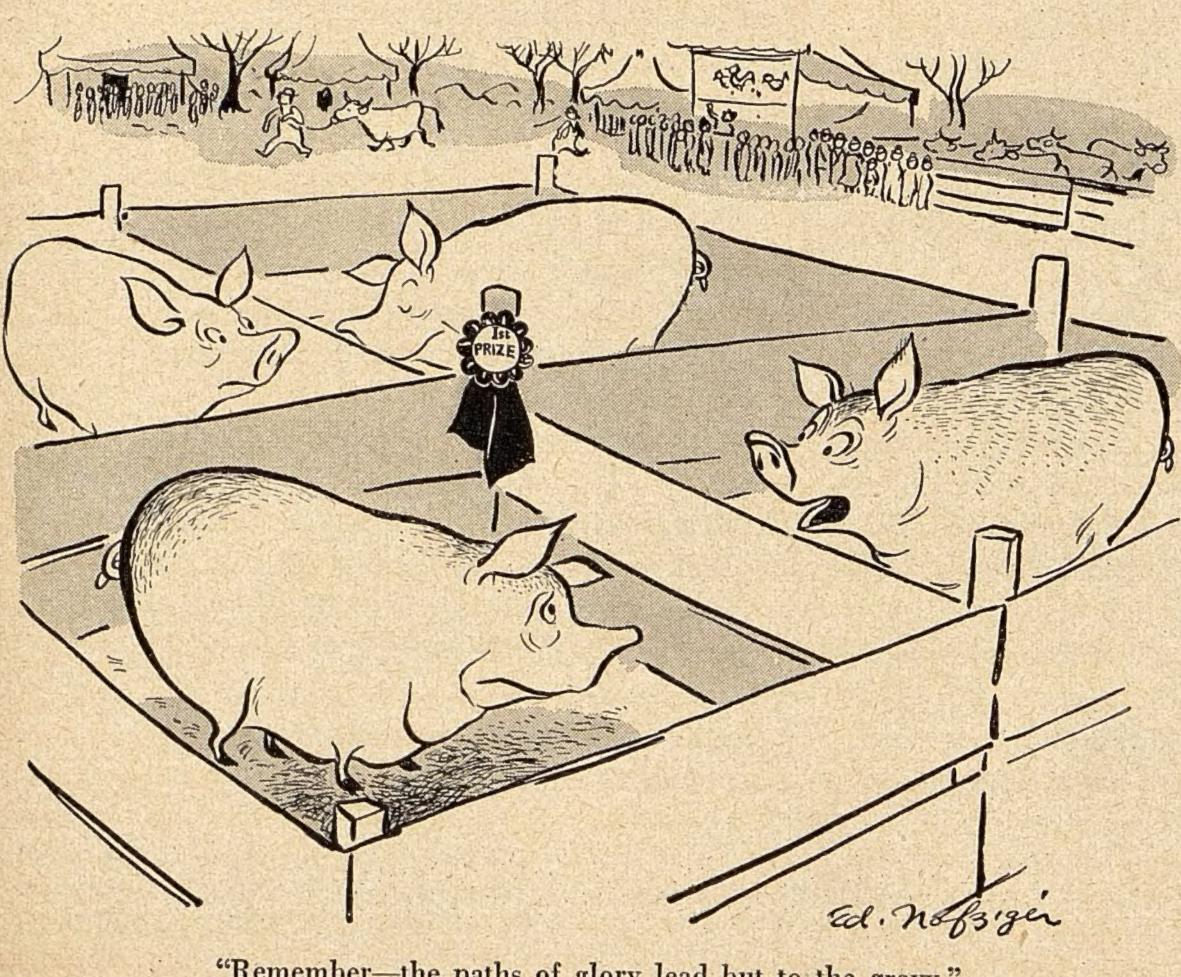
mans had placed about Leningrad had only one opening in it—an opening that they couldn't close. That opening was Lake Ladoga, which gave the city access to the Russia east of Leningrad. Not that the Germans weren't covering the lake on both sides. No one had dared cross its frozen wastes since it had once been tried and those who had made the attempt had been cut down.

But we would have to try it now. Our detachment was instructed to get behind the German ring of steel east of the city by crossing the lake during a night snowfall. We had to cross during a snowfall or our tracks would have been visible in the morning. We made the crossing all right. Luba and Zena were not supposed to have gone along, but they had pleaded so hard with our commander that he had let them come.

We had a new type of mission beyond the ring of steel to the east of my birthplace. Leningrad was starving, and we just had to get food into the city. Aircraft couldn't be spared to carry food in, even had it been possible, and it wasn't possible because the landing fields to the east were under thirty to seventy feet of snow. What we did was to organize animal-drawn carts, get snow plows to make a path for them, then convoy the carts, filled with food, across Lake Ladoga in the middle of the night. It was perilous work, slow and heartbreaking. We had the legs of the animals—horses and oxen—bound up in burlap, yet some of the animals dropped by the wayside, and other animals had to draw a double load. It was about three in the morning when we became fearful. The sky showed signs of clearing, which would have meant moonlight. Moonlight would have made us like ducks on a pond. As we made our slow way onward, almost every eye was on the sky. Then it began to cloud over again. Fate was with us. Not long before dawn the caravan rumbled into Leningrad.

Spring came, and summer, and the lifting of the siege. Half of the city's three million had either died from cold and hunger or from bombs. But we had held out. The invader was pushed back toward his doom. The guerrillas are no longer operating out of Leningrad. They are carrying on their work farther to the west, closer to the border of Germany. They are doing their part to seal the enemy's doom.

THE END



"Remember—the paths of glory lead but to the gravy."

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

BORN IN BIRMINGHAM, England, Dr. Albert Hemming studied at the university there, and received his degree of Bachelor of Medicine and Bachelor of Surgery in 1933. That same year he was admitted as a member of the Royal College of Surgeons.

In 1939 he was invited to act as technical adviser at the RKO studios during the production of Vigil in the Night, in which Carole Lombard starred. He makes his bow in Liberty with Wartime Medical Miracles, a most stimulating contribution.

LAURENCE SCHWAB, whose story No Ham and Eggs in Hell is his first go at short fiction, is an old hand at musical comedies and movies. He produced, coproduced, or co-authored such Broadway successes as The Gingham Girl, Desert Song, Good News, New Moon, among others. His wife is a former musical-comedy leading lady, who "fills our house," he says, "with laughter and useless golf prizes."

"LIKENESS IS UGLY but excellent," said Mrs. Marshall when she saw the general's portrait which McClelland Barclay has done for us in this issue. The general's Dalmatian watched the artist at work on his canvas and more than once gave approval of the result, too.

BEFORE HE BECAME a guerrilla, Mikhail Ivanov was a jolly sailor boy. Wounded, he was again assigned to the sea, and made a trip to America, where, at odd times, he addressed audiences for Russian Relief, always making a hit.

THE EDITORS

"TOTAL" WAR EXCLUDES CONTROVERSY AS USUAL

ONE of the more definite indications that we are not yet fighting a "total" war is our readiness to become preoccupied with controversies which are essentially minor in nature and have little or no real bearing on winning the war, or how long it takes us to do so.

Instead of bringing all our effort to bear on killing the greatest numbers of the enemy in the shortest space of time, we waste energy beating each other over the head about definitions and attitudes. The ruckus raised by the recent remarks of our ambassador to Russia, Admiral Standley, is a case in point.

It matters very little whether the Russians publicly acknowledge the help we are giving them, or even if they are grateful for it. What does matter is the fact that our weapons are getting into the hands of Russian fighting men and being used to kill Nazis. Every one liquidated by American guns and ammunition in the hands of Russian troops is one less we will have to liquidate ourselves. Our agitation over whether or not the Russians take time out to bow gracefully and say thank you indicates we are more concerned with our own feelings and prestige, which win no battles, than we are with the total victory which we will attain only over a long, hard, and bloody road.

Both in and out of government we spend a great deal of time haggling over similar matters which in the long run make little difference. The Ed Flynn case, Elmer Davis and his propaganda, recurring price and wage controversies, arguments over the size of the army are examples. We need an army big enough to do the job even if the rest of us work twenty-four hours seven days a week to keep it rolling ahead. When we realize this, we will approach the mental attitude necessary for total war.

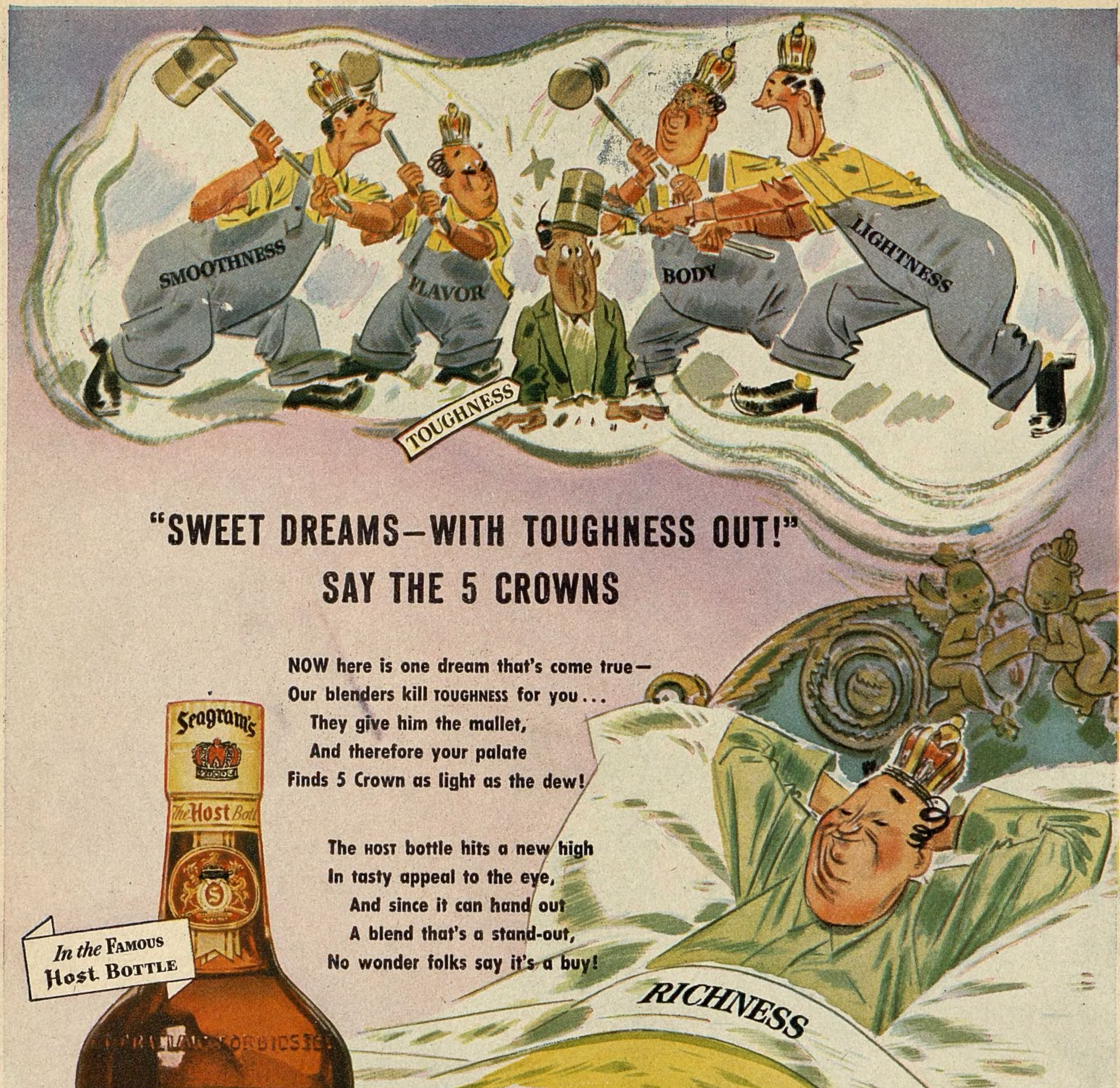
The immediate, pressing job of America is to get into military action on the many fronts where such action is imperative. When the public begins to measure everything we do or say against this paramount job, these minor controversies will settle themselves, because no one will feel them important enough to argue about.

Liberty
. . . FOR ALL

Paul Hunter

OLD FORESTER
nothing better
BOTTLED IN BOND
OLD FORESTER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
This whisky is distilled by us only, and we are responsible for its richness and fine quality. Its elegant flavor is solely due to original fineness developed with care. There is nothing better in the Market
DISTILLED BY BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY CO. INC., AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY
100 PROOF
BROWN·FORMAN·KENTUCKY
There is nothing better in the market—

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY COMPANY, INC., AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY


SMOOTHNESS
FLAVOR
TOUGHNESS
BODY
LIGHTNESS
RICHNESS
Seagram's
The Host Bottle
In the FAMOUS Host BOTTLE
Distillers since 1857
Seagram's
5
FIVE CROWN
BLENDED WHISKEY
A distinctive whiskey of rare bouquet and delicate flavor—smooth and mellow
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS INC.
LAWRENCEBURG, INDIANA

"SWEET DREAMS—WITH TOUGHNESS OUT!" SAY THE 5 CROWNS

NOW here is one dream that's come true—
Our blenders kill TOUGHNESS for you . . .
They give him the mallet,
And therefore your palate
Finds 5 Crown as light as the dew!

The HOST bottle hits a new high
In tasty appeal to the eye,
And since it can hand out
A blend that's a stand-out,
No wonder folks say it's a buy!

Seagram keeps the
TOUGHNESS OUT
. . . blends extra
PLEASURE IN

THE FINER Seagram's 5 Crown

Seagram's 5 Crown Blended Whiskey. 86.8 Proof. 60% grain neutral spirits. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York